THE ART OF THE PITTI PALACE

JULIA deW. ADDISON

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The Art of the Pitti Palace

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DONNA VELATA

By Raphael; in the Stanza of the Education of Jupiter

(*See page 296*)

The Art of the Pitti Palace

With a Short History of the Building of the Palace, and Its Owners, and an Appreciation of Its Treasures

By

Julia de Wolf Addison

Author of "Florestane the Troubadour," etc.

Illustrated

Boston

L. C. Page & Company

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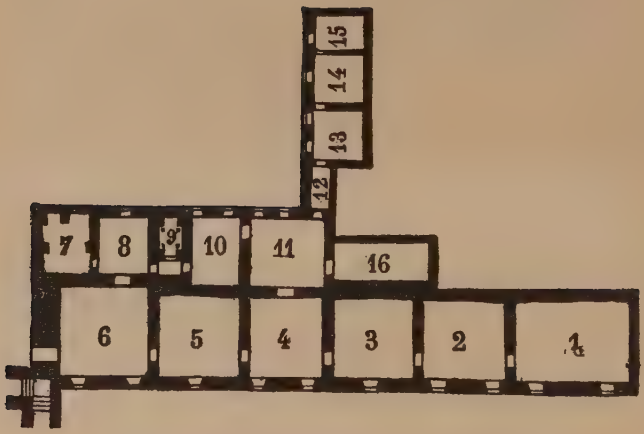

PLAN OF THE PITTI PALACE

1. Hall of Venus
2. Hall of Apollo
3. Hall of Mars
4. Hall of Jupiter
5. Hall of Saturn
6. Hall of the Iliad
7. Stanza della Stufa
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The Art of the Pitti Palace

CHAPTER I.

LUCA PITTI AND HIS PALACE

THERE is no gallery of its size in the world so replete with gems of art and acknowledged masterpieces of the Golden Age of painting in Italy as the Pitti Palace. One cannot but wish that there were more of the masters of the Early Renaissance represented, and it is true that there are no examples of mediæval devotional art.

It may be here observed that art is seen in the Pitti in all stages of its flowering, from the time of budding to the period of decay; from the sweet, pure lights of Fra Angelico and the moth-wing tints of Botticelli to the somewhat degenerate art of Salvator Rosa, Guido Reni, and Carlo Dolci; but of all grades of artists represented in this assembly there is some example of interesting, and usually

typical, work. Here we may revel in the ideal realism of Raphael; the soft glow of Murillo; the devotional seriousness of Fra Angelico, Pinturicchio, Perugino, and Botticelli; here are spread before us the beautiful Madonnas of Andrea del Sarto, called the "faultless painter;" the quaint worldliness of Fra Filippo Lippi; and the poetic, rippling smiles of Leonardo. There are also many noble examples of the Italian portrait, by those whom Ruskin terms "patient, powerful workers" of the fifteenth century, and by many succeeding portrait painters. Nearly all the schools of Italy are represented, from the fifteenth century forward, culminating in the rich glories of the great Venetians, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto.

The setting for the pictures is florid, and might be trying if the pictures themselves were not of such absorbing interest that the visitor does not have much time to consider the surroundings. The style of interior decoration in the Pitti Palace is of an objectionable late-Renaissance type, gilded bossy ceilings ornamented with indifferent frescoes, and exhibiting what Browning calls "stucco twiddlings everywhere." The rooms are named in romantic taste after various persons and attributes of classic times. Henry James speaks of these apartments as "those dusky drawing-rooms of the Palazzo Pitti, to which you take your way along that tortuous

tunnel that wanders through the houses of Florence, and is supported by the little goldsmith's booths on the Ponte Vecchio. In the rich and insufficient light of these beautiful rooms, to look at pictures, you sit in damask chairs and rest your elbows on tables of malachite." There is no denying that these rooms are gaudy and meretricious in taste; but they are just as historically true to their day as are the more pleasing Gothic and Romanesque interiors to their time. This late Renaissance and its still later decadence are typical of the people who lived in these periods. The latter may be called the Gilded Age. The Golden Age had preceded it. Raphael, Titian, Leonardo, Del Sarto — these need no apology — even mediævalists can appreciate these undeniably great painters; but there is a vast horde of men who came after them, not worthy to be named with them, and yet who possessed fine qualities, and produced significant pictures. These pictures, and the very best of them, hang in the Pitti Palace. They have never been given their due. While there is obvious decadence, there is also decided merit to be seen.

While there can be no question that the early pictures in the Stanza of Prometheus are vastly more interesting and satisfying than the works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it would be very narrow to say that all art during these

centuries was bad, because it failed to interpret the sacred legends as spiritually, or to portray them as archaically, as did Fra Angelico and Fra Lippo. It happens to be the fashion now to admire the fascinating immature conceptions of the earlier masters. It is much easier for us to appreciate and love the works of these cloistered souls than to admire the works of the later men who lived in conditions more like our own. But we cannot overlook the fact that we force ourselves into an unnecessary ignorance of two whole centuries of art if we fail to perceive the excellences as well as the defects in the pictures of such men as the Caracci, Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, and even Carlo Dolci. These men exhibit a marvellous technical skill; they approach nearer to the outward appearance of natural objects in their drawing than did the early religious painters, even if they are often stagey and artificial. We can make allowance, if we care to do so, for all these shortcomings; just as we make allowance for the technical imperfections in the older masters, as we rejoice to, and are certainly obliged to do. The rage for culture has made it far more interesting to superficial students of art to rave over anything that has to be explained and interpreted, than to admire the works of an age which was less intellectual and dealt less with

legends, and more with the glad, cheerful facts of life.

The three most prominent schools of art in Italy were the Florentine, which was famous for its comprehension of form; the Umbrian, in which religious feeling and grace are the predominating features; and the Venetian, — the school in which colour played a greater part than in either of the others.

Art may be roughly subdivided into two principles: one, the idea of illustration, and the other, the idea of decoration. Either of these principles developed to the exclusion of the other is incomplete. If a picture consists of illustration simply, with no consideration of the decorative quality, a newspaper cut or a photograph will serve its turn as well as a painting. On the other hand, a painting which has a beautiful harmony in colour and form, and yet which is not intelligently conceived as a subject, conveys no more complete artistic message than does a kaleidoscope. It may please the eye, but it does not instruct the mind; and art is intended to do both. The purest combination is that of a great subject treated in a real way, in which the facts are portrayed through the medium of beauty. The Florentines, besides being painters, were also sculptors; their art recognized fewer restrictions than that of the Umbrian and the Venetian schools, hence their paintings took on more of

the relief of sculpture, and their sculpture was often pictorial. Colour was never, with them, the chief consideration, as with the Venetians. Many of the most pleasing pictures by Tintoretto are technically faulty in drawing. But there was one ideal before all the schools of the Renaissance, one principle in which they all united. That was, to portray things as they actually were; to recognize individual peculiarities, and to depict rather than to design. Types were no longer the ideal, as with the Greeks. Apelles would have smoothed away all little personal irregularities in his subject, whereas Leonardo and Durer spent days in trying to catch these individual touches. The Greek ideal of beauty had been to present abstract perfection; the Renaissance ideal was to show the variety in personal attributes, not to be confused in any one type.

In place of the old Byzantine Guide to Painting, these men of the later Renaissance had Leonardo da Vinci's priceless advice to help them in their labours. And it would be well if all persons would cultivate their perceptions by the simple means laid down by Leonardo, as, for instance, in the passage which is here quoted: "When you are well instructed in perspective, and know perfectly how to draw the anatomy and different forms, . . . it should be your delight to observe and consider . . . the different actions of men. . . . Be quick in sketching these

with slight strokes in your pocket-book, which should always be about you. . . . When it is full, take another; for these are not things to be rubbed out, but kept with the greatest care, because forms and motions of bodies are so infinitely various, that the memory is not able to retain them therefore preserve these sketches as your assistants and masters."

It is said that "Titian and Raphael are the painters for women; Michelangelo and Tintoretto the artists for men." Equally true is it that there are some artists represented in the Pitti Palace who appeal only to sentimentalists.

A majority of the pictures in the gallery may be said to be religious, that is, they represent some subject vitally or apochryphally connected with Biblical teaching. Many deal also with the semi-mythical acts of saints, which some people, owing to an ignorance of the legends of the Church, find it a little difficult to appreciate. But the calm, unquestioning religion of Fra Angelico differs essentially from the intellectual appreciation of Leonardo da Vinci; and as widely from the stern, unsympathetic interpretations of Michelangelo. There is no cheerfulness in Michelangelo's portrayal of spiritual emotion; the key-note of his religion is gloom — sordid duty — and wrath; as Mr. G. B. Rose expresses it, "his soul is really with the Hebrew prophets;" he has not read aright the Revelation.

Fashions change so much in the matter of taste in art, that it is impossible to say always what will be the future standing of certain works, when they exhibit any salient quality. This quality may be either disliked or admired exceedingly at various periods, according to the way in which the spirit of the time determines the standard of excellence. Mrs. Jameson, for instance, was considered a woman of taste in her day; and yet her choice of the greatest pictures in the Pitti collection includes Guido Reni's Cleopatra, and Allori's Judith, and Salvator Rosa's Cataline! Good enough paintings, all these; but who to-day would select them and say nothing of Giorgione's Concert, Raphael's Donna Velata, Tintoretto's Venus and Vulcan, and Filippo Lippi's appealing little Madonna!

Particularly exhilarating seems to have been the effect of this gallery upon Horace Bushnell, who notes in his diary during his Italian travels: "Spent the morning in the Pitti Palace; I go away from the place all in a glow; I seem to have breathed a finer atmosphere, and all my good feelings, if I have any, are invigorated. I feel conscious that my eye is forming and perfecting, and I know that it must be a benefit to us, as regards writing and the conduct of life, to have dwelt in such an atmosphere and felt such an influence."

It is unfashionable just now to admire Domen-

ichino, Caracci, and other late men of the Renaissance. Ruskin is particularly irritated by the naturalistic angels which they painted; he inveighs against what he calls "a sky encumbered with sprawling infants — offensive studies of barelegged children, howling and kicking in volumes of smoke;" and he remarks with a sigh that the late painters do not seem to know the difference between angels and cupids. And yet, granting all this, why should one therefore shut one's eyes to the manifest grace and loveliness of the picture by Annibale Caracci in the Pitti, entitled Christ in Glory with Saints, and such pictures as the delightful and too little known Tobias and the Angel, by Biliverti, and Guido Reni's little Bacchus (which is free from his usual mannerisms).

One should be broad enough to see and recognize merit wherever it exists, whether or not it happens to be in one's special line of preference. Mrs. Jameson is right when she claims that the Pitti gallery is rather a *selection* than a *collection* of the most valuable gems and masterpieces of art.

The Pitti Palace stands on a slight eminence, the upper ridge, as it were, of a natural depression in a hillside. It was begun in 1441, by Luca Pitti, a wealthy, proud, ambitious rival of the Medici and Strozzi, — a successful merchant, a leading politi-

cian, a vain tyrant, who, though overbearing and determined in attack, proved weak and irresolute in his final defeat.

Luca Pitti is declared by Guiciardini to have been the first citizen of Florence. He felt early the lust for power, and entered public life while he was very young. It was not a peaceful life at best: there is an old saying, which was once written by some keen observer on the margin of the Sumptuary Statutes:

> "If there is a person whom you hate,
> Send him to Florence as officer of State."

The city was governed by the Priors of the Arts, a company of eight men selected from among the members of the guilds and crafts, and presided over by a Gonfalonier of Justice. This body was called the Signoria, and lived at public charge in the Palazzo Signoria for their term of office, which was two months. Luca Pitti had held various of these positions: he was Prior, Gonfalonier, Ambassador to Rome, — also Ambassador to Sforza, in Milan; and he was most enterprising as a merchant. While he was Gonfalonier he undertook a certain business venture, which, it must be admitted, would have been a credit to the best of men. He sent out ten trading-vessels to England, Constantinople, and Barbary; such expeditions in those days were

hazardous. But whether he was blessed by Providence or assisted by his familiar devil, the fact remains that his ventures were lucky, and Florence was the richer by over one hundred thousand florins through his boldness. The people immediately recognized their indebtedness, and showered gifts upon him in gratitude. By such means he managed to get the confidence of the Florentines, so that when he decided to spread nets for their entanglement and for his own advancement, the people ran unsuspectingly into the snares laid for them. Wishing to appoint his own officers, he determined to oppose the Medici, and to reign in their stead. This was a bold project, and the only wonder is, not that Luca Pitti was ultimately defeated, but that he was able to keep his head up as long as he did. He had all the vivacity of ambition necessary to a party leader, and he undertook to oppose the liberal movements in the government.

His opportunity soon occurred, as it usually does for those who are bent upon evil.

Cosimo de Medici, not in the least suspecting the personal ambition of Pitti, decided that he could be made useful as a catspaw for the Medici; so he gave Luca the very chance he had been looking for. This occurred when, as Gonfalonier, he called a meeting of the Signoria in order to change the Balia. The Balia was a board of citizens to whom was

given the power to levy taxes, and to perform other municipal functions. Pitti's ambition was to have a new Balia elected from among his adherents; and so, when the Signoria, contented with the existing conditions, refused to appoint a new Balia, he and Cosimo decided to ignore the action of the Signoria, and that the best course for their interests was to call a Parlamento; namely, a general meeting of the citizens in the Piazza Signoria to vote upon names which were proposed for a new Balia.

Up to this point Pitti had appeared to consider only the interests of Cosimo; but he was quietly scheming on his own account to surprise his ally, and by a *coup d'état* to elect a Balia composed of his own conspirators. This triumph he achieved when, on the 9th of August, 1458, the Parlamento assembled in response to the recognized signal for such a meeting, the ringing of the great bell in the Palazzo Vecchio. Cosimo had agreed to overawe the populace by having two thousand of his soldiers on guard. Meanwhile Pitti had secretly arranged to post six thousand foot-soldiers and three hundred mounted guards, so that after the voters had assembled they could prevent all entrance to or exit from the square, thus warning Cosimo that it would be vain to thwart any proposals which might be made by Luca Pitti. When Pitti nominated his own men for the Balia, Cosimo de Medici, who, with his son

Pietro, was within the Palazzo Signoria, surrounded by his guards, realized that he had warmed a viper, and that the balance of power had shifted.

Cosimo dared not oppose such a formidable array; and the people, many of them of the lower classes, probably would have agreed to anything out of general cheerfulness of spirit. For it must have been a gay sight, — the motley-coloured throng, with the armed men interspersed here and there, seen against the cold gray walls of the venerable palace, with the picturesque Signoria mounted on a platform, making speeches and smiling in an ingratiating if not a sincere way. The people, pleased with the attractions of the pageant, shouted their approval, and when this unanimous assent was obtained, the show was over. In order to give a high-toned and religious aspect to the whole affair, a solemn procession was formed, and the square was evacuated to the sound of the Te Deum. So the citizens withdrew, not suspecting that they had now passed under a new régime which should result in their oppression for some time to come. For no sooner did Luca Pitti gain the supremacy than he started an unmerciful system of taxation.

Cosimo de Medici was now growing old, and was less keen and less strong physically than he had been. Luca ruled him with the iron hand of one who has attained his power through his own cun-

ning, and, until the old man's death, never ceased to oppose and govern the Medicean faction.

During this period of his success Pitti began to think of erecting his great residence, and the Palazzo Pitti was built, — largely, as Machiavelli expresses it, through the people's "making him presents for its completion." Possibly this means that they were unlawfully taxed, or possibly that they were so under the spell of this popular leader that they enjoyed paying this tribute to his success. Another means of completing and enhancing the richness of the work was employed; Pitti would offer refuge and protection to exiles and thieves within his palace, provided they could assist in its building and its adornment. Ruskin, in "The Lamp of Power," sums up Luca Pitti's method in his drastic way, — "This rapacious gentleman, who gathered to himself a great fortune by knavery and maladministration of justice, built this as his little town-house, literally out of the spoils of the people of Florence, whom he induced to make presents towards its completion and decoration."

Cosimo's famous words were probably spoken to Luca Pitti when he said: "You follow the infinite, and I the finite. You lay your ladders in the sky, and I lean them close to earth, lest I may fly so high that I may fear to fall." He stood aside, aged and weary, satisfied to let his prosperous rival

go his own way, saying: "You and I are like two great dogs who rush at each other and then pause and sniff. As both have teeth, each passes on his way. Look to your own business, and I will attend to mine."

The followers of Pitti were called Del Poggio, because Luca's palace stood on a hill; while the Medici were alluded to as Del Piano, because their palace was in the plain below.

When Cosimo died, his son Pietro, younger and more active, seeing the plight into which his faction had fallen, decided upon the overthrow of Luca Pitti. As a guileful opening wedge with which to commence his work he introduced a friendly suggestion that an alliance between the houses of Medici and Pitti would not be unattainable — so that Pitti even made the proposition of a marriage between his own daughter and young Lorenzo de Medici. Pietro encouraged the suit, playing with his foe, while he prepared to strike. For in planning to call another Parlamento, Pietro knew that the Signoria were too wise to back Pitti a second time. Even Cambi, who was a quiet, gossiping writer of the day, exclaims, with unwonted fervour, "Let those who read this learn never to grant a Balia, and never to allow a Parlamento. Better to die sword in hand than to permit a tyrant to be raised up over the city."

The people were tired of Pitti's rule, and were only too ready to restore the Medici to power. By the force of his own example, Luca Pitti had inadvertently taught Pietro de Medici how to get the better of him. With fair promises to the last and a placid condition of pseudo-friendship, Medici called a Parlamento in his turn; and lo! he had applied the old proverb, "A villain must be beaten with a villainy;" for there in the square were the body of armed men ready to enforce the Medicean rule, just as they had been formerly a host to sustain Pitti.

Meanwhile, Pitti's friends had seen that he was about to be tricked, and had tried to warn him. Niccolo Soderini came to him, and tried to induce him to guard against the treachery which was soon to be practised upon him by the Medici; but Luca had practically deserted his own party, for he was hoping for further reconciliation with Pietro through the fact that one of his nieces had married Giovanni Tornabuoni, and he counted on this fact, together with his projected alliance, to cement the friendship of his opponent. Niccolo pleaded with him in vain, exclaiming, "I can do the city no good alone, but I can foresee the evils that will befall her. This resolution of yours will rob the country of its liberty; you will lose the government, and I shall lose my property, and the rest will be banished."

And Soderini proved to be somewhat of a prophet. When Luca Pitti's adherents found that their chief was on the verge of defeat, they began deserting to the Medicean side, so that by the time Pietro was ready to act, the material for his triumph was ready to his hand. Pitti, seeing at last that he had trusted not wisely but too well, and that his enemy now had him on the hip, mistook his fear for a conscientious scruple, and fell an easy prey, without much opposition, to the plots of Pietro de Medici.

In fact, the victory of Pietro was conducted on a positively courteous plan. The Priors invited Pitti and his friends to a meeting, at which Pietro was too ill to appear. Certain propositions were made, resulting in the promise of the Pitti faction to lay down their arms; and these promises were ratified by protestations of undying friendship! Then Pitti was conducted to the sick-room, and he and Pietro had quite a sentimental interview, in which the terrible Luca is reported to have wept!

The Medicean Parlamento was held on the 2d of September, 1464; Luca Pitti had made no effort to thwart the proposals for the new Balia; in fact, some historians affirm that, seeing that his glory had waned, Luca, anxious to save his own neck, had gone with compromises to Pietro, betraying his party in order to ensure his own safety. The fact that he himself, although undeniably the ringleader,

was the only man in his party to escape specific punishment, gives colour to this theory. The followers of Pitti were banished; he himself, although receiving no sentence, was practically ruined; the marriage between his daughter and Lorenzo de Medici was broken off; and his friends turned against him, and began demanding the return of their gifts, assuming that they had been but loans; and the elderly man, who had so gloried in his vanity and power, sank away out of public life, and there is no further record of his career.

Though the ultimate fate of Pitti is unknown, he succeeded in leaving behind him as a symbol of his power one monument, which has always borne his name in spite of the fact that for centuries it was the property of his rivals, the Medici. This monument is the Pitti Palace — that building in Florence which exhibits, among the numerous palaces of the city, the special feature of the feudal survival in the early Renaissance.

Luca Pitti had employed the best architect of his day — Brunelleschi, the great Florentine, who had built the dome of the cathedral in Florence. Cosimo de Medici had employed Michelozzo in erecting his palace; and Pitti wished to outdo his rival. It must be confessed that he succeeded. Brunelleschi received the commission for the design in 1440. He was then a mature man of sixty years of age, with

much previous experience to guide him, so that he brought to bear upon this work the accumulated wisdom of a long and useful life.

When purchasing the land for his palace, Luca Pitti showed much foresight in the selection of a noble situation, to display to the best advantage the magnificence which he intended to lavish upon his house. He bought a house and vineyard belonging to one Monna Bandecca, a member of the well-known family of Rossi, who owned some dwellings on the other side of the Ponte Vecchio. Then he bought the piece of land now occupied by the Boboli Gardens, — then called Bogoli, — for which he gave 450 florins. Also he had to pay indemnities for many houses which had to be destroyed to enlarge the space for his new mansion, so that the whole undertaking was a costly one. The people also expressed some disapproval of this lavish outlay, claiming that he would ruin himself, and airing their discontent at his extravagance. Luca met their objections by inviting about one hundred of the chief complainers to a great banquet, arranging that each guest upon this occasion should have for his seat a large sack of money. After this, the criticism abated; his friends hastened to make him gifts of propitiation.

Luca made a boast to Cosimo de Medici that the windows of his new house should be larger than

the great doorway of the Medici Palace. No doubt it gave pleasure to Brunelleschi (who had not won the commission to build the Medici Palace) thus to outshine his rival Michelozzo.

Vasari relates that Pitti also boasted to Filippo Strozzi that he would build a palace large enough to contain the Strozzi Palace in its courtyard; but this cannot be a true story, for the Strozzi Palace was not built until five years later. Vasari also says that the plans of Brunelleschi were carried out by Luca Fancelli; but as Luca Fancelli was born in 1430, he would only have been about ten years of age at this time — so, unless he was an infant prodigy, the building was undoubtedly begun by another Fancelli; later Vasari alludes to him as Silvestro, so it is probable that there were two Fancellis in Florence.

By the time Brunelleschi died, the palace had risen to its second storey, and his final design could be traced easily in the completed part. Solidity of structure on a very grand and imposing scale was the chief concession which the great architect made to the somewhat florid taste of Pitti. Simplicity and richness of material (not detail) characterized the building. The original design was compact and in good proportion, intended to be three stories high. Only the central part of the palace as it is to-day

appears in the original design. The wings were added later.

Many writers speak of the Pitti Palace as being Doric. But there is no characteristic of Doric architecture about it, except that it is massive, in which it more resembles Etruscan work. There is no classical detail about the façade except pediments on the windows in the lower storey — and those were not in the plan, but were added in late Renaissance times, as a filling for the plain round arches placed there by Brunelleschi.

Almost the exact intention of the architect has been discovered through three sources: one source of information on this subject is a plan, which is now in the Uffizi; another is a picture in the Church of San Spirito, an altar-piece painted by Alessandro Allori, in which the façade of the Pitti Palace appears; and the third is in the portrait of a lady, probably some member of the Pitti family; through an open window in the background of this picture the Pitti Palace may be seen. By means of these three suggestions and other material which has been discovered, Professor Cosimo Conti has proved that the design of the palace, as first planned, called for three central arches in the basement and a row of seven windows above. Many of the somewhat disproportionate features which now exist are not due to Brunelleschi, but were later additions. An exam-

ination of the palace as it now stands will prove this.

Some persons consider that the façade is too much like a jail; if the palace stood in a narrow street, this impression might be justified; but placed as it is on an eminence, its profile is majestic and stern without seeming too forbidding. For its size, the ruggedness is not too pronounced. The separate stones of which it is built are enormous; but there are so many of them, that they do not strike the beholder as presenting more than a good bold surface. Some of the single blocks among those which help to support the terraces are monoliths as long as five men. They are as little worked as is consistent with an approximately flat surface; they were hewn roughly from the quarry. Their colour is dark gray, which adds to the rugged effect of the pile. The whole front as it stands to-day is 475 feet long; the distance from the centre of one window to the centre of the next is twenty-four feet.

The façade is unornamented. There are balustrades which run at the top of the three stories, enclosing three balconies, which appear in proportion to be hardly more than string-courses.

Leader Scott remarks that "in the building as it now stands there is great want of balance. The immense length, in proportion to its height, has disastrously exaggerated the horizontal lines." This

FAÇADE OF THE PITTI PALACE

is owing to the later additions to the plan. In the façade are no vertical divisions except such articulations as the constant repeat of the round-arched windows indicate. Each storey is forty feet in height, and the arches twelve feet across. These three storeys should properly have been surmounted by a heavy cornice, as is the Strozzi Palace, — what Ruskin calls "a solemn frown of projection, not a scowl, as in the Palazzo Vecchio." Judging from Brunelleschi's sketch, however, it was to have been topped with an open loggia.

Bartolommeo Ammanati, who built the bridge known as Ponte Trinita, was engaged to continue the building in the sixteenth century. By that time the palace had passed into the possession of the Medici, and has ever since been the royal residence in Florence.

Buonacorsi Pitti, a grandson of Luca, was living there in 1529, as head of the family; but, being heavily in debt, he decided to sell the place. So Cosimo I. de Medici bought it for his wife Eleanor of Toledo, in 1549, together with all its grounds, an orchard, and several large farms. He moved into the palace, with his family and his court, on May 15, 1550.

The building which Ammanati added about 1568 to the original structure was the whole cortile, and

the garden front, and also the wings to the second floor.

Succeeding owners continued to enlarge the palace, especially Grand Dukes Cosimo II. and Ferdinand II., who inaugurated several changes between 1620 and 1631.

The palace was not extended to its full length until 1640, Giulio and Alphonso Parigi designing the continuance of the façade.

The wings, which advance far into the open, crater-like piazza in front of the house, were added, between 1768 and 1839, under the auspices of the Lorraine family, by the architect Poccianti.

While Bartolommeo Ammanati was building the cortile, the reigning grand duke evidently thought fit also to do away with certain feudal expressions about the house: in the ground floor, which had never had any windows, but was a simple, fortress-like structure, round-arched windows were introduced at intervals. It is quite remarkable that this proceeding did not weaken the superstructure, but the effort to relieve the gloom of the bare, straight wall seems to have succeeded.

The back of the Pitti Palace displays the first use of the style called "rustication." The gigantic free-stone blocks are placed one above another in the pilasters, first a large and then a small one, giving a peculiar effect of reticulation to the edges,

which, in lines of support, are usually smooth and straight. To an extent this form of treatment might be regarded as decoration; but it is of a sturdiness which defies elaboration and has never been excelled in majesty of effect. Ruskin, who greatly detested most of the forms in which Renaissance architecture chose to disport itself, expresses himself most warmly in admiring this noble pile, saying, "His eye must be delicate indeed who would desire to see the Pitti Palace polished!" and again he alludes to its "noble rudeness," which may be opposed to both "the useless polish and barbarous rustications of modern times." Ruskin outlines his principles on the subject of these stones in the Pitti in the following passage: "As in higher works of art, the pleasure of their hasty or imperfect execution is not indicative of their beauty, but of their majesty and fulness of thought and vastness of power. Negligence is only noble when it is, as Fuseli hath it, 'the shadow of energy.' Sufficiency to purpose is the test of some forms of work; beauty is not always the ideal arrived at, as, for instance, the stones of the foundations of the Pitti Palace."

George Eliot speaks of the Pitti Palace as "a wonderful union of Cyclopean massiveness with stately regularity." This is a very apt expression regarding the façade, the whole stateliness of which, aside

from the consideration of its size, lies in the solemn repeat of its well-proportioned arches.

One striking feature, which amounts almost to a decorative motive, is the extreme depth of the voussoirs of the arches; the great wedge-shaped stones are arranged like gigantic fans over each window, spreading so far on either side that they nearly meet. These bold arches over the windows constitute the leading feature in the impression which is carried away by most observers who have not been specially trained to a study of architecture.

The taste displayed in the ground floor windows is not pleasing, for they are of a thin Renaissance design, with pediments, and are supported on consoles, between which are carved heads of lions, with what are usually called "crowns" (but which are in reality ducal caps) upon their heads. From the open mouth of one of these lions flows the purest water in the city; it comes from the far-away hill-country of Pratolino. It is also unfortunate that the exigencies of modern conditions have made it necessary to fill the dignified arched windows all over the façade with hideous square inner casements and panes. Brunelleschi had planned to have each large arch subdivided and filled with two smaller ones, with a column in the centre as is seen in the Pazzi Palace.

Professor Conti has discovered also that all the

GARDEN-FRONT OF THE PITTI PALACE

arches of the basement were originally doors instead of windows. Among the tests which he applied was that of observing the ceilings in the interior. The rooms between these openings have vaulted ceilings, while those into which the openings were cut have plain barrel-vaults, showing that doors had been used to give ingress to them direct. On the outside, too, may still be seen the iron staples on which the hinges of the doors used to swing.

The three balustrades across the front show debased Ionic capitals on each baluster. Below the balustrades are heavy moulded string-courses, which cast some shadow, but, owing to the length which they have to travel, it is hard to realize how great is really their projection.

In the back, or garden-front, as it is often called, of the Pitti Palace, extensive spaces are laid out and enclosed by the great walls of the building. It would seem as if the front of the palace were lavish enough in its use of large stones; but on the other side they are almost as numerous.

Here is a great open square courtyard, or cortile, like that at the Farnese Palace in Rome, and this is surrounded on three sides by the building; while on the fourth side is a stone terrace one storey high, serving as a connecting link between the palace and the Boboli Gardens which lie beyond. This is the largest cortile in Florence, and is part of Brunel-

leschi's original building, although added to later by Ammanati. The reticulated effect of the rustication here predominates, and is the first obvious quality in the work, just as the deep voussoirs, on a flatter plane, were the leading characteristics of the façade. The three storeys are ornamented with applied orders and repeating arches. On the basement the capitals are Doric; on the second floor, Ionic; and on the third, Corinthian. The effect of columns, however, is practically lost, owing to the fact that the rustication is carried on up and down the shaft, reducing it to a vertebrate pile of small and large stones in alternating courses, so that the feeling of vertical rib-support usually given by pilasters is lacking. The heavily projecting string-courses continue the horizontal effect which predominates on the other façade. The windows set within heavy arches are headed alternately, square and round. On the keystones of the arches are carvings in the spirit of Renaissance grotesque, each stone showing a shield or some pseudo-human device.

On the second floor the stones of the rustications are cut square; on the third storey, they are elaborately rounded off; the effect of the second storey is that of piled-up boxes, and the third, of piled-up cushions. On such an enormous scale these features pass muster; but, considered in detail, it would

be difficult to decide which was worse. There is no comparison between the masonry of the main façade and that of the garden front; the first is so far superior both in sincerity of intention and in proportion. But the garden front usually appeals more to the popular idea of grandeur, and must have puffed up mightily the soul of Luca Pitti.

On the terrace is a handsome and showy fountain, the ample basin of which is surrounded by those mythological beings usually denominated "putti," — figures of perpetual youth, masquerading as infants versed in worldly wisdom, a cross between a cupid and an infant prodigy. Eight of these are here to be seen perched in Delsartean attitudes around the edge of the basin. This fountain is raised on several steps, and is octagonal in shape. In the midst are some strenuous sea-gods and mermaids writhing in the effort to sustain a series of smaller flat stone basins, into which the water plays. The usual allowance of dolphins may be detected in this design, which is restless and inadequate in detail, and yet has withal the general large effectiveness which is so characteristic of the developed Renaissance.

The Misses Horner, in their delightful "Walks in Florence," describe a mule in black marble at one end of the surrounding colonnade, saying naïvely that it is supposed to commemorate the animal who

carried the materials for the building of the palace. If a single mule was responsible for the conveyance of these stones, he certainly deserves recognition!

Considering how many hands have been at work on the Pitti Palace, and how many heads have contributed ideas and designs for its amplification in the centuries between its first erection and the present day, it is hardly correct to call it, as a complete whole, the work of Brunelleschi.

It is interesting to note what various appreciative men have written about the palace in different periods: James Howell, the clerk of the English Privy Council, who saw it under the reign of Ferdinand II., in 1621, and Joseph Addison, who was there in 1702.

"The duke's palace," says Howell, "is so spacious that it occupieth the room of fifty houses at the least."

Joseph Addison, the great British essayist, says in his "Remarks on Italy": "... There are some beautiful palaces in Florence: and, as Tuscan pillars and rustic work owe their origin to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of the Luxembourg at Paris, which was built by Marie

de Medici, and for that reason, perhaps, the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. . . . There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters."

CHAPTER II.

THE GROWTH OF THE COLLECTION

When Pitti built his palace it was with no intention of making it the home of a great collection of art treasures; it was to be his private residence made beautiful and attractive for his personal use. Beyond the decoration of the rooms, he added no significant pictures which have survived. The growth of the collection of paintings which now adorn the palace was a process of generations. The different owners gradually added paintings that appealed to their taste; these accumulated in such numbers from time to time that at last the palace became a gallery of art hardly second to any in Europe. At first without deliberation, then consciously, with the aim of making a great collection, the palace was developed into a treasure-house of artistic excellence.

The first stage in the growth of the collection was begun when the palace passed from the hands of the Pitti family into those of the Medici. This

transfer was made when Buonacorso Pitti, a grandson of Luca, finding himself without the wealth necessary to maintain so vast an establishment, sold it in 1549 to the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosimo I. de Medici (1519–1574), for his wife, Eleanor de Toledo.

The Medicean acquisition of the property marked a strange combination of artistic sense with glaring immorality, which characterized the subsequent occupants of the palace.

Cosimo I. de Medici was a great patron of art and a leader in all but ethical matters. He is remembered for the most brutal crime perhaps that any of the Medici ever committed: that of murdering his own son in the presence of his mother. There have been many episodes of horror connected with the Medicean rule, but none more cowardly and heartless than this act. His virtues, whatever they were, must pale before this supreme act of his evil life; however, it must be remembered that Florence owes much of its outward beauty to the direct influence of this powerful warrior and æsthete. Cosimo I. was a great philanthropist. Universities and academies were built and endowed by him, and he patronized all the liberal arts. Benvenuto Cellini would never have been able to leave so great a mark on the art of his time if it had not been for the generous friendship of Cosimo, who appre-

ciated the wild nature in which he recognized something akin to his own. The Palazzo Vecchio owes much of its solemn grandeur to Cosimo's additions. He built various arcades and loggias in Florence: those public shelters where the citizens might meet for discussions in the open air, protected from the glare and heat of the sun. And yet this man found it in his heart to murder his own son. This son, though but a youth, had shown sufficient hereditary taint to make it possible for him already to have murdered his own brother. From father to son this lust for blood seems to have been one of the inheritances of this terrible family, as well as their keen appreciation for the beautiful things of life.

Cosimo I. may be said to have begun the collection in the Pitti Palace, for, having bought it, he bequeathed it to his successors, who carried out his ideas in the accumulation of artistic things.

Francesco I. (1541--1581), the son of Cosimo, succeeded his father as second grand duke, and continued to reign in the Pitti Palace. He was not as great a man as his father, but he was equally famous as a patron of art. A student of many sciences, his love for letters and art was one of the ruling passions of his life. He was an expert chemist, and frequently received his secretaries of state when he stood before the furnaces in his laboratory. It was Francesco I. who founded the Uffizi

Gallery and encouraged the rising artists of his time, especially Giovanni da Bologna, who executed for him the celebrated group of the Rape of the Sabines, which now stands in the Loggia di Lanzi. Besides the other additions made by Francesco to the art collections of the Pitti, two are particularly associated with the history of his life: one the portrait of Bianca Capello, and the other the statue of his Archduchess Johanna of Austria, made by Giovanni da Bologna.

The name of Bianca Capello suggests the chief romance of Francesco's life. He was already married to his rather plain Austrian wife, when by chance he was passing through the Piazza of St. Marco and saw a very beautiful woman looking out of a window; this was Bianca, the wife of a young Florentine, Pietro Buonaventuri. He fell violently in love with her, and, after the death of his wife, he married her. The statue of Johanna of Austria, which now stands in the Boboli Gardens, under the name of Abundance, was begun by Giovanni da Bologna at the request of Francesco, but when the fickle grand duke met Bianca, he countermanded the order, and the statue was left unfinished until Ferdinand had it completed by a pupil of the sculptor, named Tacca. This statue is really a monument to the unfaithfulness of Francesco. The portrait of Bianca, which hangs in the Pitti Palace,

recalls the further fact that she and Francesco died on the same day, probably poisoned by Ferdinand, who immediately ascended the ducal throne: so, by common report, Ferdinand became the murderer of his brother and his sister-in-law.

The ramifications of family murders among the Medici are as numerous and as involved as their genealogy. Murder was as common with them as birth, — more common than natural death. The evil and cruel tendencies of the family finally seemed to pass away, for the latest members of the family were comparatively moral; this seems to contradict the dogma of heredity, but it was parallel to the swan-song, and typical of the exotic, for no sooner had the Medici turned into an honest family than they died out.

Ferdinand I. (1549--1609) proved to be a better man than the outset of his rule indicated. On the whole his career was a benefit to Florence. He was the purchaser of many valuable works of art and the founder of the Villa Medici at Rome. Many of his artistic treasures he brought to Florence, and housed them in the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. The Niobe group was bought by him. He married a princess of Lorraine, and thus introduced a new strain into the blood, and improved the inheritance. This inheritance exhibited itself in the negatively good but invertebrate Cosimo II. (1590--1621). This kindly

man turned his attention to crusades out of season, with small result. He was also a collector of paintings, all of which came finally to the Pitti Palace. Matteo de Medici, a son of Cosimo, born in 1613, was a great general in the Imperial army, and had apartments in the Pitti, and collected art treasures with which he enriched the galleries.

The Grand Duke Ferdinand II., the son of Cosimo II., lived between 1610 and 1670. He married his cousin, the Princess Vittoria della Rovere, and through her endowed the gallery with all the great collection of her father, Duke Federigo of Urbino, and also gave the collection of Cosimo II., his father, for the same purpose. These paintings had hung, up to this time, in the Uffizi. During the reign of Ferdinand II. Italy was selected as a battlefield by the French, Spaniards, and Germans, who indulged in wars and rumours of wars with unceasing pertinacity, invading Italy for the purpose of settling their own disputes. Ferdinand did what he could to protect the arts in these troublous times, befriending, among others, Galileo, whom the Pope and inquisitors had attacked.

He was followed by Cosimo III., who had his hands quite full enough in repairing the ravages of the war and famine of his father's reign. Although, like some other pious people, he succeeded in antagonizing his wife to such a degree that she

returned to her home in France, he was nevertheless addicted to good works outside the immediate family. Yet withal he levied fearful taxes upon his subjects, but they were probably tired of rebelling against imposition, and his reign was on the whole a peaceful one.

With the son of this philanthropic gentleman the family of Medici became extinct.

By the Treaty of London, in 1718, and through various other political complications, which are aside from our purpose, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany passed into the hands of Francis II. of Lorraine. Under Francis II., twenty or more of the salons in the Pitti were rearranged and filled with pictures; and the Pitti Palace was finally organized as a recognized gallery about 1798.

The decorations of the various salons had been progressing since the days when Pietro da Cortona commenced work in the Pitti. He and Cino Ferri, superintended in their work by Michelangelo Buonarotti the Younger, decorated five halls, dedicating each in the flamboyant manner and style of the day to some divinity of Olympus, which, in turn, had been chosen as being typical of some virtue accredited to Cosimo I. Thus, one hall was called the Hall of Saturn, and was supposed to symbolize maturity; another, the Hall of Jupiter, from which one was intended to infer that great majesty was

an attribute of Cosimo; after that, the Hall of Mars, symbolizing energy (which none will deny to have characterized the first grand duke); the Hall of Venus, supposed to convey the suggestion of sweetness of disposition (regarding which attribute there might be a difference of opinion); the Hall of Apollo was painted to typify the splendour of Duke Cosimo, which he certainly held unchallenged.

As that enchanting old writer and traveller, Dr. John Moore, expresses it, "There is more fancy than taste displayed in those paintings." The quaint doctor goes on to speak of the subjects chosen, treating them in his usual humourous vein: "The subjects are different from what is naturally expected from the name of the room, being representations of the triumph of Virtue over Love, or some other memorable instance of continency. As the Medici family have been more distinguished for the protection they afforded the arts than for the virtues of continency and self-denial, it is probable that the subject was left entirely to the painter."

The dukes of the family of Lorraine ruled Florence wisely. This first duke, Francis II., afterwards left the duchy and married Maria Theresa of Austria, thereby becoming emperor consort. But their son, Pietro Leopold, returned to govern Florence in 1763, and proved to be a great reformer, living to

the end of the eighteenth century. Tuscany became under his rule an Austrian province. He and his mother appear, however, to have had rather stern and Puritanic tastes in art. Sir Horace Mann, in his letters to Walpole, inveighs against this strictness, which was really only the natural reaction from the libertinage which had so long been in the ascendency. He writes of the ill-taste of one Botta, who was the Grand-Maistre at this period, and who, in 1763, spoiled rather than improved the Pitti Palace. "He has made sad work," Mann remarks, "with the palace, and in the garden. His arrangement of the pictures is to make it depend first upon the freshness of the gilding upon their frames, and then upon the position of the figures in each picture, which figures must not turn their backs upon the throne! Calvin and Luther, by Giorgione, were turned out with the most impious contempt, as not worthy to stand in the presence of so orthodox a prince as is coming here! His mother (Maria Theresa) will not allow any picture to hang in her department that shows either a naked leg or an arm! This ill agrees with the Medici taste of the collection they have left. Imagine that grave matron running the gauntlet of the gallery!" Later, Mann writes, "A famous picture by Titian was turned out of the room where the canopy is, because the figures almost turned their backs to it; the picture of Calvin and

Luther has been dismissed with Catholic fury, and, I fear, will find no better place than in that horrid, ill-painted hall at the end of the apartment, that the young prince may see how the enemies of the Church ought to be treated!"

When Grand Duke Pietro Leopold came to the Pitti Palace in 1765, a new era began in the patronage of the arts in Florence. For some reigns there had been no special decorations added in the salons; but now, according to the Abbate Luigi Lanzi, "the palace and royal villas were repaired and embellished, and, amid the succession of undertakings that attracted the best artists, painting was continually promoted." If we do not agree that this was an age of great progress in art, we must perforce admit it was a time of great industry and activity; this prince is reported to have "weeded" the Pitti collection, and to have added many new gems in place of those which he had discarded.

Ferdinand III. also protected the arts after the manner of his taste, and according to the light of the generation in which he lived. He finished the right wing of the Pitti Palace, and added many Venetian pictures, and also some French ones.

Later, under the regency of the queen mother, Marie Louise, the arts flourished still more brilliantly; and Lanzi tells, as a contemporaneous event, how "Canova has been requested to produce a new

statue of Venus, a model of the Medicean, lost to us by chance of war." During the Napoleonic wars sixty-three of the choicest pictures from the gallery, not to mention the statue of the Venus de Medici, and twenty-two tables of malachite, porphyry, and such materials, had been taken to Paris. By 1815 fifty-six of these were returned.

In 1818 the Galleria Gerini, a famous collection of paintings, was dispersed, and purchases were made from among these gems to the amount of fifty-two thousand francs. These additions suggested the need for more room in the Pitti Gallery, and in 1819 the Hall of the Iliad was decorated by Sabatelli for the purpose of enlargement.

Finally, after all these vicissitudes, the Pitti Palace saw a marvellous change. It saw a grand duke fleeing, returning, and fleeing again, as the popular feeling urged him. The last of Tuscany's grand dukes, Leopold II., came to the throne in 1824. Under him the Pitti was thrown open to the public in 1833. Leopold was a man of rather mild and fluctuating principles, interested in the arts and sciences, but not of stern enough stuff to cope with Tuscan politics. The people became discontented, and Leopold seems to have thought it better to leave them than to argue with them. In "Casa Guidi Windows," Mrs. Browning, living opposite the Pitti Palace, relates much of this strange

transition period in Italian history. She describes the grand duke:

> "I like his face. The forehead's build
> Has no capacious genius, yet perhaps
> Sufficient comprehension, mild, and sad,
> And careful nobly; — not with care that wraps
> Self-loving hearts, to stifle and make mad,
> But careful with a care that shuns a lapse
> Of faith and duty, studious not to add
> A burden in the gathering of a gain.
> And so God save the Duke, I say with those
> Who that day shouted it."

But the duke was vacillating and weak. Frightened at the expectations of the people and the responsibilities of his office, he fled ignominiously in 1848.

> "From Casa Guidi windows I looked out,
> Again looked, and beheld a different sight.
> The Duke had fled before the people's shout
> 'Long live the Duke!'"

Perhaps the crowning disappointment in this volatile leader was experienced when he returned in a year, guarded by Austrians, afraid to face the people whom he had wronged.

> "From Casa Guidi windows gazing then
> I saw and witness how the Duke came back.
> The regular tramp of horses and tread of men
> Did smite the silence like an anvil black
> And sparkless. . . .
> Then gazing, I beheld the long-drawn street
> Live out from end to end full in the sun
> With Austria's thousands."

A pitiful ending to a grand duchy; for Tuscany never accepted another grand duke. After Leopold, Tuscany became a part of United Italy in 1860. But the Pitti Palace was, and still is, the royal residence whenever the king goes to Florence. Its chief claim to distinction to-day is an artistic rather than an historic one.

In the Pitti Palace, under the guidance of the Cardinal Leopold de Medici, the celebrated Platonic Academy was refounded, the original founder having been Lorenzo the Magnificent. Encouraged by the success of this undertaking, this prelate interested the grand duke, Ferdinand II., his brother, to found the valuable Academy del Cimento, in 1657. The meetings were held in the royal apartments of the Pitti, and among its members were Magalotti, Torricelli, Viviani, Rucellai, Borelli, and other noted men of the day. It is said that through the influence of their experimental philosophy, the academies in France and England were commenced.

Many famous spectacular entertainments were given at the Pitti. When Cosimo I. married his daughter Lucrezia to Prince Alphonse d'Este, a scenic performance in the line of opera, or, rather, a drama with music, by Francesco Corteccia, was presented. This is considered to have been the first combination of music and acting in Europe. In April, 1600, when Marie de Medici married

Henry IV. of France, a second spectacle with music, entitled "Euridice," written by Octavio Rinuccini and composed by Jacopo Peri, literally proved to be the birth of Italian opera, introducing for the first time the Recitative. It is interesting for music-lovers to connect the Pitti Palace with the originals of Italian operatic art.

CHAPTER III.

THE HALL OF VENUS

The best way to study the paintings in the Pitti Palace is to examine them room by room. Though this plan of grouping the pictures in moderately sized rooms is often arbitrary, as it must be, since there are fourteen separate apartments, it still has the advantage of detaching a few masterpieces from the others so that they may be seen in a measure by themselves.

The official catalogue gives the Hall of Venus as the first room; and, though this is not the room usually entered at once, it serves the purpose of introducing the visitor immediately into the presence of several of the greatest paintings, and facilitates the systematic inspection of the whole gallery. In the Hall of Venus we are confronted at once by two of the great Venetians of the Golden Age — Titian and Tintoretto.

The school of Venice was dominated by three names: Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto. Titian

lived from 1477 to 1576; Veronese from 1528 to 1588; while Tintoretto was not born until 1518, and, living to a ripe old age, died in 1594, thus outliving the other two.

The Italians called Tintoretto the "thunderbolt" of painting; he expresses, as Symonds points out, "moods of passion and emotion by brusque lights, luminous half-shadows, and semi-opaque darkness." Veronese supplemented this sterner stuff by "elevating pageantry to the height of a serious art."

Thus these three together show all the excellences of the magic spell of Venetian art.

The Pitti Palace is fortunate in having so representative and so satisfying a picture by Tintoretto as the Venus and Vulcan with Cupid. Burckhardt says that it is "hardly to be matched in Venice;" and Tintoretto is so little seen outside of Venice, in his full perfection, that this picture will repay the most careful study. Human flesh has never been more perfectly painted; the figure of the recumbent woman is delightful, without a suggestion of nakedness, although it is nude. Mr. Kirkup pronounces this "the most perfect representation of the human flesh which the art of painting has produced." Venus is nude as the Venus de Milo is nude. While it might be conceded that the head is hardly ideal enough for the goddess of beauty, yet the whole effect, with her Venetian

hair-ornaments of pearls, is pleasing. The crouching figure of Vulcan, represented as the proud father, is beautifully handled, and the green glow of the stuff on which Venus reclines is in fine contrast with the rich flesh-tints.

The scene is almost domestic. The father is bending over the mother and child with affection and true solicitude; in this case the more worldly-wise of the family holds in her right hand a quiver of arrows, which she is about to entrust to the keeping of the child, presumably first instructing him in his duties. He has a little bow in his hand, and appears to be listening to the maternal advice. The picture is full of noon-light; Phœbus's chariot is seen in the clouds nearly above the tent, outside of which the family has gathered. A charming landscape background completes the picture. This is one of Tintoretto's earlier works, and the colour is in his most cheerful vein.

Tintoretto was also called "Furioso," for there is that in the quality of his work which sometimes betokens a positive rage of zeal, — a rapidity of execution born of impatience to see the whole effect; a willingness to leave the effect to do its work without any further attempt to finish or polish. He was a great Modern; effect was sometimes achieved at the expense of accuracy. He was one of the few great geniuses who could afford to slight the tech-

VENUS AND VULCAN WITH CUPID
By Tintoretto; in the Hall of Venus

nical requirements, as too many men imagine in their conceit that they can do to-day. His painting of women shows that his nature was not voluptuous, for he draws refined types verging rather on the masculine than on the feminine in their proportions. He combined the great generous mode of treatment with the mediæval purity of intention and love of art for its own sake.

Tintoretto's imagination is sometimes said not to be poetic. It is true he is not poetic as Tennyson and Longfellow were poetic; but as Dante, Milton, and Browning were poetic, so, in a marked degree, was Tintoretto. In treating the human form he combined a feeling for the colossal with a spirit of refinement which was then coming into fashion; so that his women are often slight and graceful, — less Junoesque than those of Michelangelo. His position in the art of his age was similar to that occupied in the literature of our day by Tolstoi. His poetry is expressed in great masses of light and shade instead of in word-pictures.

Tintoretto's colour is difficult to characterize, for his feeling for colour was as subtle as his feeling for form, and he paints sometimes in a glad warm glow, and sometimes in sombre shadows, according to the mood inspired by his subject. As a general thing, however, his colouring is not sharp, having

a low key in preference to a high one. In the numerous portraits by Tintoretto which we shall find in the Pitti Palace, this trait of neutrality is observable. Usually his colouring does not obtrude upon one; one might say that in this he is closer to actual nature than the other Venetians, for he employs chiefly, whether in his landscapes, figures, or flesh-tints, such colours as one commonly sees or fails to notice in the average scene. His compositions seldom strike one as intentional harmonies in colour.

In his handling he varies as much as in his colour, using every style of treatment from delicate perfection of detail to the boldest sweep of a broad brush. There are instances of his having painted trees in five strokes of the brush; and there are also instances of his painting a series of beads in a head-dress with as much finish and elaboration as Raphael bestowed upon the necklace of the Donna Velata.

The facility and rapidity of Tintoretto's execution was one of the chief reasons for his pictures preserving a harmony of action and feeling in all parts. They were painted, generally, while the mood was on him, and were not the result of painstaking after-elaboration. The original inspiration was usually carried out before the spontaneity had waned. Annibale Caracci, in a letter from Venice written to

his cousin, Louis Caracci, says that "he had seen Tintoretto sometimes equal to Titian, and at others much below Tintoret." Evidently his rapid work and impulsive rendering of the passing emotion sometimes led him astray.

The Thunderbolt seems to have had a playful streak, too. A patron once ordered a "St. Jerome in the Forest," and Tintoretto painted it in a somewhat usual way, placing the saint in a slight clearing, such as one would be apt to select for devotional purposes, with a thick background and surroundings of trees. When the patron came to look at the picture, he criticized the fact that St. Jerome was not actually *in the woods,* and asked Tintoretto to change the composition in this particular. So when the captious customer had left the studio, Tintoretto mixed some tempera, and painted a thick growth of foliage over the figure of the saint. When his patron came again, the saint was not visible. "Where is St. Jerome?" asked the surprised man. "In the forest, as you requested," replied Tintoretto. Whereupon the patron, with more humour than one would have credited him with, replied, "Well, then, I think you had better take him out again." Tintoretto, laughing, took a sponge and washed off the superincumbent bushes, leaving the picture as he had originally planned it.

Here we make our first acquaintance with Titian

in the beautiful canvas, the Marriage of St. Catherine. This is much the same treatment of the subject as that by the same artist in the National Gallery in London. The Madonna and Child are in the central position; Mary is plucking a flower, while the infant, with an apple balanced on his upraised hand, throws himself back in the embrace of St. Catherine, who kneels in the foreground and encircles his little body with her arms. The young St. John kneels near by, with an ineffable expression of love and wonder on his face. Green, blue, and gold are the key-notes of colour in this picture, relieved by the red robe of St. John.

Ruskin thinks that if it were not for the flock of sheep and the figures in this work, the landscape, taken as a painting of nature, would be overcharged with green and blue. This picture goes to bear out Ruskin's statement that Titian rarely paints sunshine, but instead a certain "opalescent twilight" which has "as much of human emotion as of imitative truth in it," and he bids us contrast this picture in the qualities of its lights with the glowing Rubens near by, if we would understand the difference, although Ruskin considers Titian a greater painter than Rubens. He says that while Titian sometimes conceives a subject imperfectly, yet his "glory of hue" always redeems it.

Titian was the greatest of the Venetians. While

MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE
By Titian; in the Hall of Venus

some question is thrown upon the authenticity of this picture, it is sufficiently characteristic in most respects to warrant our pausing to make a short study of the artist whose works we shall so often meet at various points in the Pitti Palace.

Although this is a picture which may be criticized as a religious subject treated in too naturalistic a way, we may quote Ruskin in reply: "The religion of Titian is like that of Shakespeare, occult behind his magnificent equity."

It is not remarkable that Titian had all his life a keen appreciation for the romantic and poetic in landscape, for his earliest impressions were formed among the hills of Cadore, where he was born, — a mountain district, between the Alps and the Adriatic, which is described by Titian's anonymous biographer thus: "The famous Titian was born at Pieve, the principal castle of the country of Cadore, a castle reputed impregnable, resting on a very large hill to which ascent is by a single path surrounded by broken rocks and inaccessible precipices. At the foot of the fortress lies the town and the palace in which the Vicars chosen by the council of Cadore reside. It is a place of small circuit, but prettily laid out. In the centre of the piazza is a fountain of limpid water. Noble palaces are in the neighbourhood." In criticizing landscape painters, Ruskin remarks that Titian and Turner are the only two

men who ever really drew a tree. But more than the influence of the Cadore scenery was that of the lagoons of Venice, the spell of which entered into his veins when he went to paint there in his maturity. Longfellow has put into the mouth of Michelangelo some words about Titian's colouring:

> "You have caught
> These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets
> Or . . . or from sunshine through a shower
> On the lagoons or the broad Adriatic.
> The uttermost that can be reached by colour
> Is here accomplished."

His colours have stood three centuries.

Titian's method of painting, though common to many later artists, was original with him. There is a treatise by Palma Giovane which tells how the master handled his pigments. He says that he painted the entire surface of the canvas first, as a bed or substratum for the other colours to rest upon. After this foundation (in which the merest lights and shades were indicated) was laid, the canvas was turned with its face to the wall for months. Every now and then he would bring it out, add a touch, or scrape away an excrescence, — dab in a spot of colour with his thumb, and, when he had reached the next stage in the composition, put it away again. He literally painted with his fingers almost as much as with his brush. The

finish which was applied at the last was smooth, and it was filed and rubbed down until the gloss was almost like porcelain. Aside from the question of inspiration, Titian was the greatest brush-worker of any time. Later in life, his work grew much broader.

A story is told of some German travellers who visited Titian's studio one day. These gentlemen ventured to remark that they thought there was only one master who really understood finish, and that was Durer. It seemed to them that the Venetian pictures never quite attained to Durer's smoothness. To this Titian replied that if he considered extreme finish to be the end and aim of art he might easily have fallen into the errors of Durer himself. He then brought out one of his early glossy pictures to demonstrate to them that it was not from the lack of ability that he no longer chose to paint in this way. He could paint either with the detail of Crivelli or with the breadth of Velasquez.

Titian's Bella is also in the Hall of Venus, and is one of the finest portraits that has ever been painted. This beautiful Venetian aristocrat stands three-quarter view, in an easy attitude of stately grace. The rich clothes which she wears are not strange to her: she is at home amidst precious stones and filigree, embroideries and pearls. She wears a décolleté dress of blue, with sleeves of deep

Titian red, slashed with tiny white puffs. A long chain hangs down from her throat. The details of her dress are rendered with as much love for the numerous rich textures as could have been displayed by that other great luxury-loving Venetian, Paul Veronese. She is playing in a very natural way with her girdle, a richly wrought bauble. Her head-dress is charming, with the same arrangement of Venetian beads made familiar by Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret. She is blonde, but a warm blonde — not a pale one. She wears earrings with long pearl pendants; and a bewitching curl is seen lying on her shoulder. The picture is thought to be a portrait of the Duchess Eleanora of Urbino, for it is the same face as that in her authentic portrait by Titian in the Uffizi. It was painted in 1535. It was among those taken to Paris in the eighteenth century; on which occasion some blunderer embraced the opportunity of painting in a new background. "Nothing can exceed the delicacy and subtlety with which the flesh and dress are painted," says Crowe, "the tones being harmonized and thrown into keeping by a most varied use and application of glazings and scumblings."

In a portrait of this kind Titian was thoroughly at home. He was by choice a painter for aristocrats, — not for the populace.

Titian died of the plague in 1576. When the

news of his death spread, the authorities set aside the regular law that forbade any person dying of the plague to be buried within the city. Since the great artist had desired to rest in the Church of the Frari, he was taken there in solemn procession, in broad daylight, in defiance of danger and law; such was the desire of the Venetians to pay all honour to their greatest citizen.

In Venetian art Titian stands at the very head. Giorgione is sometimes more luminous; Tintoretto is more startling; Bonifazio is brighter, and Veronese more formal and stately. If any one man could combine all these qualities, he would surpass Titian. But such a man has never arisen.

With a sudden sensation of contrast we turn to examine the work of Albert Durer. What a cold, colourless, stiff conception of Adam and Eve! How different a treatment of the nude form to that in Tintoretto's picture! But we must try to see what the schools of the North were doing in this great Golden Age; and Durer can tell us best. So we will look at Albert Durer's Adam and Eve, who seem as much out of place among the rich clothed glories of this room as actually nude people would be. Still, the painting, though hard, is finely executed. Adam, beside whom crouches a stag in subjection, holds a branch bearing an apple, which he is just about to pluck. His figure is much better

modelled than that of Eve, whose shoulders slope in a most pyramidal manner. Her figure is not so well painted. She is looking at Adam in a way which Durer undoubtedly intended to be alluring — but tastes differ. She is taking an apple from the serpent at the right of the picture. At her feet are a lioness, some quail, and a parrot. The Terrestrial Paradise looks a little chilly and unpropitious; and one feels that any garment, even one composed of leaves, would be a boon to Adam and Eve as well as to the spectator. These pictures were painted in 1570. They were originally in the Hotel de Ville at Nuremberg, and were then absorbed into the collection of the Emperor Rudolf. They may have been intended as side-panels on a great reredos which was never finished.

Ruskin speaks of Durer as having been "gloriously minute," and accuses him of being "intense in trifles," but he commends the detail painting of the little branch which Adam holds in his hand, saying that it is "full of the most exquisite vitality and spring in every line."

Michelangelo is reported as having said that he admired Albert Durer so much that if he were not Michelangelo, he would rather be Durer than the Emperor Charles V.

Bellini visited Durer one day, and, being much struck by the delicacy of his lines, asked Durer to

show him what sort of a brush he used. Durer took out several ordinary brushes, and displayed them. The Venetian said, "No, I want to see the brush you use to paint long slim lines." Durer took one of the brushes, and drew a line so long and straight and fine that Bellini marvelled, saying, "I could not have believed it, had I not seen it."

Durer was one of those priceless characters, whom, in the words of A. C. Owen, "no sorrow embitters, no lovelessness chills, no evil overcomes, in which enthusiasm never withers into fanaticism." The author of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1861, says: "He possessed the hands of a craftsman and the soul of a king." Albert Durer died in 1528. He passed away during Lent, as he had prayed that he might, "to keep his Easter in the New Jerusalem."

Now, to turn to an example of the art of the extreme South, we may look at the two great marine views Number 4 and 15, by Salvator Rosa. One of these, Ruskin says, is "a passage of sea reflecting the sunrise which is thoroughly good, and every way like Turner; the rest of the picture, as the one opposite to it, utterly virtueless. I have not seen any other instance of Salvator's painting water with any care. It is usually as conventional as the rest of his work, yet conventionalism is perhaps more tolerable in water-painting than elsewhere. And if

his trees and rocks had been good the rivers might have been generally accepted without objection."

Salvator Rosa's Duplicity, Number 2, shows a man with a mask. It was painted by the order of Cardinal Carlo de Medici. It is not an especially interesting specimen of his art. Salvator was a dissipated man, a satirist, and a buffoon. He had a grim sense of gloomy jesting, which appears in this picture. "In such laughter the heart of man is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

Salvator Rosa, whose more important picture, the Vow of Catiline, will be found in the Hall of Jupiter, lived from 1615 to 1673. He was a Neapolitan. His colouring is subdued but lurid; he has a way of allowing the whole canvas to be in dark shadow, except for a few strong rays of central light, — a manner which seemed to him to suggest mystery and "Sturm und Drang." Ruskin alludes to certain qualities in his work which he calls the "Alsatian sublimities of Salvator."

The two landscapes by Rubens, one, with peasants, Number 14, and one representing Ulysses on the Island of the Phæacians, Number 9, are both wooden panels, and hardly exhibit the best qualities of this great Flemish master's work. But as examples of his treatment of landscape, they are both interesting. Ruskin remarks upon Rubens's feeling for nature. He speaks thus of the two landscapes

under consideration: "Rubens perhaps furnishes us with the first instances of complete, unconventional, unaffected landscape. His treatment is manly, healthy, and rational. . . . Often condescending to minute and multitudinous detail: always, as far as it goes, pure, forcible, and refreshing, consummate in composition and marvellous in colour."

Number 9 shows Ulysses trying to hide himself behind the bushes, while Nausicaa, the daughter of the king, having seen that a ship has been wrecked, has raised her veil, and is looking for the castaways, while the other companions flee in terror. There is a little town on the seashore, and a château on a hill, and a waterfall, — all introduced into this painting. The figures are simply accessories, the real purpose of the artist being to give these natural objects; he adds the necessary human touch by relating a story while he displayed his rural tastes. In the picture Number 14, he is actuated by the same motive.

The Apollo and Marsyas, by Guercino, Number 8, is a thoroughly disagreeable subject, but well handled. The action is too savage, the whole picture too cruel to make it a desirable possession for any one. Why this subject was ever chosen for art purposes is a mystery.

Number 29 is a quaint interpretation of St. Joseph, also by Guercino; he holds a staff which

has budded in a perfectly symmetrical way into conventional foliage. He lays one hand on his breast. He is represented as a very old man.

Biliverti was a pupil of Cigoli, born in Florence in 1576. His work, like that of his master, is unequal; his style was extremely ornamental. He could not resist the disagreeable subject of Apollo and Marsyas, in his turn. When one sees the vindictive god taking his pagan vengeance with such spite, on two canvases, hanging in the same hall, one is fain to admit that lightning does sometimes strike twice in the same place.

The Hall of Venus seems to be full of flaying episodes! The martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, by Ribera, confronts us when we have already had enough of this sort of thing in the two studies of Apollo and Marsyas. Ribera has painted Bartholomew just being tied to a tree, while his executioners are laughing, one of them, at the right, in the gruesome act of holding up the knife with which the saint is to be slain. The knaves are enjoying their diversion; on the ground lies a severed head — very Greek in aspect. It is evidently a regular day for martyrs.

Bartolommeo Manfredi's Fortune Teller hangs here, Number 6. It is interesting first for being a natural episode well painted, and also because the work of this artist is exceedingly rare, very few

collections possessing any example of his painting. He died young, living only from 1580 to 1617.

A rustic has been waylaid by two gipsies; one is a young handsome woman, with a studied innocence of expression, who has undertaken to read his palm and is holding his hand lightly, pointing to a line denoting brilliant fortune. The foolish fellow is laughing with delight at the joyful news, heedless of the fact that the old crone, with an equally gleeful smile, is picking his pocket all the while. The treatment of this picture is rather smooth, and lacks atmosphere, but it is effective, and passes well among its more ambitious rivals in the Hall of Venus. The young gipsy is clothed in black, with red sleeves; a white cloth bound about her head falls to her shoulders, setting off her swarthy complexion well. The maroon vest of the victim and the white head-dress of the old woman light up and balance the rest of the picture, which is, upon the whole, a good composition.

Number 11 is a St. Catherine, by Bassano. The central figure is the saint, bound to the wheel upon which she suffered her martyrdom. Her eyes are upturned, and a vision is vouchsafed her of an angel bearing a crown, while another angel carries a naked sword. The soldiers and populace standing about are overcome and alarmed at the sight. The picture has a foreground crowded with fragments of wheels,

dying humanity, and a confused heap of men. The saint rises triumphantly above all this disorder, giving praise to Heaven for the miracle.

There is something very alluring about the Sponsalizia (espousals), by Manetti, Number 12. Four happy couples are sitting around an apartment, lighted only by Hymen's torch. Hymen stands, with raised torch, at the left, looking about among his victims: he is a thoroughly sympathetic guardian. The chief couple, whose nuptials are evidently being celebrated, sit at the right, looking extremely contented with one another. They are dressed superbly in all the trickery of the bridal, the youth wearing a hat with feathers, and the bride a turban covered with jewels. They are clad in brocades and satins. Other couples are seated about, in gala dress, but none so festive as these two. In the lower left corner are two people whose backs only are visible. The turn of the girl's head and the upturned face of the youth are very charming. The light, being thrown on all from a central point, makes a delightful effect, as if the group were sitting around a fire.

In the Triumph of David, Matteo Roselli has painted a spirited picture. It is full of action, but the heads lack virility. The figures of the women are graceful, and it is fresh and beautiful in colour. In the centre, David, in a yellow tunic, advances,

carrying the head of Goliath; the sword of the giant is in his other hand. He is conducted by maidens dancing before him, bearing musical instruments. Matteo Roselli was born in Florence in 1578. He had not the originality nor the ability to imagine or to carry out any great conception.

Next we come upon a fine rich Rembrandt, Number 16. Rembrandt is always original in his portraits; this one, of an old man, being no exception to the rule. The eyes are cast down, and he seems lost in thought; he looks just as his family must have seen him, sitting, unconscious that any one is observing him. His hands are in front of him, and the fingers locked alternately, in a very natural way. It is one of the most easy and masterly compositions of its class.

St. Martina, by Pietro da Cortona, is a thrilling composition full of events in all directions. St. Martina was a Roman virgin, martyred under Alexander Severus. There is a legend that she triumphed over the idols in the Temple of Apollo, where they had taken her with the intention of forcing her to sacrifice. The lightning came from heaven and shattered the temple. The saint is seen in the centre of the picture, her eyes rolled up, with a real expression of surprise and awe upon her face. The lightning is descending upon the idols, who are falling to the ground from their pedestals, and upon

the evil men who would injure the beautiful girl. The falling temple is seen in the near background. There is a confusion of fallen figures; and there is great animation in the general composition. In the distance, on the right, are seen an obelisk and a circular temple supported by columns.

Rustici, a young Sienese artist, who died in 1625, has painted, in very late decadent Renaissance style, the death of the Magdalen. Mary is seen repenting heavily, supported by two angels, one of whom airily presents her with a cross.

The picture, Number 26, representing the Parable of the Vineyard, is by Domenico Feti. In the painting before us, the lord of the vineyard is sitting in a comfortable armchair out in the street — at least it appears to be the street, as there are houses about; he waves his hand in argument as he explains his theory to the labourer who stands before him, leaning on his spade. At the right is another man who might be called an idler in the market-place.

Number 30, an illustration of the Parable of the Lost Piece of Money, is also by the hand of Domenico Feti. The woman is looking for the lost coin. She is in a vast cellar with little furniture, and what few bits there are are grouped at one end, or else overturned, just as they would be if one were searching for anything in an apartment. The woman is alone in the middle of the room, stooping low to

examine the ground, carrying in her hand a little lamp of the same pattern as those used still in small towns in Italy. Her shadow is cast up darkly against the wall behind her. The strong contrasts of light and shade in the picture are very well managed.

Cigoli, in Number 27, has painted a representation of the incident related in St. John's Gospel, when Peter sees the risen Lord upon the shore, and, as the apostle relates, "When Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, for he was naked, and did cast himself into the sea. And the other disciples came in a little ship, for they were not far from land, dragging the net with fishes." Christ is on the shore and Peter is just stepping from the water.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HALL OF APOLLO

In the Hall of Apollo we first make the acquaintance of Raphael, although only as a portrait-painter. Raphael Sanzio is probably the most generally beloved artist who ever lived. The key-note of his pictures is a cheerful serenity. He avoids extremes of all kinds. Leonardo leaned to the intellectual and the psychical; Titian glorified the physical; Raphael maintained the golden mean, and painted in his creative work the real with an ideal touch.

But in his portraits the ideal is thrown aside. He is absolutely exact, — pitilessly realistic. Raphael always painted what he saw. If his model was an ugly woman, he painted her as she was; if he was representing a handsome man, he was equally true to nature; when he turned his glance inward and painted what he saw in his own imagination, he was a great idealist. He was an idealist because he was so much of a realist; he transcribed exactly what he saw, — either the actual flaw of nature, or the actual spiritual vision.

ANGELO DONI
By Raphael; in the Hall of Apollo

The portraits of Angelo and Madelena Doni are the earliest painted by Raphael. They hang in the Hall of Apollo, numbered 59 and 61. They were executed about 1505 in Florence, and are on wood. Angelo Doni was a great friend of Raphael. These portraits are among the best that Raphael has painted, especially that of Angelo. They are rather stiff, and have a slightly wooden and varnished expression, like most works of the Umbrian school.

Angelo, being perhaps more interesting-looking as a man than Madelena was as a woman, is the more pleasing subject. He is represented in three-quarter view, clothed in black and red, with a double golden clasp at his throat, and a black beretta on his head, from which the chestnut hair falls thick and short about his neck. The short fat hands are well painted, and the rings which adorn one of them are beautifully rendered. The expression of the fine eyes and the delicate shape of the face are strong and refined. The picture is not idealized; and if the left eye is a trifle out of drawing, one pardons it, as one does when Botticelli paints the most lovely Madonna with eyes which do not match at all. There are a few great pictures in which a slight error of the pencil is not really felt to be a blemish. It is a test of greatness when this is the case, for as a rule the drawing is of the first importance, and discounts all other beauties of technique. The portrait

is most minutely painted; one can almost detect the separate hairs, and yet the effect is not petty. The timidity of inexperience is in both portraits; but the promise of the master touch predominates. They show some influence of Leonardo da Vinci (compare them with the Monaca and the Goldsmith, both in the Pitti), and also recall the work of Ghirlandajo.

Madelena sits turned towards the left, as Angelo has turned towards the right, so that the two portraits might be hung as companion pieces, facing one another. Her uninteresting blond hair is closely confined by a net, which is held in place on the brow by a black ferronniere. A pinkish dress, relieved by blue velvet trimmings, has enough white about it to redeem it from actual stiffness. The position is not unlike that of Leonardo's Monna Lisa in the Louvre: the hands are in much the same position; but the heavy, stolid face has little in common with Leonardo's sprightly model. The flesh-tones in this face, however, are most exquisitely handled, the clear tones merging into the delicate gradations of greenish shadow. The shaddows are luminous. The finish is almost like an enamel. Madelena Doni was one of the famous family of Strozzi, but, as Muntz observes, "it is difficult to believe that the noble blood of the Strozzi circulated in the veins of this bourgeoise."

Of the truth of the likeness in the portrait of

Pope Leo X. there can be small doubt. A most hideous, squint-eyed, fat, thick person this; and Raphael has not flattered him. The character of the man is laid bare. The Pontiff is sitting in a richly carved armchair, turning slightly towards the left (his right), and behind him stand two cardinals. These are also portraits, the one on the right being Julius de Medici, the cousin of Leo X., who afterwards became Pope Clement VII., and on the left, Cardinal Luigi de Rossi, who was secretary to the Pope. This latter portrait is thought to be by Giulio Romano, who assisted in the work upon this picture. Apparently the Pope is supposed to be presiding at some debate, or listening to some cause. The pose is wonderfully lifelike. The Pope was known to be near-sighted, and he may be observed to hold in one hand the reading-glass of the period. There was a saying, current among the Roman wits, "Many blind cardinals created the blind Pope, Leo X."

There is an interesting anecdote about the authenticity of this picture. In 1523 Ferdinand, Duke of Mantua, passed through Florence on his way to visit the Pope in Rome, and was much struck by the nobility of Raphael's portrait of Leo X., one of the cardinals in the picture being that same Pope, Clement VII., whom he was on his way to see. When the duke arrived in Rome, he told the Pontiff

how much he had admired the picture, and the Pope sent orders to Ottaviano de Medici to prepare a pleasant surprise for the duke by having the portrait sent to him as a gift, to greet him on his return to Mantua. Ottaviano, however, with true Medicean foresight, had no intention of robbing Florence in order to obey papal orders, so he quietly hired Andrea del Sarto to make a copy, which he forwarded with much flourish to Mantua. No one suspected the fraud, for the copy was apparently perfect. One day, however, the discerning Giorgio Vasari happened to be in Mantua with his friend, Giulio Romano. Upon Giulio's expressing a lively admiration of Raphael's portrait, Vasari replied that he, too, admired it, but that it was not by Raphael.

"Not by Raphael!" exclaimed the astonished Romano; "why, I ought to know, for I can detect my own brush-marks!"

"It is by Andrea del Sarto," replied Vasari, "I can prove it to you." And he turned the picture around, and there, behold, was the sign with which Del Sarto marked all his pictures, — an A with a V interlaced in a monogram. At this, Giulio was so overcome by amazement that he expressed himself more than ever delighted by the painting. "For," said he, "it is a marvel that a man can so flawlessly imitate the manner of another!"

Raphael's original hangs in the Pitti, and Andrea's

copy is in Naples. About 1841 the question arose as to the authenticity of the Pitti original; but, after due pamphlet controversy, which was dull and lengthy, the decision was reached that the one in Florence was the true portrait by Raphael, — another instance of good coming out of evil, as is so constantly demonstrated during the reign of the Medici! Had it not been for Ottaviano's deceit, Florence would not have possessed this treasure to-day.

The portrait was painted after the execution of Cardinal Petrucci, who had conspired against Leo, and attempted his life. The features are certainly those of a vital man, with whom it would be dangerous to tamper. It was painted in 1518, and is a good example of the third or Roman manner of the master. Crowe considers it worthy to be ranked with the Sistine Madonna; and as a technical work of art this portrait is certainly the equal of the great Dresden picture. A tribute to the lifelikeness of the portrait is a tradition that Cardinal Pescia (who must have been quite as near-sighted as his illustrious chief) once knelt before it, presenting bulls to be signed, supposing it to be the Pontiff in the flesh!

The accessories of the picture are most beautifully treated; the missal which lies open on the table, and the delicately chased bell which stands

near by, are delightful details, and yet are painted without the varnished nicety of the master's earlier style of finish. The colour scheme carried out, perhaps intentionally, the spirit of the times and of the man. All shades of red, merging into brown, are fused into an inexpressible harmony, relieved only by dark white and the tiny scraps of colour in the missal. If it be true that there is a language of colour, and an alliance between colour and sound, then Raphael has indeed made a judicious use of his opportunities in depicting Leo X. all in red surroundings. A blind man, when asked by Viollet le Duc to tell what was his impression of the colour red, replied, "Red is the sound of the trumpet." The textures of the varied fabrics and materials in this picture are faultlessly portrayed.

A copy by Giulio Romano of Raphael's Madonna della Lucertola, which is in Madrid, may also be seen in this room. Giulio Romano was the pupil whom Raphael always chose to carry out certain parts of his pictures, because his touch was more in sympathy with Raphael's own than that of any other follower of his school. So it is an especially good copy of this picture which we have to examine. The painting is on wood. Lucertola means lizard, and this little emblem is seen basking on a broken base of a column in the extreme right of the picture. Raphael's Madonnas, being so numerous, are

usually dominated by some such trifling detail, — such as the Madonna of the Goldfinch, the Madonna of the Diadem, Madonna of the Chair, and of the Linen Window; both of these last being in the Pitti Gallery.

The virgin in this picture which we are now considering is a characteristic type of Raphael, with full, round curves and a placid, oval face, — in those days the fashion in beauty. The scene appears to be laid amidst the ruins of a Roman structure, fragments of carved stone occupying the right of the picture; St. Joseph, leaning upon them, contemplates the other members of the family (as seems to have been his custom, judging from the number of times one sees him so represented). The child on Mary's knee leans to St. John, who stands by presenting a scroll, upon which are the words, " Ecce Agnus Dei." The infant Christ is turning to look back at his mother, upon whose face there is absolutely no expression to denote any special frame of mind. The child's face is expressive of glee, and the eyes are full of life. At the Virgin's feet is a charming little cradle, with a roll of swathing bandage lying half-undone upon the grass beside it. Near by, in the central foreground, a snail is meandering. The background is a charming rural one, with buildings on a hill at the left, and a graceful

rivulet in the distance. The family is grouped at the foot of a tree.

We now come to a consideration of the great Spanish master Murillo, two of whose Madonnas hang in the Hall of Apollo. These two are the only examples of Murillo's work in the Pitti Palace. The first, the Madonna of the Rosary, Number 56, is probably an earlier work than the other. It was bought from the artist Acciaj, by Ferdinand III., for about $1,020 in our money. The artist had in his turn bought it from a Roman picture dealer. The Virgin is seated, with the infant on her knee, and he is playing with a rosary. It is very lovely, as all Murillo's Madonnas are; but it has rather a crisper touch than the other picture, Number 63, which is quite " vaporous " and full of that delicious yellow light which Murillo knew so well how to produce, often considered artificial by carping critics. The child is turning to look directly out at the spectator, with a most glorious pair of large, liquid eyes. It may not be an intellectual picture, but it is strikingly beautiful and peaceful. The colouring is mellow and restful.

Bartolome Estéban Murillo was born in Seville in 1618, and became, from the most unpropitious beginnings, one of the foremost artists in the world. As a youth he worked, in a small, inconspicuous way, in a studio in Seville, with few appliances and

MADONNA AND CHILD
By Murillo; in the Hall of Apollo

no models, except when one of the class was willing to strip and pose for a leg or an arm. He had no money: being a poor boy, he had to turn his talents to practical account without regard to any sense of pride that he might feel, so he began his artistic career by painting religious pictures for the public fairs. "Pittura de la Feria" was a proverbial expression in Spain for a "daub," but the slight remuneration which these early efforts brought him was necessarily his chief consideration, so he "daubed" away bravely, shipping off Madonnas and popular saints by the dozen, and doubtless benefiting all the time by the practice which his prolific pencil gained. At the same time he was supporting an invalid sister, and yet he made enough at this trade to enable him to go to Madrid to study. As soon as he arrived he made himself known to Velasquez, his own fellow townsman, then court painter. Velasquez was so struck with the youth's ability that he lodged him in his own house, and got permission for him to copy pictures in the royal galleries.

Murillo, like most artists, progressed from one style of painting to another, and is known as having three manners: his first, "Frio," or cold manner; his second, "Calido," or warm style; and, in about 1656, his "Vaporoso," or vaporous manner, began, by which we chiefly know him, and is to be seen

in the Madonna and Child, Number 63, but less so in Number 56. Murillo died in 1682.

In this hall hang two famous Titians — the well-known Magdalen, and the portrait of Pietro Aretino, which is numbered 54.

Pietro Aretino was a poet and a wit, a pamphleteer, sensualist, and courtier, with whom Titian was intimate for more than thirty years. He is a striking person with his full beard, his accentuated features, and his handsome clothes, — a russet tunic and red mantle, with a gold chain. The portrait was painted for Aretino in 1546, and given by him as a present to his kind patron, Cosimo I. de Medici. The fact that the payment for the portrait finally devolved upon Cosimo is quite in keeping with Aretino's peculiarities. He himself described the picture as a "hideous marvel;" probably he really considered it as representing him truly as an engaging and dashing man. Aretino was born in 1492 in a hospital of Arezzo, of parents whose names are not known, except that his father was a gentleman of Arezzo — who, however, laid no claim to Pietro. Brought up in such baleful environment, Pietro Aretino turned out to be just the sort of person that might have been expected. He has been described as "a grand, handsome bully." His services were bought by all the princes and dukes who wished for them; he wrote scurrilous articles about the enemies

of his patrons, and was never above smirching a reputation by obscene doggerel or by "false witness" to order. He was a high liver and a low liver by turns; he toadied to the aristocracy while satirizing all who did not respond to his advances. He was a "self-made man" in the wrong sense; and the result was a glutton, a slanderer, and a spendthrift, apparently generous when it was for his interest to be lavish.

Aretino was so popular and so famous that his face was represented on "pipe-heads and china-ware" in the shops of Venice, but when he ventured to satirize Tintoretto, the "Thunderbolt" got hold of him, and gave him such practical advice and such convincing proof of his error, that Aretino was seen leaving the studio in tears; and no more was heard from him in that quarter.

It is strange that Titian ever became intimate with Aretino, and still stranger that the friendship should have been of such long duration; but it is quite possible that Titian's main intention was simply not to make an enemy where the only alternative was to make a friend. Undoubtedly a clever rogue like Aretino was good enough company when he was well disposed, and probably was, at least, never a bore.

Aretino had made himself indispensable to certain persons high in authority by learning some of the

political machinery of the times. He pursued a consistent course of blackmail with those to whose interests it was that no ill reports should be spread. He has been likened to a fungus battening on a dung-hill. It was his boast that he had never been to school and never had a teacher. He was early and thoroughly versed, however, in the study of men and morals, which is an excellent substitute for book-learning, and will carry an unscrupulous person much farther.

He sat for his portrait to Titian in 1527; Titian, in that year, having written from Venice to Marquis Gonzaga at Mantua, "I have taken the opportunity of Messer Pietro Aretino's arrival to paint his likeness." This, however, was not the portrait in the Pitti Palace, but an earlier one, since lost. He painted Aretino several times. Some ill-natured people tried to discredit the influence of both of these men by claiming that Titian could do nothing but paint portraits and Aretino could do nothing but distil spite.

The portrait of Aretino in the Pitti Gallery is idealized. The brow is quite powerful, and the large dark eyes have some fire in them. The look of cunning and bluster and of effrontery are still traceable, but they are toned down, and the result is not unpleasant. The pigments lie thickly and well blended. The action of the figure is excellent, and

the colouring has great warmth and depth. Titian made no attempt to discover new and strange combinations in pigments. He used a palette in no way peculiar, but like the great organist who knows how to elicit unsuspected tones from the usual stops of the organ, by combining them judiciously, so Titian brought results from ordinary pigments very different from those achieved by common painters.

Aretino died in 1557. An epitaph was written for him, "Here lies Aretino, the Tuscan poet, who said ill of every one except of Christ, and he excused the omission, saying that he had never heard of Him."

Pietro Aretino received splendid gifts from Francis I., and the Emperor Charles V. bestowed a great chain upon him, which he wears with pomp in his portrait. In spite of the scurrilous writings which he perpetrated, he composed a paraphrase on the Seven Psalms.

In sending this portrait to Cosimo I., Aretino wrote: "Surely I breathe here; the blood circulates, and I see myself in a painting. Had I given the artist a few more crowns, he would have bestowed more pains upon the materials of the dress, the silk, the velvet, and the brocade; I say nothing of the chain, for it is indeed painted *sic transit mundi.*"

Titian's Magdalen is a picture familiar to us all. It was painted for Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino,

and is on a wooden panel. The eyes of the saint are turned upwards; she is weeping, and holding her thick, long tresses about her nude form in a rather inadequate attempt at modesty (if it is an attempt at all). Titian boasted that this subject was always a remunerative one, and that he has received two thousand scudi for it. Crowe and Cavalcaselle allude to this picture in the most flattering terms. Perhaps there are no two pictures about which the recognized authorities so disagree as this and the Madonna of the Chair, by Raphael. Crowe assumes that the picture is absolutely beautiful, and that too much could not be said in its praise. His only criticism is that it bears the marks of haste in its execution, and that Titian's motive was not quite a pure one — that his intention was simply to paint a handsome woman, and that his best art is displayed in calling attention to her faultless anatomy. The lustre of the skin and the metallic golden quality of the hair are relieved against one of Titian's dark landscape backgrounds. Crowe and Cavalcaselle consider the model too beautiful to be real.

How different an impression did the same picture make upon John Ruskin! As to this Magdalen, Ruskin, always frank, speaks out with special directness, calling her "disgusting," with no apology and little qualification. He sees in her "a stout, red-faced woman, dull and coarse of feature, with much

of the animal even in her expression of repentance, — her eyes strained and inflamed with weeping." But he goes on to tell why Titian painted her thus, and as his interpretation differs from that of many critics, I think it best to quote it directly. Titian, being the first to disregard the accepted theory that the Magdalen must have been young and lovely, "saw that it was possible for plain women to love no less than beautiful ones; and for stout persons to repent as well as those more delicately made." It seemed to him that the Magdalen "would have received her pardon none the less quickly because her wit was none of the readiest, and would not have been regarded with less compassion by her Master because her eyes were swollen or her dress disordered. It is just because he has set himself sternly to enforce this lesson that the picture is so painful; the only instance, so far as I remember, of Titian's painting a woman markedly and entirely belonging to the lowest class." Ruskin believes that no Venetian picture ever stirred a base emotion, and that in the treatment of the female form majesty predominates, as in Greek art.

Very coy in his remarks about this disputed picture is La Fontaine, who saw it in 1663. He observes that she is "grosse et grasse" and very agreeable; adding, "These newly-made penitents are

dangerous; and all men of sound judgment will fly from them."

But setting aside the subject and considering the painting technically, its execution is most satisfactory. It is signed upon a vase of ointment which appears in the right corner, "Titianus."

Over the door in the Hall of Apollo hangs the grand Pieta of Fra Bartolommeo. It is one of the most perfectly dignified Depositions in the world of art. In the words of an accepted critic: "It is not possible to cite an instance in which a lifeless form is rendered with more flexibility or with more anatomical accuracy. As regards the foreshortening, the Magdalen is unsurpassed." The body of Christ, extended on a linen cloth, is sustained by St. John; on the right the Magdalen embraces the feet of the Saviour, while the Virgin in the centre holds tenderly the head of her dead Son, while she kisses him on the forehead, and supports his arm in her other hand. There were two figures of St. Peter and St. Paul which were formerly supplementary to this group, but they were afterwards separated from the rest. Woltmann alludes to the fact that "the emotional sentiment of the scene is rendered with classic reserve and perfect beauty of line and expression." The background is a sombre and gloomy landscape, in keeping with the subject and the hour when the scene is depicted.

PIETA

By Fra Bartolommeo ; in the Hall of Apollo

Bartolommeo was born in 1469. Living near the gate of San Pietro Gattolini, he acquired the nickname, Baccio della Porta (Bat of the Gate). He was one of the Piagnoni, that is to say, a follower of Savonarola, of whom he painted a masterly portrait. After the death of his leader he became a Dominican in order, as he believed, to save his soul. He did not care for the ancient Greek ideals, preferring the models of Lippi, Orcagna, and Massaccio; going back even as far as Giotto for inspiration. He forms an interesting link between the mediæval painters and Michelangelo.

His large compositions were as clever as his portraits, and his simplicity and beauty of arrangement and clearness of outline are among his chief characteristics. His figures are strong, with calmness and reserve of expression; his perspective is good, and his comprehension of the proportions of the human form unerring. He draws most correctly, and his colouring is sober and transparent.

The reason why he accentuated the body under the robes so cleverly was that he always first drew the figure nude. He combined some of the Christian purity of the old masters with the pagan beauty of the later ones; he balanced the values of both, without becoming either florid or narrow. Although he did not rise to the height of the great masters of the Renaissance, he exhibits more of their merits

than any other second-rate man. From Savonarola he had acquired the taste for simple habits and purity of thought. From Leonardo he learned the art of making the real into a foil for the ideal; from Michelangelo he drew inspiration for the imposing attitudes in which he placed his figures. He derived grace and charm from the study of Fra Angelico and Raphael. While he borrowed in every direction, he yet avoided copying servilely from any one master, and he made what he had borrowed his own by adding an individual touch. He was an impersonation of the acquired science and the refined taste of Florentine art.

Fra Bartolommeo finally caught the severe chill which resulted in his death, as described by Vasari: "Having laboured perpetually beneath a window, the rays from which poured constantly upon his back, one side of his body became paralyzed." He was sent to the baths at San Filippo, but "having eaten very plentifully of figs, he was attacked, in addition to his previous malady, with a violent access of fever, which finished the course of his life in four days," so that he died, when he was forty-nine years of age, in the year 1517.

The Pieta was executed on wood for the Augustine friars outside the Porta San Gallo. This monastery being destroyed at the time of the siege of Florence, the picture was taken to San Jacopo Tra

Fossi, whence the grand duchess had it taken to the Pitti Palace. This was one of the latest pictures by Fra Bartolommeo. Had he lived longer, he might have developed a style characterized by a greater dramatic power than that of any of his works which remain to us.

In connection with this picture, it is interesting to study another famous treatment of the same subject, — the Deposition, by Andrea del Sarto, which hangs here, numbered 58. It is a spiritual picture, rendered exquisitely. It was painted for the sisters of a convent where Andrea had gone to escape the plague when it was raging in Florence. Later, it was bought by Ferdinand I. and placed in the Uffizi. Ferdinand III. moved it to the Pitti.

The dead Christ is supported by the Evangelist, while the Virgin kneels beside him, and clasps the lifeless hand in hers. There is a refined and elevated realism in the picture. Nothing could be more exquisite than the hands. The Magdalen and St. Catherine are on the right. In the Magdalen remorse is depicted in a restrained and untheatric attitude, and genuine self-forgetting sorrow characterizes her expression. The colouring is good, St. Peter wearing a deep yellow robe, while the Magdalen is in green and dull rose colour. In St. Catherine the green is continued, and is mixed with gold.

St. Paul supplies the complementary red in the composition, and the Virgin, as usual, is in blue.

Rembrandt's portrait of himself is most interesting. As every one knows, this artist was one of the greatest of the Holland school, flourishing there during the seventeenth century, and most prolific in works of striking light and shade. So marked a peculiarity is it of the Hollander to paint faces with deep shadows on one side and brilliant light on the other, that his name has come to stand for this style, and a "Rembrandt effect" is common studio talk with every photographer. This portrait depicts Rembrandt with no beard, and was executed about 1634. The grand duke Ferdinand III. bought it in 1818 from the Gerini Gallery.

Poor Rembrandt! His life was a pathetic one, for he was a character without real strength of purpose. In his early days, married to Saskia, the wife of his choice, and whom he loved with all the depth of which his nature was capable, he was a gay, light-hearted, good-natured fellow, amiable, devoted, and clever. After her death everything was changed for him. He was one of the few instances of an artist whose art is not enough to engage his life when other conditions are changed. Of him literally it may be said that "the light of his whole life died when love was done." He declined in every way. He became morose and brooding and indifferent to

the remaining claims of life. His genius did not dim, but it took on a new note of melancholy. Morally, too, he declined. His life's story is that of a weak nature from which the one prop has been withdrawn.

Once, when Rembrandt was in great need of funds, he took a novel way to realize quickly on some of his belongings. He advertized the fact of his own death, saw to it that the report had wide circulation, and then he announced a sale of his pictures, finished and unfinished, at his own house. The auction was crowded. The smallest sketches brought immense sums. When a safe time had elapsed, Rembrandt came to life again. But he found that the Dutchmen would never trust him again.

Number 36 is by Girolamo da Carpi, and is a portrait of Archbishop Bartolini Salembeni, seen in full face, in episcopal robes of violet. The portrait painted on wood, was executed just after Salembeni had been appointed to the Cathedral of Pisa by Pope Leo X. He lived until 1556, dying at the age of fifty-six years.

Another episcopal portrait is that of Bishop Girolamo Argentino, Number 35, painted in the school of Morone, a Venetian master of the sixteenth century, of whom we shall treat later. The bishop is shown full face with a gray beard, clad in

a black bishop's robe, and wearing a beretta. A glove is held in his right hand, while the other rests on a parapet. The inscription reads: "Ieronimus Argentinus Episcopus Eharensis et Brachiensis."

A large blonde Juno confronts us in Number 37. This picture is by Veronese, and is usually spoken of as a portrait of the wife of the artist, although there is no other record to show that the artist was married. She is turned three-quarter face, looking to the right. Taine's criticism of this picture, though drastic, is perhaps merited. He says: "This portrait reaches the comic. She is forty-eight years old, double-chinned, has the air of a court-dowager and the coiffure of a poodle-dog. She looks pompous enough, and proud of her charms; her perfect contentment and general roundness suggest a fine turkey ready for the spit." The lady wears beautiful pearls, well painted in the taste of Veronese. Fortunately she does not indulge in too many colours, being clad in a somewhat loud arrangement of black and white.

The Supper at Emmaus, by Palma Vecchio or by his school, hangs near. (It is possibly the work of Zelotti, a follower of Palma.) Palma Vecchio was a member of the Venetian school, 1480--1548.

In the centre of the painting Christ is seated, in a red tunic and a black mantle, holding in one hand the bread which he is blessing with the other.

The pilgrims, at opposite ends of the table, are in the act of recognizing their Master, and expressing their surprise and awe. The servitor, in the dress of a Venetian sailor, is trying to get the attention of one of the disciples, to ask whether he will take wine, which he carries in a flagon. In the foreground sits a very breezy little dog, facing the observer, and looking ready to bark on the least provocation. The still-life is well rendered, but the treatment of the whole picture is less clear and brilliant than most of the works of this master. An open window in the background shows a charming landscape. The whole is a well-ordered group, but without inspiration.

Number 39 is a Holy Family, by Bronzino. It is painted on wood. The Holy Child rests asleep in the foreground, with his head supported on cushions, and is being embraced by the young St. John. His mother, in a blue mantle and a robe of rose, together with St. Joseph, are just behind the children. The background represents a castle on a hill. The Madonna is distinctly Greek in type, and classic in the arrangement of her hair and draperies. Her dress, which is a clinging diaphanous robe, has a closely fitted neck-band, which extends in a deep point in front, secured by a jewel.

The St. Julian of Christofano Allori, Number 41, is a significant composition, rendered peculiarly at-

tractive by the young figure which occupies the central place, and by the lights, which are thrown in a convincing manner. The legend of St. Julian is familiar, but the picture can hardly be interpreted without an allusion to it. St. Julian Hospitator, when a young man, had accidentally slain his father and his mother — the story is a long one — under a misconception that they were robbers. The remorse which he suffered was the special cause of his conversion, leading him to welcome all strangers with unwonted hospitality. So it is told that one night, while in his little boat on the lake, he heard a mournful voice crying out to him for help, and, listening, guided by the tones to the opposite side of the river, he found a poor leper boy, who wished to be taken across the stream. Instantly Julian rowed across, took the youth in his boat, and conveyed him to his own house, where he laid him in his bed, lavishing on him every tenderness and care. In the morning the young leper arose, and, throwing off his disguise, stood revealed as the Christ, saying to Julian, "The Lord hath sent me to thee, for thy penitence is accepted, and thy rest is near at hand." Not long after that the faithful Julian died, and was recognized as a saint.

In the picture, the scene selected for representation is the moment when the leprous youth is being lifted carefully from the boat to the shore. St. Julian,

in a red tunic and a blue mantle, receives the leper, while a sailor assists him to step ashore. The boatman on the right wears a red drapery about his head, while a yellow stuff girds his loins; in the background the wife of Julian is seen dispensing charity to other poor wayfarers on the doorsteps of her house.

It must be admitted that the picture is not exactly realistic. The leper is too prophetic of what he is to appear the next morning. But his figure is beyond criticism as a lovely conception of youthful beauty and an example of fine drawing. All the heads and faces are idealized into beautiful types; it is by most critics said to be the masterpiece of Allori. The gesture of the youth, as he steps lightly to the shore, where St. Julian has landed before him so that he may be there to render assistance, is very graceful. The semi-nude figure of the boatman looming up against the sky is a fine piece of colour and design, but there is little of the usual ruggedness of the Italian boatman about him.

Number 42 is a soft, pleasing, harmless representation of the Magdalen, by Perugino, of whom we shall hear more later. In this picture, the subject is not the object, if one may be permitted to use such an expression. It is simply a charming, rather affected girl, with pretty brown shadows; her name is seen on her red corsage. Her hands are meekly

crossed on her breast. She wears a green mantle with a furred edge which is soft and attractive. Perugino evidently believed in penitence understood rather than expressed.

The Salembeni Holy Family is very attractive. The scene is an interior — rather an unusual choice for the subject. Mary and Joseph are sitting by a table with the Holy Child, while through a door at the back the domestic sights of the kitchen are visible. On the floor, little St. John stands, or rather runs, his arms full of tiny puppies, while the mother dog behind him is chasing him for having taken away her young ones. At the left, St. Elizabeth is seated, spinning. She and the others are laughing, much amused at the incident.

Next to this occurs Cigoli's St. Francis, quite a familiar subject and well painted. The scene is an outdoor one, with the saint clad in his brown habit in an attitude of ecstasy, kneeling before a crucifix. In the background may be seen the convent of La Vernia. The face and hands are beautifully rendered, and the whole tone and manner of the painting restful and devotional.

The Young Bacchus, by Guido Reni, is a more cheerful subject. This is a bright, laughing face, in contrast with much of this artist's work. Guido Reni does not often choose a pagan subject; when he makes such a selection, he does it full justice.

INFANT PRINCE LEOPOLD DE MEDICI
By Tiberio Tito; in the Hall of Apollo

The child Bacchus holds on a platter a graceful cup near his lips, and is about to drink of its brimming contents. A little attendant carries a large jug, evidently prepared to fill up the cup when it needs to be replenished. On both childish faces is an expression of enjoyment. Although the face of Bacchus is that of a child, Guido has succeeded in infusing into the youthful mirth of his smile a certain flavour of worldliness, such as one sometimes sees in the face of a street urchin who has had to turn his wits to his own support early in life.

The painting of the detail of the picture is most exquisite, notably the treatment of the grape-vine, which is entwined around the head of the young deity. The leaves are just at the point of wilting a little, as they would do in contact with the warm little person. Young Bacchus is a genuine rogue, with all the fascination of a pretty, mischievous child.

Number 49 is a most engaging little portrait of the infant Prince Leopold de Medici, by Tiberio Tito. It was painted in 1617. Prince Leopold being the son of the Grand Duke Cosimo II., the picture was probably actually executed at the Pitti Palace, for it is unlikely that a royal baby would have been carried to a studio, "cradle and all!" He lies on a couch, the general effect of the colouring being golden and pearl. He is apparently quite nude,

and lies in a placid, phlegmatic way, with his little bare toes peeping out, not seeming to mind the contact of the embroidered coverlet, which looks as if it must have scratched. The textiles in this picture are most delightful.

This was the Prince Leopold who was made a cardinal by Clement X., and who devoted his life to literature and art. He was specially interested in portraits, and the large collection at the Uffizi was made by him. He also left many pictures to the Pitti collection. He died in 1675, at fifty-eight years of age.

The subject of this picture is so engrossing that we have so far neglected the artist, who was a Florentine, doing most of his work in the early seventeenth century. He painted principally miniatures, and many were bought by this same Cardinal Leopold de Medici. Some of them may be seen in the royal collection. Though somewhat stiff, his figures are delicately handled, and his still-life is usually fine.

Guercino's interesting group of St. Peter raising the Widow Tabitha (Dorcas) is the one numbered 50. The lights and shadows are extremely marked, as they generally are in the pictures by this artist. This picture is by many considered to be the masterpiece of Guercino. It was painted in 1618, when he was at the height of his power.

ST. PETER RAISING THE WIDOW TABITHA
By Guercino; in the Hall of Apollo

In Guercino's painting, the young widow, the light striking full upon her face and her feet and illuminating the long outlines of the body, lies extended on her bier at the right of the canvas. St. Peter in a commanding attitude stands by the bier, his right hand raised in pronouncing his command to the dead to rise again, while his left hand grasps his cloak about him. His figure and head are superbly drawn. Several people stand about in attitudes of sorrow. The first to attract the eye is the figure of a woman on the right, near the bier. With both hands on her breast, and her upturned face evincing the utmost sorrow, she is imploring the saint to perform his miracle. The lights are thrown strenuously upon this figure, which is most lovely, as also upon the back of a woman on the extreme left, whose draperies and head-dress recall some of the noble, stalwart women of Tintoretto. This woman carries a small child in her arms. The colours of brown and white about her are warm and rich, and the handling of the whole picture is delightful.

Cigoli's "Deposition" rather suggests the poses of models. It is not an especially sympathetic rendering of the subject, Number 51. Hanging in the same room with the magnificent painting of Fra Bartolommeo, it suffers by contrast.

Three disciples are seen lowering the body from the cross, while St. John, in a red robe, sustains the

feet of the dead Christ. At the left is the Virgin in tears, with the nails and the crown of thorns at her feet. Mary Cleophas, Nicodemus, and others, stand about in various poses. The Magdalen kneels, and there are angels hovering in the air. The Magdalen's back is turned, and is well drawn. She is clad in glowing satins. The Madonna, in the foreground, is the best figure. She turns away from the painful sight, and her face expresses real grief — not a stage substitute, — the tears coursing down her cheeks, and her brow drawn with anguish. Her face is thoroughly expressive. Ecstatic and theatrical elements are absent in this picture.

Number 52, the Sacra Conversazione (a name usually given to a Holy Family in which other saints appear), by Pordenone, is an interesting picture of the Venetian school. A very Venetian treatment of the subject it is, too — the personages are all clad in damasks and stuffs such as the lagoons were famous for in the days of the artist.

A striking canvas is Number 73, Spagnoletto's St. Francis, who is seen to the knees, standing. His eyes are cast up to heaven, and he holds in his hands a human skull. There are no other accessories. The man and his attitude tell the whole story. It is very dramatic, without being theatrical.

Number 55 is a charming baby portrait of the much-upholstered little Duke of Urbino, by Baroccio.

Nothing could be more appealing than the sweet little face, the only sign of life amidst the stiff richness of his wrappings, looking out from this mass of the gorgeous detail of his pompous surroundings. Little Federigo lies in his cradle, covered with richly embroidered stuffs. He was the son of Francesco Maria of Urbino; while he was still a youth, he married the daughter of Ferdinand I. de Medici, and his own daughter was that Princess Vittoria della Rovere who married Ferdinand II., so in this way this royal baby was doubly connected with the family at the Pitti Palace.

A pretty Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, is Number 62. The children are beautifully rendered, and are both of exquisite grace. The mother is seen in profile, and St. Joseph is asleep. The whole is in Andrea's warm, rich colour, and the composition is satisfactory. It was painted in 1521, for Zanobi Bracci.

Maratta has painted St. Philip Neri on his knees in adoration before an altar. He is clad in rich brocade vestments. The figure is graceful, with both arms extended; the Madonna appears above the altar. St. Philip Neri was one of the sanest, most practical, and thoroughly good men of his times.

CHAPTER V.

THE HALL OF MARS

In the Hall of Mars we may see two of the best examples of Rubens's work, exhibiting all his talents, and few of his blemishes. These two pictures are Mars Preparing for War (sometimes called The Consequences of War), and the noble portrait group of the Rubens Brothers with the philosophers, Lipsius and Grotius.

Examining first the great allegorical painting, Mars Preparing for War, one is struck with the variety in its action and the breadth of its treatment. It was painted about 1625. It is entirely the work of Rubens, not laid in and painted largely by his pupils, as were many of his pictures. It exhibits nearly all the characteristics of his style. The central figure, Mars, clad in armour, with sword and shield, is pressing onward to war, led by one of the Furies, Alecto, who, with the torch of Discord extended in her sinewy right hand, grasps and pulls the warrior with her left. Although his steps do

MARS PREPARING FOR WAR
By Rubens; in the Hall of Mars

not falter, and the action of his whole body is forward to do the behest of the Fury, yet Mars turns his head and looks regretfully back at the voluptuous figure of Venus, who is clinging to him, on the other side, — a beautiful nude, with all the plump yet pliant qualities of Rubens's women. Venus is attended by Love, who also pleads with Mars, but in vain. The arrows and the bow of Cupid lie unheeded on the ground, and other weapons are to supplant them.

Mars treads relentlessly upon an open book, while beneath his stalwart form, stretched helpless on the ground in the shadow, lies an allegorical figure of Study. Harmony, symbolized by a woman bearing a lute, has also been thrown down; his next step bids fair to encroach upon her. Farther to the right, also dashed to the ground and holding aloft a compass, the instrument by which his art is made of use, is the figure typical of Architecture. A broken capital lies at his left hand. Charity, grasping an infant in her arms, is seen behind these. In the air hover emblematic figures of Famine and Pestilence.

On the left of the picture is seen the open portal of the Temple of Janus, and Europe, in dire despair, both arms upstretched and her face expressive of suffering, leans tottering forward, symbolical of the overthrow of Empire. In the shadow of the left corner sits a little nude child with a crystal globe

upon which is a cross. In the far distance may be discerned a battle in progress.

Peter Paul Rubens was perhaps the greatest master of the Flemish school. He was born in 1577. He spent some time in Italy, going there first in 1600. He was especially drawn to Venice, where the progress of art appealed to him. When he arrived there, the great Venetians, Titian Tintoretto and Veronese, had all been dead for some years; but the inspiration of their work made much impression on the Flemish artist. In October, 1607, there is a record of his having been in Florence in order to attend one of the noted Medicean marriages. In 1608 he returned to Antwerp and married, his first wife being Isabella Brandt.

The jealousies of artists never made much impression upon Rubens, whose genial spirit rose above all such petty annoyances. He used to say: "Do well, and people will be jealous of you; do better, and you will overcome their jealousy." He was of an affable, cheerful disposition, always a careful student. In 1626 his wife died, and he remained a widower until 1630, when he married Helen Fourment, she being then sixteen and he fifty-three.

Rubens was quite a traveller, and visited Spain and England as well as Italy. He was also a statesman, and was entrusted with some diplomatic work.

He was a rich man, and well born. This combination has ever been rare in artists. While on a diplomatic mission to England, a London nobleman happened to say to him: "I hear that the ambassador amuses himself sometimes with painting." To which Rubens replied: "No; the painter amuses himself with diplomacy."

Rubens died in May, 1640. Antwerp was clouded with gloom and sorrow on the occasion of his passing away. His life had been very precious to his native city, and he was endeared to all by his winning personality.

The characteristic of his painting is primarily light, — joyous sunlight, — warm, soft flesh-painting, with perhaps a superabundance of the pink glow of blonde and ruddy colouring; he delighted in portraying the nude, for, as his biographer, Calvert, remarks, "To a capable painter, nakedness is his opportunity." It has been questioned whether as a follower of the Renaissance he was in sympathy with Greek art; I should say, rather with Roman, and sometimes pretty degenerate Roman at that. While in his life he was unimpeachable, in his works he is sometimes sensual. Mrs. Jameson has summed up his defects thus: "To venture to judge Rubens," she says, "we ought to have seen a great many of his pictures. His defects may be acknowledged once for all; they are in all senses gross,

open, palpable; his florid colour, dazzling and garish in its indiscriminate excess; his exaggerated redundant forms; his coarse allegories; his historical improprieties; his vulgar and prosaic versions of the loftiest and most delicate creations of poetry; let all these be granted . . . if he painted heavy forms, has he not given them souls? and animated them with all his own exuberance of vitality and volition?"

Rubens painted about fifteen hundred works, — the most immense number ever produced by one artist. Contentment was one of his greatest charms. One day he was visited by an alchemist, who tried to tempt him to injudicious investment in a supposed discovery of the Philosopher's Stone. He informed the alchemist that he had himself discovered it. The visitor exclaimed with surprise. Rubens held up his palette, replying, "Here, I will show it you!"

He worked altogether from living models; and while he was painting in Paris he wrote the following letter to M. de Chennievres, asking him to secure him certain models for three sirens which he had occasion to paint: "I beg of you to arrange for us that there may be retained for me, in the third week following this one, the two ladies Cassaio, from the Rue de Vertbois, and also that little niece, Louisa; for I reckon making three studies for sirens, and these three persons will be to me

of great succour and help, much on account of the expression of their faces, and still more from their magnificent black hair, which I should have difficulty in finding elsewhere; the same with their figures."

"Whatever imperfections in his art may have resulted from his unfortunate want of seriousness and incapability of true passion," says Ruskin, "his calibre of mind was such that I believe the world may see another Titian and another Raphael before it sees another Rubens."

This is saying a great deal for Ruskin, with his mediæval and ascetic preferences; but Ruskin is very generous in his remarks about Rubens, and he so clearly defines the position of Rubens in the world of art that it is well to give his own words on this subject: "While Angelico wept and prayed in his olive-shade, there was different work doing in the dank fields of Flanders . . . much hardening of hands and gross stoutening of bodies in all this; . . . fleshy, substantial, iron-shod humanities, but humanities still, — humanities which God had his eye upon, and which won, perhaps, . . . as much favour in his sight as the wasted aspect of the whispering monks of Florence. (Heaven forbid that it should not be so, for most of us cannot be monks, but must be ploughmen and reapers still!) And are we to suppose that there is no nobility in Ru-

bens's masculine and universal sympathy with all this, and with his large human rendering of it, gentleman though he was by birth and feeling and education and place . . . he had his faults, perhaps great and lamentable faults, though more those of his time and his country than his own; he has neither cloister breeding nor boudoir breeding, and is very unfit to paint either in missals or in annuals; but he has an open-sky and wide-world breeding in him, that we may not be offended with, fit alike for a king's court, a knight's camp, and a peasant's cottage."

The celebrated portrait of Rubens and his brother, together with the two philosophers, Lipsius and Grotius, is next to the painting just described. It is as fine as some of Titian's portraits, and is one of the best things ever done by Rubens.

In a room with marble columns and a delightful outlook upon a fortified town, three persons are seated around a table, while one, the painter himself, stands modestly at one side. He has a red beard and moustache; this is as satisfactory a portrait of himself as any that Rubens has executed.

Phillip Rubens, the brother of the artist, sits next him, at the left of the picture, holding a pen. He is a handsome fellow, younger than his celebrated brother, but much like him. His hair is darker and thicker. He wears a full ruff. This Phillip Rubens

FOUR PHILOSOPHERS
By Rubens; in the Hall of Mars

was quite a celebrated philologist. He was taken to Rome by Peter Paul, and there became librarian to Cardinal Colonna. He was made Secretary of the Senate on his return to Antwerp in 1609.

On the right occupying the centre of the composition, is Lipsius, his finger resting upon an open book. Justus Lipsius (1547--1606) was a distinguished humanist, born in Brabant. Though educated by the Jesuits, he early took the Protestant side, but later returned to the Church. At Leyden he taught for eleven years, and during this time he prepared his editions of Seneca and Tacitus. His classical knowledge and his respect for antiquity gave him a great reputation as a scholar, and his political writings were used as a justification of persecution.

Grotius is in profile. He was born in Delft, in 1583, and was a great jurist, diplomat, and ecclesiastical debater. As a youth, his precocious genius was famous. At nine, he made good Latin verse, was ready for the university at twelve, and at fifteen edited the extensive works of Marcianus Capella. With Erasmus, he was one of the famous scholars of his age. His treatise, "De Jure Belli," was a masterpiece. In 1615 he was one of a deputation to England. Causabon wrote of him: "I cannot say how happy I esteem myself in having seen so much of one so truly great as Grotius, —

a wonderful man! This I knew him to be before I saw him, but the rare excellences of that divine genius no one can sufficiently feel who does not see his face and hear him speak. Probity is stamped upon his features; his conversation savours of true piety and profound learning." His reputation rests upon his varied accomplishments and his scholarly and scientific work. He was a countryman of whom Rubens was proud, and there was a sympathetic interest between the two, owing to their somewhat similar talents in learning and diplomacy.

The still life in the picture is excellent, especially a little vase of transparent glass, holding tulips, placed by the bust of Seneca (tulips being the favourite flower of Lipsius). The vellum books on the table are finely rendered, and the detail of the costumes and accessories beautifully handled. There is hardly any bright colour in the picture. The chief intention of the master has been to give lifelike portraits of the men, rather than to compose a decorative picture.

St. Francis by Rubens is one of the most delightfully graceful figures. The saint is kneeling, and is seen only half-length; he is in profile, and the lines of the figure are strong and lithe, canted a little backward from the hips; he is outside his grotto, in prayer, appealing directly to the heavens above him.

Generally acknowledged as one of the greatest historical portraits in the world, Raphael's Pope Julius II. stands out in its dusky whites and rich brown reds. There has been some controversy as to which is the original, — this one in the Pitti, or the one in the Uffizi. A very impartial statement of the reasons for the disagreement is given by Henry Strachey, in a recent scholarly monograph on Raphael, which I quote. Strachey points out the difference between the two portraits, so that one having the facts to go upon may accept either verdict as it seems to him most convincing:

"The mouth in the Uffizi portrait is of quite a different shape from that of the Pitti. In the former the lips are scarcely visible, while the corners of the mouth are turned down decidedly. It is, in fact, a horrible mouth. Now, in the Pitti example, the lips are clearly shown, and the corners of the mouth softened. But the mouth has become a characterless one. The same process has been at work upon the nose. In the Uffizi the nose is big and bulbous at the end, while the top of the nostril on the left runs up to a point suggesting the lifting of the nostril for a snarl. The top of this nostril in the Pitti is not so pointed, and the end of the nose is less heavy. The eyes in the Pitti picture are deep sunk and somewhat dull, while in the Uffizi portrait sudden lights and shadows give them ex-

traordinary vivacity. The whole face in the Uffizi has the air of having preserved the accidents of the sitter's features, while that in the Pitti seems to be rather a courtly softening of unpleasant characteristics. But the authentic portraits of Raphael show him to have been relentless in his naturalism." Probably the question will never be settled to the satisfaction of all.

The best picture that Cigoli ever painted is the Ecce Homo, Number 90. The group of three figures is placed on a balcony. Pilate has brought Jesus forth to show him to the multitude. In the centre Christ is seen standing full face, crowned with the Crown of Thorns, and his hands confined together by a chain. At one side a man in a torn white shirt and a red hat is removing the mantle with which the Saviour has been covered, while Pilate, in a yellow brocade robe and a turban, leans forward, pointing to the sufferer, and is in the act of exclaiming, "Behold the Man!" The expression in Pilate's eyes is that of extenuation and pleading with the populace for mercy. The soldiers are grouped in the background awaiting orders. On the balustrade lies the scourge. The drawing and colouring are both excellent. It is, on the whole, as satisfactory a treatment of this painful subject as any presented in the Renaissance school. The fatigue and human endurance are well depicted on

ECCE HOMO
By Cigoli; in the Hall of Mars

the face of Christ. It comes nearer being a natural representation of suffering than most paintings dealing with this scene. The artist has caught the true interpretation of the moment chosen for portrayal. There is the languor of physical pain, not yet relieved by any uplifting spiritual exaltation. The hands are not so well managed. They are a little lacking in virility; they are effeminate and small, — hardly the hands of a Galilean peasant who had worked at the carpenter's trade. The hands are the only really weak element in the picture.

The history of this picture is an interesting one. Monseigneur Massimi wished to obtain the best painting which could be produced dealing with this subject. So he gave the order to three artists, Passignano, Caravaggio, and Cigoli. Neither of these men was aware that there were other competitors. When the three pictures were presented, that of Cigoli was so far superior to the others that the prelate returned them and retained only this one. It was afterwards owned by the celebrated musician, Giovanni Severi, and later, through him, came into possession of the Medici.

A portrait which one would like to think of as a companion piece to the Bella of Titian is Titian's portrait of a young man in black, Number 92. The type is very Venetian, with reddish-brown hair and blue eyes, and finely chiselled features; but it is

generally alluded to as a portrait of Howard, Duke of Norfolk. The subject stands almost full-face, with one hand placed carelessly on his hip, while he holds a glove in the other. Taine, in his "Voyage en Italie," speaks in highest terms of this portrait: "It is one of the greatest masterpieces that I know of. It represents a man of thirty-five years, all in black, grave, with a steady gaze; the face rather thin, the eyes pale blue; a delicate moustache meets his slight beard. He is of a great race, but he has seen more than one manœuvre of life; delights, anxieties, the knowledge of danger have left their marks upon his face . . . it is the face of one energetic, yet weary, and also a dreamer."

The canvas shows the figure half-length, but the drawing is life-size. This portrait is so striking that it is remarkable that we have no record of it other than that it was painted by the great Venetian. The black texture of the garment is that of silk, not velvet. This portrait has unusual virility, — is wonderfully alive.

Titian has been quoted as saying that red, white, and black are the only colours an artist needs. At first glance one would say that he had literally carried out this theory in the picture; but, like much of Titian's work, upon closer examination it will be found to glow with that ineffable quality of handling which Ruskin has aptly called "a peculiar mys-

HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK (DETAIL)
By Titian; in the Hall of Mars

tery about the pencilling, sometimes called softness, sometimes freedom, and sometimes breadth; but in reality a most subtle confusion of colours and forms," in the same way that a mosaic owes much of its beauty to the fact that no stone is exactly like any other stone, so that even the broad spaces of plain colour are in reality made up of little variegated dots.

It would be difficult to point to a better portrait, technically considered, than this one, painted at any period of the development of art, ancient or modern.

Near by, Number 94, is the Madonna del Impannata. This picture is of doubtful authenticity, but has usually been attributed to Raphael. It appears to be one of Ruskin's *" bêtes noir,"* for he speaks of its " repainted distortion " being redeemed only by the light which comes in from the linen window, — whence the picture derives its name, " Impannata " signifying a cloth window.

It is generally conceded that the picture was begun by Raphael, if not finished by him. The composition shows that the original intention was for a round picture, which would have taken in the four chief figures and St. Elizabeth down to the knees, she occupying the foreground at the left. The Madonna is on a higher level than the other figures. St. Elizabeth and Mary Magdalen have brought the child to his mother, and he, turning

to look after them, is in the act of expressing by an embrace his joy at being in her arms again. The expression of Mary's face is rather passive, but still one can detect a look of pleasure at his evident preference for her.

St. John appears to be quite an afterthought, — an addition to the general group; and, perhaps being the patron saint of Florence, he is placed outside purposely. This is particularly likely to have been the plan, since Raphael has represented him as too old to be an integral part of the scene. Sitting apart, and pointing to the others, he seems rather to be interpreting the picture than to be a part of it. The heads are exquisite in modelling, the aged face of Elizabeth and the fresh fair beauty of the Magdalen being in good contrast each to the other. Indeed, the whole picture must be purely symbolical, for it is as much an anachronism that the Magdalen should be a grown woman while Christ is an infant, as that St. John should at the same time be a stripling. The picture is sometimes attributed to Giulio Romano. There is doubtless ground for this theory, for Giulio worked somewhat in the master's vein (that is during his second manner), and may have done a good deal of work on this among other of the Madonnas and Holy Families. The picture is on wood, and was painted for Bindo Altoviti, a young and handsome Floren-

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES
By Allori; in the Hall of Mars

tine banker, about 1513. Altoviti had also a palace near Raphael's villa on the bank of the Tiber in Rome. The picture afterwards came into possession of Grand Duke Cosimo, and it was placed in his chapel. In 1587 it was in the Uffizi.

A grand bit of colour is Christofano Allori's Judith with the Head of Holofernes, Number 96. The figure of Judith is no imaginary female conqueror, — she is a very real person, being the mistress of the artist himself, and no doubt Allori shuddered as he indulged his grim humour; for this picture represents the famous Mazzafirra, Allori's mistress, and has a sketch of her mother in the background. The picture of Judith was ordered for Cardinal Alexander Orsini, and Allori painted these portraits in a sort of morbid resignation, putting himself as a corpse into the hand of Judith. The head of Holofernes is a portrait of Christofano Allori. He knew only too well that the price of the painting would be instantly absorbed by these rapacious women, and this rather ghastly allegory was soon interpreted by those who knew him in his dissipations. Three replicas were painted at different times, — the one which hangs in the Corsini Palace is much more bold in expression, showing an ugly, snarling frown on the face of Judith. In the Pitti original Judith's is not an essentially vicious face. A small copy hangs also in the Uffizi.

The colouring of this picture is one of the most striking things in the entire gallery, and is often the first thing mentioned by visitors. The robe of Judith is of a most gorgeous deep yellow, suggesting infinite riches of texture. The triumphant expression of the face, which is of a typical Jewish beauty, is well rendered. There are touches of red, blue, and green in the painting, which add to the magnificence of the general effect. It is not a sympathetic subject, but it is treated by a master in a masterly manner. The personal experience of the artist, thus interwoven in the old Bible story, has significance, and supplies the human element of interest for those who would otherwise regard it only as a disagreeable subject. The long-lidded, cruel eyes of Judith are comparatively passive in the painting in the Pitti; elsewhere he has drawn his mistress as a veritable bad-tempered fury. She stands well-poised, striding forward, her left hand firmly clutching the hair of the head which she has severed from the body of Holofernes; her right hand still holds the sword; and the old woman behind her looks at her with approving admiration. The picture was taken to Paris, where it remained from 1799 to 1815.

While this picture was in Paris, it was examined by Schlegel, who, in his "Æsthetic Essays," alludes to it thus: "The Judith with the Head of Holofernes

by Christofano Allori has much merit both in expression and outline of the figure. Our attention is immediately caught by the beauty and splendid attire of the Hebrew heroine, as well as by the expression of simple piety and wonder in the head of the old woman, and the external correctness of the representation."

The first worthy example of Guido Reni which we have met in this gallery is here numbered 100. It is a fine composition, in the best manner of the master, and with few of the affectations which spoil so many of his pictures. In the first place, it is a cheerful subject treated in a happy humour.

The Rebecca at the Well requires a detailed knowledge of the story before the picture can be understood; in some pictures the treatment and use of colours constitute the chief interest; in others the subject chosen is as much a part of the composition as the actual planning of the figures. It is much more interesting when this is the case. Like music, which is unsatisfactory unless it combine both harmony and melody, so is a picture unsatisfactory unless the subject is worthy of the treatment given it. Many fine paintings lack sentiment because the subject is a painful one, and many good compositions in music fail to satisfy our longings because they have either melody or harmony to excess, and are not properly balanced.

This picture of Guido's is taken from the incident in the life of Rebecca, when the steward of Abraham, having been sent to the land of Mesopotamia, arrives in the city of Nahor. Eliezer, the steward, had been sent to bring back a wife for Isaac, the son of Abraham; and he trusted that he should see among the women who came to draw water such a damsel as should justify him in approaching her on this delicate matter.

And before many minutes had passed, Rebecca with her pitcher on her shoulder came out from her dwelling, and at the same time came many others. Rebecca is described as fair to look upon.

The episode chosen by the artist is that where Rebecca is bringing her pitcher to Eliezer; she is the chief centre of the picture, and is handing the jug to him. At the left is a little boy, carrying a casket, evidently that from which Eliezer takes gifts of gold to offer the damsel; the boy is much interested in the general situation, and looks over his shoulder, smiling at the spectator in a jocular way. Probably the mission of the steward has become a jest among the retainers; it is quite a human touch to represent the boy as sympathetic in this arch way. In the background at the left is seen a man holding a camel. Evidently Guido Reni has not had many opportunities to study this special breed of beast. The women are gathered about the well, amused

at the strange way in which the visitor has addressed Rebecca, and apparently interested to see what will come of the interview. There is a good deal of thought and portrayal of human nature in the poses of the women. One of them, on the right of the well, is much entertained, and stands in a stage pose, with one hand on her hip, and holding aside her draperies so as to display her limbs; perhaps trying to convince the steward that he might do better by coming to her. The picture is quite a merry one, and is rendered with more spirit than most of Guido's scenes.

Guido Reni was born in 1575, and showed early genius for art. He was called "the father of facility," so easily did he accomplish his purpose. He was devoted to the early Italian painters, whom he studied intelligently. As he said himself, "It is designing that is difficult; colour is quickly attained." Hawthorne considered him a marvellous painter. "There is no other," he says, "who seems to achieve things so magically and inscrutably as he sometimes does." Some one asked him which he considered his own greatest picture. He replied: "The one on which I am working now. And if I am working on another to-morrow, it will be that, and the day after it will be the one I am doing then!" After a tedious illness, Guido Reni died on the eighteenth of April, 1642.

The Assumption of the Magdalen by Cagnacci is rather an unattractive picture. The Magdalen is being carried up to heaven by an angel. Both of them look thoroughly uncomfortable. The angel is flying practically on his back, with his draperies floating off extended on either side, bearing the whole weight of his substantial burden on his upraised hands. The Magdalen sits with clasped hands and upturned gaze, in the attitude of one who rides horseback in a side-saddle. She seems blissfully unconscious of the painful efforts of the angel, whose face is hidden, and who is not remarkable for anything but that his figure is correctly foreshortened.

A fierce and defiant gentleman is Van Der Werff's Duke of Marlborough. He stands grasping a baton; he wears a wig of flowing curls after the fashion of his times; and, from the cloak which he has laid aside, and which rests upon a tree-stump at his side, the Order of the Garter may be seen hanging, with its pendent figure of St George.

The Madonna Enthroned, by Soggi, shows Our Lady with the child upon her knee, sitting on a high throne. The child leans forward to bless a warrior saint who stands at his right side. On the other side of the composition is the Baptist as a man of middle age. This is not a realistic representation of the Holy Family, but an ideal concep-

tion of the Madonna and Child enthroned; they are supposed to be perpetually young in heaven.

Titian's portrait of Andrea Vesalius, a celebrated surgeon, hangs here, Number 80. He is sitting in an armchair, with an open book in one hand, and glasses in the other. He has a long gray beard, and wears a sombre garment with fur about it, such as Italian medical men wore. Vesalius was born in 1514, at Brussels, but his fame was acquired in Bologna and Pisa, where he became a great anatomist, and taught his profession. He got into trouble in Spain, where Charles V. called him to answer the charge of having dissected a Spanish gentleman. Less liberal than the authorities of to-day in such matters, they condemned him to death, but his sentence was changed to banishment for life by Philip II. On his way back from Spain, he was wrecked on the coast of the Island of Zante, where he died of exposure. The picture is so much injured that of late it has been questioned even whether it be by Titian at all. There are parts of it which bear strong witness to its authenticity.

There is also a charming Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, painted in a deliciously hazy style. The figure grouping is well arranged. There is nothing original or striking about the accessories, — no details from which it might have taken its name, as are common in the Madonnas of Raphael. It was

painted on wood, about 1529, for Ottavio de Medici, who paid double the price demanded for it because it so entirely satisfied him. It is certainly restful and dreamy; pearly in colour; pleasing in the selection of types. The Virgin sits with the Infant on her knee, and St. John and Elizabeth are present. In the days of Vasari, this Madonna hung in the chamber of the widow of Ottavio, and was much admired by the critic.

Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Van Dyck, is a striking full-length portrait, Number 82. He is seated. Near him is a table. A curtain is draped behind him, and he is dressed in full robes of office, with lace and brocades. On the table are an opened letter and a vase of flowers. Cardinal Bentivoglio was born in Bologna in 1519. He became papal secretary to Clement VII. when he was only seventeen, and later was sent by Paul V. to Flanders as nuncio. He was the author of a work, "History of the War in the Netherlands," and also wrote memoirs. He was one of Galileo's judges, and tried to use his influence in the astronomer's favour, but unsuccessfully. Cardinal Bentivoglio died in 1644.

Number 83 is a very living portrait, by Tintoretto, of Luigi Cornaro. This Venetian nobleman in his early days was dissipated. He reformed his life entirely before he grew old, and wrote a treatise on sobriety. He became a prominent and re-

spected citizen before his death, which occurred when he was ninety-six years old.

The Santa Conversazione, Number 84, in a landscape of some charm, is either by Bonifazio Veronese (not Paolo, the great Venetian) or by Palma Vecchio. Critics are divided.

This Holy Family represents the Madonna seated in the midst on the ground, where she, together with the child Jesus, who is in her lap, is silhouetted against the trunk of a great tree, the upper leaves of which are visible at the top of the canvas. Little St. John runs to meet them. St. Elizabeth, a charmingly portrayed middle-aged woman, sits on the ground at the right of the picture, holding a half-open volume. Mary turns to speak to the child John. The infant is being interested by a personage on the left, — evidently the portrait of a doge or other Venetian grandee, — who is giving the child a miniature of the world in the shape of a geographical globe. The baby puts his hands on it in the way any little child will do upon a smooth surface which is presented to it. The face of this portrait (probably the donor) is beautifully painted. It represents a man of forty-five, with hair cut in the short, thick fashion of the day, and wearing a rich mantle of crimson with a heavy gold chain about his neck. A crown is placed at the feet of the Madonna and Child, while at the side of the donor

stands a little dog, who appears to be regarding the spectator with curiosity.

Numbers 87 and 88 are two wooden panels painted by Andrea del Sarto. They were the tops of marriage-chests recently alluded to, which were in the set of furniture ordered by Borgherini for his son's marriage gift when he took Margherita Accajuoli to wife. All the pieces were decorated by the best artists of the day, — Baccio d'Angelo, Del Sarto, Pontormo, Granacci being among those selected. It fell to Andrea's share to paint the lids of two linen-chests, which he did in his finest manner, portraying scenes from the life of Joseph. They were such choice works of art that an attempt was made to carry them off during the Siege of Florence. The King of France had an agent, Giambattista della Palla, who persuaded the government to give him permission to sack the Borgherini Palace, and take the entire set of furniture to send to his patron, Francis I., in hopes that this propitiatory tribute would induce him to aid the republic. But when the raiders arrived at the Borgherini Palace, they had to encounter Margherita, who firmly refused to allow them to enter peaceably. "Begone, vile broker!" she exclaimed; "reprobate salesman! How dare you fancy that you can carry off the ornaments of a noble house?" With a prolonged

tirade, she succeeded in dissuading them from their attempt.

The panels are composed in a quaint method, transcribing the history so as to make only one picture out of it, instead of dividing it into smaller panels in the more usual way.

The Repose in Egypt, by Paris Bordone, is a restful picture, shady and cool, with the spell of the Venetian lagoons in the air rather than the Egyptian atmosphere.

In this picture of Paris Bordone, Mary, Joseph, and the Child are gathered at the foot of a tree. Jesus is holding out a little wild flower to his mother and Joseph is extending his hand upward to the tree, while angels are casting down fruit to him. Ruskin's remark that some artists do not know the difference between angels and cupids might apply to these little creatures, who play among the branches in a state of nudity. The preparations are going forward for refreshments. A woman at the left is unpacking a hamper of provisions. The light scarf about the shoulders of the figure is particularly delicate. The face of the Child is very human and very young, which cannot be said of some of the Holy Infants painted in the Renaissance. The landscape background is varied. At the feet of St. Joseph is a flagon of wine, and a dish upon a white cloth, laid ready to receive the fruit.

There are two pictures in this room representing St. Peter in tears, one by Guido Reni and one by Carlo Dolci. Both of these artists have developed the "lachrymose manner" to its full extent. It is difficult to say which of these paintings one would rather be obliged to live with. St. Peter is sitting before a grotto weeping, with his hands clasped, and his eyes, like nearly all of Dolci's saints, cast up to heaven. The cock is crowing upon a rock near by. The picture was executed in 1654.

Here, too, is the Sacrifice of Abraham by Christofano Allori. Abraham holds aloft the scimitar with which he is preparing to smite Isaac, who stands meekly, with bowed head, awaiting the stroke. The angel reaches out of the cloud above, a bit too realistically, for he has grasped Abraham firmly by the arm, and stays the sacrifice. With his right hand the angel expostulates in the accepted attitude of "argument." The head of the ram is seen in the bush at the right, close to the pyre. In the background is the ass laden with panniers, which has accompanied them. The whole composition seems to be condensed into too small a space, — possibly the canvas was originally larger, and has been trimmed down by degrees to its present proportions.

There is an Annunciation by Andrea del Sarto, Number 97, inferior in power to other treatments

by him of the same subject to be seen later. It has good colour, but is not strong in composition, in which it differs from either of the others. The angel has arrived, and sinks upon one knee. Mary starts back from the prie-dieu at which she has been at her devotions. A trifle back of these two figures stands St. Michael holding the scales. As it was painted for the Convent of San Gallo, the figure of a monk is introduced by courtesy. This is supposed to be a portrait of Filippo Benizzi, one of the founders of the order of the Servites. The angel wears fringed ecclesiastical vestments.

Cigoli's Magdalen is not important when seen in company with his great Ecce Homo. It is numbered 98. The saint is sitting at the foot of a tree. Her eyes are upturned in the inevitable manner of Magdalens; a crucifix and a vase of ointment are the chief accessories. She holds a book in her hands. The figure is nude. The tears are coursing down her cheeks, but for some reason she does not greatly move the beholder to sympathy. The profile view of her nude figure is good. The crucifix hangs on the rocky wall, and on a projection near her hand is poised a human skull.

Guercino's St. Sebastian is a graceful youth, none the worse for wear, who kneels in a charming attitude, offering two votive arrows to Heaven.

Aurelio Luini, the painter of the picture num-

bered 102, was an artist of the Lombard school, born on Lake Como in 1530. His picture of the Magdalen is painted on wood. It is probably a portrait of one of his friends, for she appears in modern clothes, with her hair much dressed, and wears precious stones and a gold necklace. This version of the saint is a departure from tradition; if it was painted originally for a Magdalen, it leads one to fear that the artist preferred to represent her before her conversion! She holds the usual vase of perfumes, but lovingly, as if it were bric-à-brac, while she flashes an arch look at the spectator.

The only picture by Luca Giordano in the Pitti is Number 104, the Immaculate Conception. The Virgin is standing on the new moon, above the terrestrial globe, upon which is seen the serpent writhing beneath her feet. She is crowned with stars.

A most exquisite bit of fresco, taken from the wall and framed as a picture, is the "Sleeping Love" of Volterrano. The treatment is as soft and broad as in a modern picture of the French school. The charming child is sleeping with his head resting on his arm. The attitude is casual, and yet restful. The expression on the face is that of divine innocence, and yet one would not be surprised if, when the eyes opened, there were a depth of worldly wisdom hidden there.

Another picture by Volterrano is called Venal Love, Number 105. It is an unpleasant subject, though a technical success. It represents Venus, or her prototype, leering, while she takes an arrow and blunts the end of it by biting it with her teeth. The figure is seen about to the waist. At her side stands an evil-looking little Cupid, who might more properly be denominated Cupidity, who is pouring into the other hand of Venus money and trinkets from a casket which he carries.

In the school of Sustermans, but not by the celebrated portrait artist himself, is a head of Galileo, Number 106. The astronomer looks sad and weary; a heavy expression is on his brow and about his eyes, almost amounting to a scowl. He has a beard and moustache. His doublet is buttoned up closely in the middle.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HALL OF JUPITER

In the Hall of Jupiter, Veronese, the third of the great Venetian masters, is revealed to us. It is unfortunate that in the Pitti Palace, complete as is the collection in many types of pictures, we have no example of the truly characteristic work of Veronese; namely, the pageant. He excelled in large canvases filled with gorgeous men and women, dressed out in silks, satins, and brocades and armour, bearing banners, fruit, jewels, and all the scenic properties of a great painter of high life in the richest and most voluptuous centre of costly living, — Venice in the Renaissance.

In some of his work, particularly in representing men, he resembles Rubens; he portrays animal force in brawny and lusty bodies; his women have often too little of the intellectual element in their beauty, and are simply pleasing pieces of anatomy to exhibit the fair garments with which this skilful painter loved to clothe them. All the people are

HALL OF JUPITER

large, with monumental decorative proportions; but it is the spectacular rather than the thoughtful or poetic in which he indulges. He was exactly the sort of painter to please a nation of rich merchants. His religious pictures are usually set in essentially Venetian scenes; he is more at home when he has to show forth a group of worldly women tricked out in their best finery than he is when trying to interpret Scriptural stories. He showed good judgment in seldom choosing tragic or emotional scenes, for he had not the necessary quality in his art to do justice to them. There is a love of display, and withal, an air of stately good society about his work. The great culmination of his power is in his picture of the Marriage of Cana at the Louvre; just as the focus of Titian's genius is in the Assumption in Venice, and that of Tintoret in the Paradise and the Crucifixion in that same doubly dowered city.

Although Veronese seldom chose the greatest and most inspiring subjects, it may also be said of him that he never chose an unworthy subject. His habitual preference was for graceful, playful, and almost trivial effects treated seriously, with noble, graphic art, and always with high moral intent. He was never vulgar. Of the three great Venetians with whom we are here principally concerned, he stands as the apostle of light and gaiety.

The picture representing the Three Maries at the Sepulchre on Easter morning comes first to our notice, Number 134. The rock-hewn tomb is at the left and is cut into a hillside, above which are trees and shrubs growing. At the door are the two angels examining the linen clothes, etc. One of them is crouching at the door of the sepulchre, and the other, standing erect, raises the forefinger of his right hand, pointing to heaven, in the act of telling the three women that the Saviour is not here but has risen. The nimbus of light about their heads is not painted in the conventional manner of the earlier masters, but is rather a mist of fire. Venetians generally so painted their halos. Raphael has done the same in his Liberation of St. Peter in the Vatican.

The three figures of the Maries are in varying attitudes, all expressing surprise. The one more in the foreground than the others is clothed in those shades of gold and rose colour which occur in Venetian glass. Veronese could not resist an opportunity to render a luminous silken material; and her head is turned quite away, so that only her figure is seen. She carries a basket in one hand, and the other is placed upon the shoulder of the next woman. This companion is clad in shades of orange, red, and green, mingled in true Venetian spirit with rich effect. She wears a charming head-dress, a veil

being wound about her head to emphasize the shape of her coiffure. The third Mary is only seen in part, being behind the other two; she is gathering the folds of her green mantle around her, and is gazing earnestly at the angel.

The other picture by Veronese, which would seem to be complementary to the Three Maries, is that which represents Jesus taking leave of his mother. Christ stands at the right of the picture, in profile. The figure is not satisfactory, and is the work of a man who felt the value of painting rather in execution than in expression. It is not essentially the figure of the Saviour at all, — it might be any well-draped courtly personage. The raised right hand, with the fingers spread symmetrically apart, is displeasing, especially as it is drawn against a background of lattice, which makes this part of the composition confused. But the arrangement of drapery, when studied independently from the subject, is extremely lovely. The large, broad folds hang with exquisite grace.

The Mother Mary sits at the foot of a flight of steps; her head is draped by a white veil, and her garments also clothe her with clinging folds; but the figure lacks power. The depth of feeling which one would look for in such a scene is entirely lacking. Three other women, probably saints, occupy the position behind the Madonna and at her left

side. The one of whom only the head can be seen is very pleasing. Her hair and head-dress are most artistic. The other woman holds her hands upon her heart, and looks at Jesus with much reverence. There is some grace in the attitude, but it is not artistic. Above, at the top of the flight of stairs, stands another woman much in the shadow, leaning against a pillar; she and her draperies are finely disposed, although a subordinate part of the composition. The tones of the colours are soft and lucent. Veronese is always master of tints.

Veronese understood how to paint with as bold an impression as a scene-painter, and yet with such effect of life as finished work seldom produces. A few touches of his can paint a dog or a still-life subject so that the actual thing portrayed seems to be present in a defined shape. But while, as Ruskin points out, it appears as if a few careless strokes of the brush have caused this result, the real fact is that these apparently heedless strokes are the refinement of artistic intention, made possible by the knowledge bred of long experience, that knowledge which guided the brush unerringly. "All great art is delicate art; and all coarse art is bad art" (Ruskin).

Number 140 is the famous Monaca, or Nun, of Leonardo. This portrait is the only work in the Pitti Palace, besides the Goldsmith, that has usually

been attributed to Leonardo. Some critics consider it of the school of Piero di Cosimo. It is painted on wood, and is exquisite in its finish. Taine is most enthusiastic about the picture. He says: "This is not an abstract being, emanating from the painter's brain, but an actual woman who has lived, a sister of Monna Lisa in the Louvre, as full of inward contrasts and as inexplicable. Is she a nun, a priestess, or a courtesan?" This being, who appears so piquant to the traveller, is shown in three-quarters view, in a very low corsage of black, with reliefs of white in delicate veiling. The transparent effects are beautifully rendered. She holds a small book in her hand, on which may be descried the name of Christ; the background represents a monastery; in fact, it is said to be a view of the ancient Hospital of St. Paul, which stood originally in the place of Santa Maria Novella. An arch of the arcade is directly behind the head of this mysterious nun, showing that she is supposed to be walking in the cloister.

The picture has been ascribed in turn to Franciabigio, Ghirlandajo, and Perugino. The costume is certainly a little unusual for one in cloister life, hence all these speculations. In reality the face has not very much that is complex, being a serious, calm countenance, which, if draped in the regulation nun's habit, would hardly excite remark. The

painting of the hands is fine. The Grand Duke Ferdinand III. bought it from Marquis Ricollini. There is some internal evidence that this picture is not by Leonardo. In the first place, the farther eye is in bad drawing, — a fact almost irreconcilable with the absolute technical skill of Leonardo. The beauty of his faces is not always of the convincing and obvious type; it is a subtle charm of the soul shining through the expression, which gives them their virility. But they are always faultlessly drawn. Anatomically Leonardo has never failed us. He was said to have been the most thoughtful painter except Albert Durer, and he had a thoroughly creative mind.

The striking picture in low tones of brown, called The Fates, has been attributed to Michelangelo, but much doubt is thrown upon its authenticity. It is more probably by Rosso Fiorentino, from a design by the master. The three elderly crones, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, stand in a monumental group. Clotho carries the spindle in the background; Lachesis, in the centre, has twisted a thread, which she holds taut in her right hand, emblematical of the thread of life, while Atropos, with her shears, is holding the blades ready to cut the thread at a signal from Lachesis, upon whose face she has fixed her eyes.

The Greek ideal of the Fates was usually three

lovely young girls, — goddesses; but Michelangelo had seen that side of life which led him to draw them as witches. The model who sat for the picture (for it is a repeat of the same head in three varying positions) was an old woman who used to visit Michelangelo constantly at the time of the siege of Florence, to offer the services of her son as a warrior. There are in the Uffizi, in the Department of Drawings, two studies for their heads.

This picture is hardly robust enough to be entirely the work of Michelangelo; his types are usually more exaggerated. But it is a powerful picture, and even if it is by Rosso Fiorentino, it merits the words of Kugler as applied to it, — "Severe, keen, and characteristic." In this picture there is none of the "terribilita" for which the master is famous; but there is a certain grimness and a noble grotesque, which, as Ruskin says, occurs in all truly great originators, — in Dante, Michelangelo, and Tintoret. In some of these the appreciation of the grotesque "rules the entire conception . . . to such a degree that they are an enigma and an offence . . . to all the petty disciples of formal criticism."

Lotto's Three Ages of Man may be compared with Giorgione's Concert, which we will see in the Hall of the Iliad. As a composition, it is really more conscientiously painted, all the persons receiving equal attention, and the interest being only

slightly diverted to the central figure. The child is such an exquisite bit of work that the first glance is instinctively drawn to him; but as one looks from right and left, one finds that all the heads really deserve study. The two others are not merely a setting for the central one, as in the Concert. Morelli ascribes this picture to Giorgione, and it is certainly quite worthy of the great Venetian. At any rate, if he did not paint it, he was the inspiration of the man who did.

The child, — the first Age of Man, — seen in three-quarter face, and dressed in brown and red, is a typical Italian boy of the rich blond colouring of the Lagoons. The straying locks of his hair, through which the light falls with such inimitable charm, suggest the carelessness of early youth as to the conventional arrangement of personal appearance, as does also the cap which is slouched on hurriedly. He holds and studies a sheet of music, — the mystery and the joy of this subtle art claiming more of his thought than dress. His gaze at the music is not that of comprehension, but of examination; the scroll of life is unrolling before him by degrees.

The figure of a young man at the right of the picture is seen in profile, looking also at the sheet of music in the boy's hand, but with finger raised in the act of interpreting to the younger one some

THREE AGES OF MAN
By Lotto; in the Hall of Jupiter

of the obscure passages. The face of this man is among the most satisfactory things in art. His expression, while earnest, is hopeful, buoyant, and healthy; the picture is full of optimism up to this point. The green tunic, with its chaste and well-disposed trimming, betokens the dawn of self-consciousness. No scheme of colour could have been chosen better to display his mature beauty.

The old man on the left looks over his shoulder, possibly symbolizing retrospect. The delightful colour-scheme of the picture is completed by his red robe. His face, while bearing the marks of age and experience, is not unamiable or cruel; the large ear usually said to denote a generous temperament is much in evidence. Altogether the composition is full of thought and thoroughly sympathetic. The heads are probably all portraits. They are such people as we might see on the street any day, and fail to observe until they are thus brought together; then these frankly characteristic types take on a new significance, —

> " . . . We're made so that we love
> First, when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
> So they are better painted: . . .
> Art was given for that;
> God uses us to help each other so
> Lending our minds out. . . . "
>
> — *Browning.*

Portraits and battles abound in this hall. There is an enormous warlike, smoke-laden battle by Jacques Courtois, the general hurly-burly of which is punctuated by little scintillating eyes. Rarely is seen a painting of an enraged crowd made so convincing as by these small flashing eyes of the combatants. Courtois was called Il Bourgognone, and was a painter of the Roman school, living from 1621 to 1675. The warriors and horses are in armour, while a central figure represents a soldier discharging his firearms at an enemy who is already prostrate on the ground. A fortified city is seen in the background, with mountains beyond.

There are two large war scenes by Salvator Rosa. In one of these, Number 133, two detachments of cavalry are attacking one another; on the right are Turks wearing turbans; on the left is a cavalier who has been thrown, and who is supposed to be a likeness of the painter. He holds a shield bearing the inscription S A R O, the first syllables of Salvator's name. In the centre of this picture is a foot-soldier charging upon the cavaliers. This picture was the first painted by Salvator Rosa in Florence.

Another great battle-piece represents the Battle of Montemurlo, by Giovanni Battista Franco, an inconspicuous Venetian painter, born in 1536 and dying in 1561, a young man of some promise, and

loyal to his sovereign, Cosimo I. Vasari describes this battle-piece in his Life of Battista Franco: "The affair of Montemurlo, in which all exiles and rebels to the duke were routed and taken prisoners, having then ensued, Battista painted a story of the battle which had been fought, and mingled with the facts certain poetic fancies of his own, which displayed good invention. The work was much extolled. . . . In the distance was the battle, but in the foreground were the huntsmen of Ganymede, standing, with their eyes turned upward toward the bird of Jove, who is carrying the youth away to the skies; this part Battista borrowed from Michelangelo, and had used it in his picture to signify that the duke, while still young, had been taken from his friends by the will of God, and so borne up into heaven. . . . It was painted by him with extraordinary care, and is now . . . in the upper rooms of the Pitti, which his most illustrious Excellency has caused to be entirely finished." Persons who are interested in these battle-scenes should not fail to read the masterly description of Leonardo da Vinci, in his "Treatise on Painting," entitled "How to Compose a Battle." It is one of the most graphic bits of writing on this subject.

In Number 135 another scene of carnage displays the signature of the artist on the cornice of a temple, — Salvator Rosa. Rosa is better represented,

however, by his most famous picture, the Conspiracy of Catiline. It hangs over the door of this salon, and is the next picture to be considered.

The masterpiece of Salvator Rosa represents an episode in the conspiracy of Catiline. A replica of this picture was executed for the Martelli family in Paris, and it is one of the most famous of Rosa's historical paintings. Some claim that the Paris copy is the original. The figures were drawn from the demonstrative Neapolitans of his own day, dressed in ancient Roman costume.

The scene is in the Palace of Catiline. The light, falling from above, is so reflected from the marble walls that it illuminates the heads and figures in the centre and foreground. An effective shadow falls upon the rest of the picture. In the centre an antique tripod serves as an altar, which is about to be used for the celebration of a ghastly ceremony. Salvator Rosa depicts that fearful moment when Catiline, having employed all his marvellous eloquence to detail the nature of his perilous enterprise, has induced the conspirators to bind themselves to secrecy and to the terrible cause by taking a solemn oath, ratified by pledging each other in wine mingled with human blood. This ceremony is now in process. Two men in the dress of the Roman nobility stand in the foreground, clasping hands above the altar. The one on the left, a weak,

CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE
By Rosa; in the Hall of Jupiter

evil-looking dupe, is holding a cup to receive the blood which flows from his raised arm. He was probably chosen for this hideous sacrifice, to supply the blood for the conspirators to drink, because of his brutal, uncertain nature, in hopes that this conspicuous part in the ceremony might so impress his imagination that he would be given additional strength to maintain secrecy and good faith. This figure is intended for Quintius Curtius, and the drawing of every lineament follows the description of Sallust. Treachery may be seen in the mean and undecided lines of his countenance.

Catiline himself is quite in the background, urging these men to their duty with uplifted arm. The conspirator who clasps the hand of Curtius is better looking than the traitor, but his beauty is of a brutal, fiery order. One would expect neither justice nor mercy at his hands. Neither of these men appears to be in any way reliable, as men willing to bind themselves by such an oath could hardly be, and Catiline still feels the necessity for stimulating their courage with his eloquence.

In the background at the left are two of the old guard of Sylla, in full armour, — fighters wearied with peace, and ready for action at any price. They are regarding Curtius and his opposite with admiration and wonder. Some of the patrician conspirators are seen on the right. One of them, how-

ever, seems to turn with horror from the atrocious sight, and to loathe the idea of sealing an oath with a libation of human blood; and yet he was planning a still more disastrous conspiracy of his own, for it is the face of Julius Cæsar, even at that time envying Catiline, and longing to trample all other powers in subjection.

Burckhardt calls them "a choice company of evil-natured, vulgar, aristocratically attired vagabonds," which is doubtless what such a company, meeting on such an errand, might be expected to look like. Ruskin considers this a very characteristic picture of Salvator. In alluding to another head painted by him, he says: "It is as elevated a type as he ever reaches, and assuredly debased enough; a sufficient image of the mind of the painter of Catiline."

Salvator Rosa was born in Naples in 1615. He was a scholar of Spagnoletto, and adopted the style of Caravaggio, so that we may almost consider him as his son. He is always rather savage in his selection of subjects, for he was an impulsive Neapolitan, although he left Naples for Rome when he was only twenty years of age, and spent his life in the Imperial City. While he was a youth in Naples, he joined the band known as "Compagnie della Morte," at the time of the popular tumult under Massaniello; but at Massaniello's tragic death, Rosa lost heart and fled to Rome.

That Rosa was an original and positive person is certain. He wrote poetry, and his house was the resort of wits, artists, and literary men, as well as ecclesiastical grandees. He probably owes much of his bad reputation to the fact that he took certain liberties with these last mentioned guests. In a picture of "Fortuna" could be seen, among the swine who were treading pearls under their feet, the nose of one Church dignitary, and the eye of another; people pretending to penetration detected a cardinal masquerading as an ass, scattering with his hoof the laurel with which his path was strewn; another great personage was recognized in an old goat lying on a bed of roses. So the scandal spread, and Salvator Rosa was accused of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion, and his friends made him draw up a formal denial of all evil intent in his picture before his life was really considered safe!

Perhaps he was rather scornful of the reigning authority in some other matters, too; for they tell a story of a certain picture painted by a surgeon, very well done, but rejected by the Academy, as the Academicians did not wish to recognize a doctor in their midst. Rosa took the picture and exhibited it among his own things, without any announcement as to its authorship. Artists came in crowds, and praised the picture. When they had admired it to his satisfaction, Salvator announced that it

was the work of the surgeon. "But," he added, "I think the Academicians have acted unwisely; for, if he were only a member of the Academy, they would have the advantages of his services in setting some of the broken and deformed limbs that occur in the exhibitions."

The Nativity is pleasingly but not convincingly rendered by Lelio Orsi, a painter of the Lombard school, born in Reggio in 1511, and painting until 1586. The Virgin is kneeling, in profile, bending toward the child, who lies on a linen cloth on the ground. The attitude is suggestive of Correggio's occasional treatment of this subject. The shepherds are assembled, and St. Joseph is present; his attitude, leaning on a stone, one hand crossed above the other, is natural. This position is rather an original touch. The painting is not remarkable in other ways.

The portrait, by Sustermans, of Vittoria della Rovere as a Vestal Virgin, is most delightful in pose. There is great stateliness in her attitude, as she stands holding in her hands a sieve, and clad entirely differently from any Vestal Virgin, — but doubtless as Sustermans conceived that they might have dressed. Her hair hangs free on her shoulders, and she wears a green mantle. The whole effect is thoroughly good. She was the wife of Grand Duke Ferdinand II., who came to live in

the Pitti in the seventeenth century, bringing with him the art collections of his father, Cosimo II. Vittoria was a daughter of that Francesco Maria della Rovere, whose portrait by Baroccio will be seen in the next room; and on his death she inherited his art treasures, which were brought to the Pitti as part of her dowry.

Joost Sustermans was a Fleming, having been born in Antwerp in 1597. But his claim as a Flemish artist stops there. He went early in life to Italy, and painted court portraits for the remainder of his life. In the time of Cosimo II., he went to Florence, where he remained, painting portraits of all the existing members of the Medici family. Many of these pictures hang in the Pitti. He was retained in the court until the death of Cosimo III. He had the talent of being able to retain a likeness while flattering the individual, — perhaps the most essential quality in a popular portrait painter. Kugler thus sums up his excellences: "He was of decided realist tendency, an able draughtsman, a powerful and clean colourist, and possessed much freedom of the brush." He died in Florence in 1681.

Number 118 represents the artist, Andrea del Sarto, and his wife, Lucrezia.

It will help us to understand more intelligently the large number of pictures by Del Sarto in the

Pitti Palace if we look for a moment into the circumstances of his life, which, in his case, so greatly influenced his art. He was born in Florence in 1486, the son of a tailor, whence his name, —"Del Sarto." His real name was Vanucci. As a youth, he began to show promise of artistic talents, and was sent early to work in the studio of Piero di Cosimo. After a short time of apprenticeship, he and another ambitious young friend, none other than the famous Franciabigio, decided to set up a studio together. These two fellows received as many orders as they could execute, and their studio became a rendezvous for the wits and sages of Bohemia. Among their intimates was Rustici, who must have been an eccentric genius. He had a passion for exotic pets; among these was a hedgehog, that used to roll itself up under the table and prick the shins of guests. Rustici had one of the rooms in his house flooded, and there he cherished serpents and aquatic curiosities.

If the innocent Bohemian freaks of these boon companions had been the sum of his follies, Andrea might have lived to realize a fortune by his art; but unfortunately, he fell in love, not wisely but too well, the object of his devotion being one Lucrezia, the wife of a cap-maker, who seems to have been a general fascinator, and who turned the heads of many young men. Andrea's head followed those

of his contemporaries, and it seems to have turned a little farther than the others, for, when Lucrezia's husband died on a sudden, he married the widow, and from that time all his money went to decking her out for her progressive conquests.

Sweet, amiable, easily led, Andrea seems to have worshipped this unworthy but enchanting woman. She became the inspiration for his most sacred pictures, most inappropriately selected as his type for the Virgin. And the result is so inexpressibly lovely that "Men have excused him," as Browning has expressed it, describing the painter sitting in one of his moods of conjugal religion, adoring his Lucrezia's outward appearance, and interpreting his emotions as spiritual, — a common mistake among people who have the artistic temperament in an unhealthy degree:

> "Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
> You beautiful Lucrezia that art mine!
> Raphael did this — Andrea painted that —
> The Roman's is the better when you pray,
> But still, the other's Virgin was his wife —
> Men will excuse me."

And again:

> "You smile? Why, there's my picture ready made!
> There's what we painters call our harmony! . . .
> So, keep looking so,
> My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!"

Artists laboured much for the churches in those days, and often received small equivalent for their time and thought. For painting a Pieta at the Servite Convent, Andrea was paid in a bunch of votive candles. The good brothers evidently believed in "casting their bread upon the waters," and no doubt the candles returned to them in smoke and good wishes.

In 1517 Andrea painted the renowned Madonna del Arpie in the Uffizi. Perhaps this Madonna is one of the most beautiful of all those of the type recognized as his, and presents Lucrezia in the power of her youthful glory. In 1518 followed the powerful Disputa, which is in the Pitti Gallery; and, having the true spirit of applying his art even to the crafts, Andrea executed also the paintings of the History of Joseph on the lids of two marriage-chests presented by Salvi Borgherini to Margherita Accajuoli on her wedding-day.

In 1523 Del Sarto left Florence for a time, to escape the plague which was raging there. He went to a convent for refuge, where he painted the exquisite Pieta, which hangs in the Pitti, and which will be described in its turn. In 1524 the Madonna in Glory with Saints was executed; this is also to be seen in the Pitti. It is worth while to notice that, as time goes on, Andrea paints a more mature woman as the Virgin. It is unpleasant to remem-

ber that this must have been because his wife was getting older, for she continued to be his model. His power of delineation never waned, for, as he died when he was only forty-two, he had no decadence. Among his latest pictures are the two Holy Families in the Pitti, and the large painting of the Virgin in Glory, in which the portrait of himself appears, and which was left unfinished on his easel at the time of his death. Some of his most powerful work occurs in these last efforts. Surely he might have uttered without egotism the words with which Browning credits him:

> "No sketches first, no studies, — that's long past.
> I do what many dream of all their lives.
> Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
> And fail in doing."

Andrea del Sarto died of the plague in 1530. His wife, with that sense of self-preservation which characterized her, discreetly withdrew in order to escape contagion, so that the painter died in solitude. The brothers of the Scalzo buried him with short delay. Biadi alludes to this disposition of his remains as "the poorest possible" funeral.

Baldinucci is responsible for a narrative of some interest. One day when the artist Empoli was employed copying Del Sarto's Nativity in the Servite Cloister, an old lady paused by him and watched

him at work. She informed him that one of the figures in the picture was a portrait of the artist's wife. Upon his questioning her authority for the statement, it transpired that she herself was Lucrezia in the flesh. She is reported to have lived to be eighty-seven.

There are three treatments of the same subject, — the Annunciation, — by Andrea del Sarto in the Pitti; but this, Number 124, above the door leading to the next hall, is by far the best. The picture was painted for the monks of San Gallo, and hung for a time in their church outside the Porta San Gallo. It was removed to San Jacopo Tra Fossi, and was then purchased in 1626 by the Duchess Maria Madellena of Austria, and hung in the chapel of the Pitti. It is on a wooden panel. At the left stands the Virgin, with an expression of surprise, hesitation, and submission; she wears a dull red robe and a blue mantle. At the right the Angel Gabriel kneels, with a lily in his left hand; there are two charming angels behind him, the painting of whose heads is especially delicate. There is a slight haze which suggests that they belong to another world. The background of this picture is famous. The scene is depicted as taking place in the open air, in a beautiful garden, and a chaste Renaissance house is seen at the left. This house has a portico with a vaulted ceiling, above which, on a balcony,

ANNUNCIATION
By Andrea del Sarto; in the Hall of Jupiter

several persons are gathered. On the steps which lead to the portico a youth is resting, and an exquisite landscape shows beyond, while through the open arches of the portico may be seen a picturesque ruin. Mary has risen from a little *prie dieu,* upon which is an inscription. It may be thus translated: "Andrea del Sarto has painted thee here as he carries thee in his heart; and not such as thou art, Marie, to thy glory rather than to his renown."

Garofolo has painted a striking picture of Augustus and the Sibyl. The legend, as most of us have heard, is an ancient one. The Emperor Augustus Cæsar visited the Tiburtine Sibyl to ask her to answer his question whether he ought to allow his people to worship him as a god, and to receive divine honours, as the Senate had decreed. The Sibyl replied by causing a cleft in the clouds above an altar; there, enthroned, were the Madonna and Child, while a voice was heard chanting, "Behold the altar of the living God." Augustus then proceeded, after this vision, to erect upon the Capitoline Hill the Church of the Ara Cœli.

In Garofolo's treatment of the story the general atmosphere is interesting, and the figure of the Sibyl is a graceful one, although the proportions are a little strained, the distance from her neck to her breast being too short, and from the breast to the knee much too long. The vision in the heavens

might have been better conceived; the Child looks as if he were wading through the clouds. The scene is laid in an open portico. Augustus Cæsar is dressed like an apostle rather than a Roman Emperor; his figure is rather attenuated, as he kneels, shading his eyes with his hand, looking carefully in a diametrically opposite direction from the vision. The treatment of the draperies of the Sibyl is charming, her tunic falling in folds of quite a Grecian aspect. On the floor is an extremely diminutive lap-dog. One wonders if it is possible that a Sibyl could keep such a canine; and it certainly does not look like an emperor's pet! In other words, it seems to have no *raison d'être*. It is put there in order to fill a space. The picture is not a powerful one.

The gigantic St. Marc of Fra Bartolommeo occupies a large space in this apartment. The figure is full of action, although seated; it is restless and energetic. The saint is painted in a kind of niche, with a shell-like apse above him. While Della Porta had studied under Roselli, he had become attracted by the work of Da Vinci, and his early works are so fine as to be almost miniatures. He had been criticized as being unable to reproduce anything on a large scale; so he defiantly painted this St. Marc, thereby silencing all cavil on that score. His method was first to draw the figure nude, and

then to drape it, and thus he never fell into the error of drawing irrelevant folds with nothing under them.

A good cavalier portrait is Number 126, by Philippe de Champaigne, one of the best of the Flemish masters; he was born at Brussels in 1602, and died in Paris on the twelfth of August in 1674. This portrait is of a man in armour, with a sash-like scarf loosely crossed from shoulder to hip, and a square lace collar. His hair is dressed in the elaborate curled style of the period.

There is a very sweet, human Holy Family by Crespi, Number 132. This picture represents the main figures in half-length. St. Joseph has caught a little bird, and brings it, tied by a string, to show to the Infant Jesus. The Child, in his mother's arms, is hiding his face and motioning to his father to take the bird away, or to set it at liberty. The attitude is thoroughly childlike, and might arise from fear at the little wild bird, when brought into such close proximity, or from sympathy at the bird's captivity; in either case, it is a delightful and original picture.

The picture, Number 129, of the Woman Taken in Adultery, being brought before Christ, is a good example of the style of Mazzolini, a painter of Ferrara from 1481--1530, remarkable for his extreme finish, equal care being taken with all details.

Christ is in the act of forgiving the woman, who stands before him, her hands crossed and her eyes cast down. The hypocrites and Pharisees stand about; and the expressions on their faces are very cleverly portrayed. Doubt, disapproval, triumphant virtue gloating over exposed vice, with no conception of the Christian ideal of protection and tolerance, — without realization that their sin of hardheartedness and self-justification was quite as hideous in the sight of the Lord as was the sin of the woman whom they condemn, — all are drawn with feeling and force. One acid old person is turning away, positively outraged at what he considers dangerous doctrine; another is stooping to pick up a stone.

Manozzi's Return from the Hunt is a spirited display of cavalier portraits. The men who have been participating in the chase are ranged up to have their pictures painted, behind a table on which are deposited their spoils. The colours of the costumes are pleasant, — the figure at the right is in blue and tan, while at the left is one in blue and green; the others are dressed in inconspicuous shades of a neutral cast. The central seated figure is good; he is in black, and holds the composition together capitally. Pheasants, rabbits, and woodcock seem to have been the game. The hunter at the right still carries his gun on his shoulder, and

others have their hunting-pieces in their hands. It is a good picture of its class.

Rubens's Holy Family, Number 139, is quite in his usual vein, — wholesome, human, winsome, — in fact, it is a portrait-study of his own *ménage,* with no suggestion, either in types, costumes, or materials, of the subject which it purports to represent. It is almost "jolly." The children are blooming, jocund little chaps, and the mother, father, and grandmother are Rubens's usual types. The mother is a good-natured, simpering Dutch-woman. As to there being any inspiration in the picture, it is impossible to find more than a proud grandmother and parents viewing two very rollicking, plump children. It is said by some to be a studio piece. Nevertheless, considered simply as a family group, it is thoroughly charming. Ruskin remarks that "Rubens wants the feeling for grace and mystery." It is true, he was too baldly realistic at times. He had a great way of painting his own family in sacred scenes. He is so much impressed himself by the worldly and theatrical value of certain subjects that he even advertises them according to those characteristics. In his priced catalogue, for instance, he mentions: "Six hundred florins; a picture of Achilles clothed as a woman. Done by my best scholars, the whole retouched by my hand. A most beautiful picture, and full of

many beautiful young girls." He knew the appeal to popular taste.

The Bacchanale of Rubens is a free fight between satyrs and nymphs. All laws are disregarded, and they are capturing any one whom they can. On the ground lie a dead boar and a dead deer; the satyrs have evidently returned from a hunting party, and have fallen in with nymphs. The picture is numbered 141.

A Magdalen, by Artemesia Gentileschi, is Number 142. On a table is seen a skull, and a vase of perfume is on the ground. On the table appears the inscription, "Optimam Partem Elegit." The lady is in a very low-necked Italian Renaissance costume of luscious satin, and evidently moves in good society. Her hair is in ringlets, and there is nothing to suggest that the picture represents a penitent, except that she is endowed with a halo, — infallible proof of sainthood in art. Near the skull on the table is a mirror. Her lips are parted and her body thrown slightly forward. She might be an opera singer trying to reach a high note.

Very few women painted in the era of the Renaissance, but among them was Artemesia Gentileschi, who worked at Pisa, where she was born in 1590. She was the daughter of an artist, and is said to have been a most charming woman. She was as popular for her manners and appearance as for her

talents as a painter. She lived for some time in Naples, where she married. She was influenced by Guido Reni and Domenichino. She had great variety of style, and was particularly famous for portraiture. The picture of the Magdalen was probably begun as a portrait.

In this hall stands one of the most famous of the great tables made of *pietra dura,* or Florentine mosaic. This style of work differs essentially from the mosaic made in Rome; for in the Roman variety the tesseræ are small, and the effect is produced by innumerable tiny bits of colour, on something the same principle as the closely clustered square stitches in cross-stitch embroidery; while in *pietra dura* the actual stones are cut and polished the exact shape and size of the values they are to represent, the edges fitted to a nicety, and the workmanship necessarily much more skilful than in Roman mosaic.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HALL OF SATURN

Is the name of Raphael less significant than it was fifty years ago? Modern criticism is not as ready with its unstinted praises as was that of an earlier day; but no criticism or modern spirit can prevent a wholesome appreciation of the immortal part of Raphael's genius. "His art," says Benson, "is above fashion, as it is above criticism." It is a narrow person who can see beauties only in the particular style which happens to prevail or to be the fashion in his own day. Let us return to our Raphael in the Hall of Saturn, with a mind free from prejudice, and see what is really there of merit or defect. One should not accept the rather degenerate cavil of iconoclastic eccentrics, to whom the fact of unchallenged ascendency is in itself a challenge.

The most popular picture, perhaps, that is shown in the Pitti is Raphael's Madonna of the Chair. It is a round picture, familiar even to children in all

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
By Raphael; in the Hall of Saturn

countries. It has been more copied and engraved than any other picture. To some sensitive souls this signifies that it is "too common." But what are the qualities which have thus appealed to so many generations? Surely not a commonplaceness of composition, handling, or colour. Not until one sees the original can one possibly know the real power of this picture. There is an element of indescribable and uncopyable luminosity about it, like the Immaculate Conception of Murillo in the Louvre, which has also been copied almost as often, and yet which bursts upon one when first seen in the original like a new picture, so full is it of that subtle quality which is so different from the work of any inferior artist. The trouble is that so much undiscriminating and lavish praise has been bestowed upon the Madonna of the Chair, that the pendulum has swung the other way at last. Let us examine it and see what there really is to admire.

It is a round painting on wood, a little over two feet in diameter, and is the work of the master during his Roman period, between 1510 and 1514, while he was working in the Vatican. It was probably executed by order of Leo X., or perhaps for one of the acquisitive Medici.

There is a charming legend connected with the painting. The story is that a venerable hermit dwelt among the hills near Rome, who was called

Father Bernardo, and that in a frightful storm the life of this old man was once saved by his taking shelter in a great oak-tree which grew on the estate of a wine-dresser. This wine-dresser had a lovely daughter, Mary, who was hospitable and kind to the hermit on this occasion. When Father Bernardo departed from the wine-dresser's shelter, he pronounced a blessing upon Mary, and also besought the Almighty that the friendly tree might be distinguished by some special favour. After many years the hermit died. In the meantime, the tree had been cut down and sections of it prepared for heads for the wine-casks. One day Mary was sitting by one of these casks with a child in her arms. An older child ran to show her a stick which he had fashioned into a cross. Raphael, reported to be in search of a model for a Madonna, providentially came up at the moment when this propitious tableau presented itself. He immediately appropriated the top of the wine-cask, and sketched the group then and there. He carried it away in triumph, and the Madonna del Seggiola was the final result. Thus the hermit's blessing was realized, and both Mary and the oak-tree were immortalized.

Modern critics find in this picture small evidence of the devotional spirit. There are absolutely none of the superstitious or symbolical elements which occur in so many of the precious earlier Madonnas

of the Italian schools. It is an absolutely realistic picture of a devoted mother hugging her child close, and a happy little chubby brother or cousin playing with them. But it is a little extreme in Taine to say that the mother is a Circassian or Greek sultana, clutching her infant with the beautiful gesture of a savage animal! That there is not as much spiritual as earthly beauty in this picture we must certainly grant. It is rather a glorifying of maternity than an exposition of the mediæval interpretation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. But this is not a valid objection. An artist has a right to interpret a scene according to his own beliefs; and it is not unlikely that the Holy Family in Nazareth presented a somewhat similar outward appearance to other families of their period and locality. The subtle difference between the Holy Family and other families, which has been expressed in so many early pictures by visible halos and attitudes of conscious piety, may in reality be quite as much a license of the painter as is this entire realism. Each mode of representation has its own charm; but the Madonna of the Chair should not be called gross because we love also the refined and exalted types of Fra Angelico and Lippo Memmi.

Hawthorne expressed himself as convinced that this was the most beautiful picture in the world, and George Eliot evidently found religion, as she inter-

preted it, in the "grave gaze of the Infant," which, she says, "is the final and lasting impression" made upon her by the picture.

A most interesting writer of travels in the eighteenth century, Dr. John Moore, tells an anecdote in connection with the Madonna of the Chair. He says that one evening, in the Pitti Palace, where the grand duke resided, a friend was pointing out the excellences of some of the pictures to him, while "a gentleman in the company, who would rather remain ignorant than listen to the lectures of a connoisseur, walked on by himself into the other apartments. When he returned, he said, 'I know no more of painting than my pointer; but there is a picture in one of the other rooms which I would rather have than all . . . the portrait of a healthy, handsome country woman with her child in her arms. . . .' We followed him, and the picture which pleased him so much was the famous Madonna del Seggiola by Raphael. Our instructor immediately pronounced him a man of genuine taste, because without any previous knowledge or instruction he had fixed his admiration on the finest picture in Florence." (But the gentleman expressed disappointment when told that it represented the Holy Family.) "'Because,' said he, 'though I admire the art of the painter, and thought it one of the truest copies of nature I ever saw, yet I con-

fess my admiration is much abated when you inform me that his intention was to represent the Virgin.' 'Why so?' replied the cicerone. 'The Virgin Mary was not of high rank?' 'No rank in life,' said the other, 'could give additional dignity to the person who had been told by an angel from heaven that she had found favour with God, and that her son should be called the Son of the Highest . . . in the countenance of such a woman, besides comeliness, I look for the most lively expression of admiration, gratitude, and virgin modesty, and divine love. And when I am told that this picture is by the greatest painter that ever lived, I am disappointed in perceiving no traces of that kind in it.' What justice there is in this gentleman's remarks, I leave it to better judges than I pretend to be to determine."

To show how differently two persons of different temperaments may be struck by the same picture, I will quote another traveller, George Stillman Hilliard, whose opinion of the Madonna of the Chair may be compared with the analysis of it by Doctor Moore's friend. "Its chief charm," says Hilliard, "is in its happy blending of the divine and the human elements. Some painters treat this subject in such a way that the spectator sees only a mother caressing her child; while by others the only ideas awakened are those of the Virgin and Redeemer.

But heaven and earth meet on Raphael's canvas, — the purity of heaven and the tenderness of earth. The round, infantile form, the fond, clasping arms, the sweetness and the grace belong to this world; but the faces, especially that of the Infant Saviour, in whose eyes there is a mysterious depth of expression, . . . are touched by the light from heaven, and suggest something to worship as well as something to love."

A Circassian sultana, — a healthy peasant, — the Queen of Heaven, — De Te Fabula!

It is one comfort that no one has even risen up to announce that the picture is by some other artist. Among technical points that are worth nothing, the space, an unusual one for a group, is well filled. Crowe points out that perhaps this is accomplished at the expense of the comfortable appearance of the subjects, — possibly the figure of the Virgin is a bit cramped to fit the exigencies of the circle. But as a composition it is graceful, and, if the costume does somewhat suggest an undue mixture of Eastern and Western styles, the colouring of the various fabrics is a relief from the conventional blue Virgins which so abound in art.

Whether one prefers Greek or Gothic styles, Raphael is the only painter who unites in his manner the excellences of both. Greek beauty and religious fervour, — these are no longer irreconcilable, for

Raphael has succeeded in fusing them. There are others who can delineate beauty as well as he; but no other artist seems capable of combining this rich beauty with the spiritual exaltation of his Madonnas. In later testimony regarding this famous picture, I quote from Lyman Abbott: "I came back again and again to the Madonna of the Chair; because, as I stood before this picture, the purity of the mother's face, and her protecting arm, and the trustful repose of the child, inspired me with a reverence for motherhood such as no philosopher could have inspired by his argument, nor novelist by his story, nor preacher by his sermon, nor even musician and poet combined by their song."

Raphael Sanzio, the most universally acknowledged popular painter of Italian art, was born in Urbino in 1483. Raphael's style is generally divided into three manners: his early or Umbrian manner, which was supposed, roughly, to extend from his first efforts until about 1504; followed by his life in Florence, where he developed his "second manner," the Florentine, from 1504 till about 1512; after that, when he went to Rome to paint in the Vatican, his Roman, or "third manner," succeeded these other two, lasting until his pathetic death in 1520. A cursory examination of these three characteristic styles in which this artist expressed himself is now our purpose.

The first manner was characterized by the lofty, thoughtful conception to which we have alluded; his handling at this time was minute, careful, and clear. His colours were pure, and the whole work reminiscent of the conscientious labour of his good master, Perugino.

The second, or Florentine, manner was simply a development of this style, and a broadening into fuller comprehension and a less academic expression.

The third, or Roman, manner was almost a new school of painting, so vigorous and broad did it become; the tender smoothness of the early work has disappeared, and in fresco broad brush-marks and defined lines, and in easel pictures a softer modelling of the outline, are observable. More power, more ability to express in fewer touches the idea that he intended to convey, — these, which are the characteristics of progress in the best artists in all ages, were marked in the Roman manner of Raphael. To what farther degree of perfection this amazing youth would have attained will never be known, for his life was only thirty-seven years, and his death came in 1520. He had been kept waiting in a cold antechamber for an interview with the Pope, and had taken a chill, which developed into the treacherous Roman fever, which in a few days ended his life. Count Baldassare, the author of that charm-

ingly quaint work, "The Courtier," wrote to his mother: "It seems to me that I am no longer in Rome, since my poor dear Raphael is no more."

We all know the touching story of how Raphael lay in state, with the unfinished picture of the Transfiguration hanging over his bed. His tomb is to be seen in the Pantheon in Rome. Some years ago his remains were exhumed and an examination made, to verify the body beyond a doubt, as there had arisen some question as to the place of his burial.

We now turn to the incomparable Madonna del Granduca, another well-known Virgin of Raphael. This, called by some critics the loveliest Madonna that has ever been painted, was the first Madonna which Raphael painted after he left Perugino. Morelli detects so much of the influence of Raphael's earlier master, Timoteo Viti, that he considers that it might be more properly called the Madonna del Duca, as it was very likely painted in 1504, at Urbino, for the Duke Guidobaldo. This point, however, is not of importance. It was the work of a youth of twenty-one, and there can hardly be a more conclusive argument for the preëminent genius of Raphael than this fact. Carlo Dolci once had it in his possession, after which it was purchased for the equivalent of about $20 from a poor widow. The Grand Duke Ferdinand III. then bought it for

about $800, so some one was enriched by this transaction. He was so devoted to the picture that he had it always in his apartments, and carried it with him on his travels wherever he went, — rather an unwieldy mascot, one would think, as it is on wood, and measures over two feet by one foot nine inches.

The composition is perfectly satisfactory. It combines the spiritual and earthly elements to a remarkable degree. It has much of that sweet piety of sentiment that one sees in Perugino and the earlier Tuscan painters. The Madonna appears in full face, holding the Child seated on her left hand, while with her right hand she gives him the usual support suggested by his position. The infant's eyes are directed toward the beholder, though lower than the eye level, and the mother is looking in the same direction. There is a suggestion of elevation in this arrangement, as if the two holy beings were looking downward upon the world; in the child's body there is a very human turn towards his mother, as though for protection. As Mr. Stillman says, she has the simplicity of a Greek statue and the sweetness of a Christian saint.

One can readily understand how restful it must have been for Ferdinand, after a tedious journey of the eighteenth century, to sit down before this noble work of art.

MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA
By Raphael; in the Hall of Saturn

The robe of the Madonna is a soft red, and the mantle blue, verging on green. She has a white veil over her light hair, and the eyebrows are very slightly defined. As the fashion of the day was to pluck out the hairs from the eyebrows and forehead, this feature is evidently intended to convey the local idea of beauty. The eyelids are heavy; as Hare points out, "the holy, honest, and sad eyelid . . . which is exaggerated in the works of Francia and Perugino." This is one of the few Madonnas in which only the Virgin and Christ appear. There are no accessories; the draperies are of the simplest, the child being nude except for a little scarf which is twisted about him. The mystical element suggested by a thread-like halo above each head is the only bit of deliberate symbolism introduced.

This is a picture which illustrated the transition from the first manner of Raphael to his second. Muntz may be quoted: "It showed that he had acquired complete command over himself; the modelling became firm and precise to a degree unknown to the painters of the Umbrian school, and the colouring became much clearer and more brilliant." "The Madonna del Granduca," says that appreciative critic, A. C. Owen, "has in it the mingling of the last touches of the reverence and solemnity of the Umbrian school, with the earthly beauty, the mere maternal expression of his new style." When

Mrs. Jameson wrote her "Diary of an Ennuyée," she alluded to a fact of interest concerning this picture. "One of the most beautiful of Raphael's Madonnas" was suspended beside the bedside of the grand duke. She admits that she bribed the attendant to show her this room, which is never exhibited, and complains that the piety of the duke might just as well be satisfied by some other picture, so that he need not selfishly appropriate this gem.

In Raphael's Madonna del Baldacchino, Number 165, the setting and background of the picture are interesting, being a little apsidal chapel with a coffered vault, supported on columns and pilasters with Corinthian capitals. A throne is in the centre, on which is seated the Virgin with the Child; and this throne is covered by a canopy, the curtains of which are being raised by two very active angels. The Virgin is a sweet type, something on the order of the Granduca Madonna, and the child is delightful. St. Peter, on the left, in good cool yellows and greens, holds a substantial key. St Bernardo, with an open book, stands next him. St. Bernardo is regarded as a patron of monastic learning. On the right are St. James the Less, and St. Augustine, in bishop's mitre and clothed in red vestments, demonstrating with his right hand. Two charming child angels at the foot of the throne are chanting

from a parchment scroll which they hold between them. The broad treatment of these two figures, which are familiar to all art lovers, is admirable. They suggest Fra Bartolommeo quite as much as Raphael. There is much about the picture which is like the handling of Fra Bartolommeo, especially the general arrangement. The only parts which are unquestionably by Raphael are the Virgin and Child, St. Bernard and St. Peter on the left, and the upper part of St. James with the staff on the right. The angels above seem to be far on the way to turning somersaults. Their extreme action contrasts rather abruptly with the serenity of the rest of the composition.

The next picture to be considered is Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel, which, though it is on a very small scale, is painted with a broad, dashing stroke for so minute a picture, and has none of the smooth finish of the earlier work. It was painted about the time of his work in the Loggia in the Vatican.

In this picture Ezekiel himself occupies a minor position, being seen only in the dim distance down upon the earth, while the spectator is transported to the heavens, where the actual vision forms the theme of the picture.

The Eternal Father is seated on the symbolical beasts of the Four Evangelists, the eagle principally bearing him upon its wings, giving an expression

of unrivalled lightness to the composition. The subject is taken from the account in Ezekiel, Chapter I.: "And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, . . . out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures . . . and as for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side: and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle. . . . And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of an host; . . . and above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness . . . as the appearance of a man above upon it. And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, . . . and it had brightness round about. . . . As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the apparance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake."

No more inspiring subject could be suggested to a painter, and Raphael has used it nobly. The eagle, symbol of St. John, is first to bear the hon-

VISION OF EZEKIEL
By Raphael; in the Hall of Saturn

oured burden; below are the lion of St. Mark and the ox of St. Luke, while the angel of St. Matthew adores the Presence. Two little angels support His outspread arms; in the amber clouds all about are indications of angelic life beautifully expressed. Amber light is nowhere more perfectly luminous than on this little wooden panel only thirteen by eighteen inches. Ruskin's words, "Raphael can expatiate within the circumference of a platter," might be applied to this majestic atom.

Some critics claim that the Almighty is too reminiscent of Jove; but any anthropomorphic idea of God leads to such treatment. Morelli detects Giulio Romano's work here, and considers it not Raphael's except in design; with such a result, it matters little. It is worthy of Raphael in any case, and appears in the main extraordinarily characteristic.

The picture was executed for Count Vincenzio Ercolani of Bologna, about 1510. The French carried it off, and when it was returned in 1815, it was placed in the Pitti.

The portrait of Cardinal Bibiena is usually attributed to Raphael. He is seated, turned three-quarter face, in the usual red and white garments of ecclesiastical dignitaries, as well as a purple watered silk cape and a red beretta. One hand lies on the arm of his chair, while the other holds a paper.

It is claimed that this picture is a copy of an

original in Madrid, which belonged to Balthazar Castiglione. Passavant is the authority for this statement. Others say that the picture in Madrid represents another person. The story is that Raphael painted two portraits of Cardinal Bibiena, who was a great friend of his, and whose name was Bernardo Dovizi. This is one of them, and the other occurs in a fresco in the Vatican, where is shown the battle between the Saracens and the Romans in the port of Ostia. This portrait, now in the Pitti, was originally in possession of the Dovizi family at Bibiena.

The picture is virile, the hands being well formed and refined, the whole suggesting a calculating, polished ecclesiastic. Crowe thinks that the head is by Raphael, but that it was finished by subordinates. I quote from his description of it: "The nose is long and tending to aquiline, yet fleshy where it overhangs a large mouth, capable of voluble speech and mobility. The seat of power is in the face, in the wide forehead free from hair. The gray-blue eyes are clear and open, yet suggestive of cunning."

Bernardo Dovizi was born of poor parents in Bibiena, a small town in the Casentino, a valley behind Vallombrosa. Lorenzo de Medici took an interest in him while he was a youth, and brought him to Florence under his protection. He became

the tutor to Lorenzo's sons, one of whom was Giovanni, who afterwards became Pope Leo X. Leo created him a cardinal, and his portrait appears with that of his pontifical superior in Raphael's painting of Leo's portrait. Bernardo arranged for the political intrigues and the pleasures of Leo, and was a statesman and an author. The first idiomatic Italian drama is from his pen. Bibiena and Raphael were friends and mutual admirers. Bernardo offered his niece to Raphael as a bride; but the girl died, so the project was never carried out. There are suspicions that he was poisoned, for he died suddenly in Rome in 1520.

This picture should be compared with Van Dyck's Portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, also in the Pitti, which is less simply conceived. This is a more intellectual face, though worn and sickly.

Still another ecclesiastical portrait by Raphael is Tommaso Phædre Inghirami. It is generally supposed to be a replica, the original being in Volterra. It is on wood. Much repainting and cleaning have injured it. There is a flat look about the accessories which suggests that the pupils had a hand in the work. Passavant sees in it a strong reminder of the work of Holbein, but as Raphael could never have seen Holbein's pictures, this can be only a coincidence. The Roman prelate is sitting at a table, on which are an inkstand and several books.

He seems to be in thought, ready to write when the inspiration comes to him. He holds a pen in his right hand, on the finger of which is a heavy ring. Red and green predominate in the picture. Inghirami was a distinguished scholar, Vatican librarian, and papal secretary.

Like all cross-eyed people, this man preferred to be painted in profile; Raphael would not quite give up so characteristic a point in his subject's face, so he gave to the paralyzed eye an abstracted gaze into space. The whole face expresses intellectual investigation. Considering his subject, corpulent and squinting, Raphael has succeeded in making a dignified portrait. The face is idealized by the suggestion of thoughtfulness, not by beautifying or flattering the features. The finish of the painting, with its delicate glazings, is accurate and smooth.

Tommaso Inghirami was taken under the protection of the Medici at two years of age, having lost both parents. Lorenzo had him educated; he went to Rome to study when he was thirteen. His second name — Phædre — was adopted by his friends because of an occasion upon which he exhibited great presence of mind. Seneca's tragedy, "Hippolytus," was being acted, and Tommaso was playing the part of Phædre. Something in the machinery got suddenly out of order, and the performance was

arrested. Inghirami immediately took the stage, and began reciting impromptu Latin verses, which in those days were considered an acceptable diversion, and he was so much applauded that the name of Phædre clung to him. He became ambassador to Maximilian I. for Alexander VI. in 1495, at which time he received the title of Count Palatine. Pope Julius II. made him Bishop of Ragusa in 1510 and secretary at the conclave in 1513, when Giovanni de Medici was elected Pope Leo X. Raphael has painted him in the red dress which he then wore. He died at Rome, from the effects of a fall, at the age of forty-two. It is not known just when this portrait came into the Florentine collection, but it is likely that Leo X. obtained it from Inghirami himself.

"What distinguishes the whole work of Raphael," says Symonds, "is its humanity in the double sense of the humane and the human. He will not suffer his eyes to fall on what is loathsome or horrific. . . . Even sadness and sorrow, tragedy and death, take loveliness from him. . . . He shunned stern and painful subjects. . . . His men and women are either glorious with youth or dignified in hale old age. Touched by his innocent and earnest genius, mankind is once more gifted with the harmony of intellect and flesh and feeling that belonged to Hellas. Instead of asceti-

cism, Hellenic temperance is the virtue prized by Raphael."

Mr. Strachey says, in summing up the genius of the master, "The wonder and worth of the art of Raphael seem to me to rest upon his possessing in a supreme degree the gifts of rhythmic construction and lyrical beauty . . . the thought is expressed firstly by means of a rhythmic arrangement of lines and spaces, and secondly by pure beauty of faces and figures." No painter has ever appealed so equally to intelligent and uneducated, — to scholar and to peasant. Says Longfellow:

> " . . . Raphael is not dead,
> He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead
> Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?"

To turn from Raphael to his master, let us study Perugino's Deposition which hangs here. It is one of his best pictures.

Perugino was born in 1446 or 1447, at Castello della Pieve. There may be said to be only two generations in art between him and Fra Angelico, for Perugino was once a pupil of Benozzo Gozzoli, and he in turn was a pupil of the Beato Angelico.

He showed much dislike of mist or mystery; everything he paints is in a full, clear light; no half-tones, distant shadows, or sudden lights to call attention to salient points; all is in a glow, some-

times almost as unadulterated as Fra Angelico's. Ruskin says that "no painter belonging to the purest religious school ever mastered his art," and then he goes on to say that Perugino comes nearest to this mastery, with his lucid, straightforward representation of natural objects, treated nevertheless in a devotional spirit. Vasari starts the scandal that Perugino was an atheist; but the very fact that he was employed continually by Church dignitaries disproves this theory. The ecclesiastics were most particular in those days, and any artist who did not hold orthodox views would not have been allowed to paint altar-pieces. Ruskin seems to be most impressed with the luminous quality in his work.

In the painting of draperies, Perugino had a manner quite his own. Raphael in his early pictures had acquired some of the same style; the materials fall in dark, hollow folds, with curious shaped shadows and hood-like folds. His draperies were usually plain in their texture, — no brocades were introduced, and no jewels or embroideries; ornament is supplied by delicate patterns running along the edges of robes, or in little spots of gold or colour. Gold he used quite freely, even hatching the lights occasionally with it, as the early masters had done. He introduced gold often in the lights of hair and in foliage.

In his pictures painted before 1500, Perugino used hatching in shading his faces; after that period, he employed it also in other textures. This is partly due to the difficulty of shading with tempera painting; the yolk of egg being the vehicle, it is impossible to model it as if it were oil paint; it must lie as first applied, therefore it helps in the effect of shadow to introduce the fine lines of hatching as a blending for the colours. Occasionally he undoubtedly used oil; but a part of his pictures is always in tempera.

A story is told of how Perugino read a lesson to a very mean-spirited prior of the cloister of the Ingesuati, where the artist was working. As ultramarine was an extremely expensive colour, it was generally stipulated that the person who ordered the picture should supply the ultramarine, so that the artist should not be put to such heavy expense. This particular old prior was for ever watching and peering about to see if Perugino was using too much ultramarine. The painter was amused at his distrust, and repaid it in a way which must have been very humiliating to the prior. He took occasion to wash his brush unduly often, so that the ultramarine was precipitated into the water, — even more went that way than was put on the picture. When he had finished, he drained off the water, and, scraping up the powder at the bottom, he presented it to the

suspicious prior, saying: "This belongs to you, father; learn to trust honest men, for such never deceive those who confide in them, though they well know how to circumvent distrustful persons like yourself if they desire to do so."

The beauty of the landscape backgrounds of Perugino can hardly be appreciated unless one has seen the country of Umbria. Then only can one know how absolutely true are his delightful valleys, enchanting vistas, rolling distances, with several little towns visible at once in various places, — fortified towns capping hills, approached by winding white roads. If one has stood in the monastery at Assisi and looked off over the plain, one can understand how all these things may be visible at once. Otherwise the landscape might seem artificial. Infinite distance, such as one could really see in so clear a light as Perugino depicts, is here to be seen. The domestic, quiet, romantic country-side in which he was reared gave him his idea of backgrounds for religious pictures.

Painted about 1496, Perugino's Deposition is one of his masterpieces, wrought at the time when he was in the flower of his genius. The space is filled in the most unobtrusive and yet the most perfect manner. The sense of immeasurable distance is felt in the background, which is one of the lovely landscapes for which Perugino is justly famous.

Both as a filling of the immediate foreground and as a suggestion of vastness in the treatment of the distance, it is unrivalled. The faces have serenity of beauty. The treatment of the body of Our Lord is specially worthy of attention, being the drawing of a distinctly inanimate body, and yet showing that flexible heavy weight characteristic of the dead.

The expressions of all the faces are studies of a refined type of restrained grief in different phases. None of the figures exhibit exactly the same emotions, and yet all are united in their feeling; the persons in the group are dominated by the central figure. The group is somewhat passive; it is perhaps too perfect and academic a composition to be within the range of actual experience, but it is thoughtful, and religious in the quiet way in which Perugino is usually religious. There is none of the fire of conversion nor of the divine ecstasy of revelation in any of his work. His figures never have such action as those of Raphael (especially the Raphael of Rome), but here is a quiet brooding repose which must have been restful in the strenuous life of fifteenth century Florence. The balance and harmony of the grouping is more noticeable than its action. "The expression of heart-stricken sorrow," says Woltmann, "is carried out by the sentiment of the landscape, which is exquisitely painted." This picture has not the intensity of the

Entombment of Fra Bartolommeo, but is the legitimate forerunner of that work.

The Saviour's body is sustained by Joseph of Arimathea. The Magdalen supports his head. The Virgin mother is in the centre of the picture, crouching somewhat, — reaching forward with an expression too deep for words, taking the hand of her dead son, and gazing into his face. Over their heads in the centre (for one is tempted to treat this picture primarily as a composition), the pyramidal form is secured by introducing the heads of Mary Salome and Mary Cleophas, one kneeling and the other standing with upraised hands and bent head. The head of Mary, the wife of Cleophas, is perhaps one of the finest drawings ever made by Perugino. At the right Nicodemus, clad in green and yellow tones, with a turban on his head, is holding the lower part of the shroud, evidently having been the one to bear the feet of the Saviour; St. John and the wife of Zebedee are seen on the left, and on the extreme right are three figures; one, an older man, is showing the nails of the Passion to two younger persons. One of these is a lovely figure, but shows too little interest in the subject, — it is the only figure in the picture in which the eyes stray to the spectator, and whose hands are crossed carelessly, as if posing for a portrait.

We have chosen the head of Mary, the wife of

Cleophas, to present in this book, instead of showing the entire picture, because it exhibits in a remarkable degree Perugino's skill in drawing and foreshortening. In this detail it is possible to trace the fine lines of the hatching, which are so characteristic of his style. It is as significant an example of the best features of his work as could be selected.

The picture was painted for the nuns of Santa Chiara. This subject is usually called in art a Pieta. There was a rich Florentine merchant, one Francesco Pugliese, who offered the nuns three times the original cost if they would sell it to him; he also promised them a replica by the hand of the same artist; but they rejected his offer, for Perugino admitted that he was not confident that he could ever reproduce the picture. After the suppression of the Convent of Santa Chiara, this picture went first to the Academy, and then, under the order of the French Commission, it was brought to the Pitti.

One of the finest of Andrea del Sarto's pictures, and among the most celebrated, is the Dispute of the Holy Trinity, or "The Disputa." It was painted for the monks of San Gallo early in 1518. It has passed through many vicissitudes. The church was destroyed during the siege of Florence, in 1529, and the picture was sent to San Giovanni

HEAD OF MARY CLEOPHAS

Detail from the Deposition, by Perugino; in the Hall of Saturn

tra' Fossi. Then the flood of the Arno in 1555 rose to such a height in this building that the picture was badly soaked, and still shows evidence of this fact. In the seventeenth century it came to the Pitti Palace. Crowe and Cavalcaselle speak of it in terms of great appreciation: "In order to show that he was at home in every mood, he accepted a commission from the monks of San Gallo, and thought out the noble altar-piece of the fathers disputing on the doctrine of the Trinity, in every line of which stern power and boldness are discerned. Yet as usual there are abundance of the atmosphere and vapour which are now his peculiar characteristics . . . the attitudes are grandiose; the forms are well-proportioned, weighty, and nobly draped."

Andrea here shows his intellectual power more, perhaps, than in any other of his works. The group exhibits attitudes and expressions admirably contrasted, and is full of dignified action. It shows the four saints who are indulging in this theological discussion standing, while at their feet sit St. Sebastian and the Magdalen. In the heavens there is seen a vision of the Creator, shrouded in a red robe, sustaining the figure of Christ upon the cross, typifying the eternity of the fact of the Trinity, although disciples may disagree as to the interpretation of the doctrine.

Indeed the varying interpretations of the doctrine

form the subject of the picture. Observe of what diverse types are the saints selected, and to what different epochs they belong. St. Augustine, the father of the theology of the Latin Church, stands at the left of the picture, evidently expounding his views to St. Peter Martyr, who, the third figure in the group, stands with an open book and a determined expression on his face, awaiting his turn to make reply. Peter Martyr is dressed in the Dominican habit. Next him stands at the extreme right, St. Francis of Assisi, with his hand on his heart, so that the stigmata may be seen. The other figures are St. Lawrence with the terrible emblem of his martyrdom, the gridiron. St. Sebastian kneels, facing the disputants, and Mary Magdalen, crouching at the feet of St. Francis, holds the box of spikenard with which she so often appears. As the picture was painted for the Augustine friars, it is natural that Andrea should have chosen the moment for representation when Augustine was apparently confounding his opponents. The introduction of the three saints who are not taking part in the argument illustrates the fact of the right which the Augustines assumed to include within their order all saints between the first and sixth centuries. Thus the figures of St. Lawrence, St. Sebastian, and the Magdalen are to be considered

DISPUTA

By Andrea del Sarto; in the Hall of Saturn

as complementary to St. Augustine in this composition.

There are very few symbols in the picture, but each saint is distinguished in some way. St. Augustine was Bishop of Hippo from 395 to 430 A. D., so he carries as his emblem the crozier. St. Augustine, as is well known, was the author of the "City of God," and wrote also his "Confessions" after his conversion, for his youth was one of dissipation and waywardness.

St. Peter Martyr was a powerful and influential preacher, and no artist has ever drawn a more dignified and majestic presentment of him than this figure, which stands holding an open book. His noble head is disfigured by the gash which is the sign of the death which he suffered. While he was inquisitor general under Pope Honorius III., he had made many powerful enemies among certain Venetian grandees, whom he had delivered up to justice without any consideration of their rank (which was too often a protection for lawlessness). Two of these noblemen determined to have him put to death. So they hired assassins to waylay him between Como and Milan, where he was obliged to pass through a wood. They struck him on the head with an axe; the blow felled him to the ground, and they then turned their attention to the lay brother who accompanied him. They

stabbed this companion, and, returning, found Peter Martyr, who had struggled to his feet, repeating the Creed, and they finished their work with the sword. Innocent IV. canonized him in 1253.

St. Francis Assisi was much more pacific than Peter Martyr, and the contrast between the two figures is well maintained, for St. Francis's face wears a puzzled expression, as if he would rather leave the whole question in peace, and go on with his own meditations and good works.

St. Lawrence is clothed in a red dalmatic, and has somewhat of a portrait pose; he does not appear much concerned; possibly he has discovered that differences of doctrinal opinion are non-essentials in the life of a true Christian.

St. Sebastian seems to have been introduced largely as a graceful bit of flesh-painting, and to assist the general composition.

The Magdalen, dressed in shades of red, is a portrait of the artist's wife, and this profile is a particularly fine piece of anatomical delineation. The hands of all the figures deserve special attention. Probably no one ever drew hands more faultlessly than did Del Sarto.

This picture is full of thought and an intimate knowledge of the characters of each of the persons represented. "The master's delicious atmosphere," says Woltmann, "is already conspicuous, but still

combined in a very remarkable manner with a fine clear outline." Much genuine study should be devoted to the true understanding of this incomparably fine work.

Although the little head, Number 153, is the only Correggio in the gallery, it is characteristic, and has the luminous glow of the artist's touch. Correggio was essentially Greek by nature. He is like Sappho in the poetic quality of his mind. He was a lyric artist of light and shade, — not a great inventor or a great designer or a deep thinker, but the painter of joyful, soaring freedom, sweet, pure ecstasy, and innocent paganism. He was born in an obscure little town named Correggio in 1494; his baptismal name being Antonio Allegri. He stands like a Greek, neither immoral nor moral; neither religious nor scoffing; simply a pagan, with the joy of living in his veins. His beings are rapturous and beautiful, hardly to be called sensuous, so unconscious are they of their own loveliness. His angels are rollicking cherubs perhaps, but they have no arrows and carry no quiver. There is nothing of the earthy about them. They are literally spirits of the air, hovering about as Ariel hovered, and no more to be judged by either mediæval or modern standards than he is.

These angels are the really typical features of Correggio's work. Of course he painted religious

scenes and other subjects, but his floating denizens of the heavens are his own creations, and they are worthy.

In an appreciation of Correggio, Mr. G. B. Rose says: "Raphael's beauty is a kind that cannot be divorced from actual goodness; Correggio's is neither good nor evil, but simply innocent and glad." Of course the Church of the sixteenth century did not appeal to his free sylvan nature, but there is no suggestion that it failed to inspire him with respect.

The sweet angel's head in the Pitti is a good example of the style of this unique master, but it is to be regretted that there are no more important works of his with which it might be compared.

A fascinating, cheerful Venetian picture is always refreshing. Giorgione's Nymph and Satyr, Number 147, is one which is thoroughly sylvan, joyous, and agreeable. Popular usage has sanctioned the expression "golden light" as applied to Titian, "silver light" when describing Paul Veronese, and "internal light" as characteristic of Giorgione.

Giorgione was born in one of the most romantic spots in the world, Castelfranco, about 1477. In his pictures we may see the spell which the magnificent natural beauties of his early home laid upon his spirit. He was unique in his power of painting landscape. He is a thoroughly picturesque figure

himself, with a rare combination of talents, singing divinely, and playing upon the lute so that nobles vied with each other to have him perform at their concerts. The spirit of harmony and gladness pervades his work; he was the first great Venetian of the Renaissance, for his master, Gian Bellini, was still mediæval in his spirit. Giorgione stands as the great link between the old smooth school and the later glowing haze of Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret. He lived to be only thirty-six, dying of the plague in 1511.

Giorgione was an intellectual painter. He delighted in allegory and legend; he enjoyed dreaming in colour, combining the mythical romance of subject with the poetical suggestiveness of his colouring and treatment. Vasari tells of a whimsical conceit which he once employed in order to paint, as he had declared that he could do, a nude study in such a way that the back, front, and both profile views should be visible at once. In order to accomplish his purpose, he painted the nude figure standing with its back to the spectator on the bank of a limpid stream; in the water was reflected the front view of the same figure. On one side was the burnished corselet, which the knight was supposed to have taken off, and in this was reflected a profile view of his figure, and on the other side his other profile was seen in a mirror.

He painted flesh in a delightful manner, with no suggestion of sensuality, yet without the developed monumental feeling which characterized the later work of Tintoretto, whose women are no more nude than Greek statues. Giorgione is a sympathetic human and imaginative artist, — for the normal human being has imagination, and it is no more characteristic of human nature to degrade and brutalize a subject than to idealize it.

The nymph is a lovely creature, seen to the waist, with the satyr immediately behind her. The picture is usually called A Nymph Pursued by a Satyr, but her attitude does not suggest flight, and her expression is quite happy. She is clothed in leopard skins, one shoulder being covered and one bare. Her luxuriant hair falls about her, and there is a general air of spring and gladness throughout the composition.

A curious picture, Number 148, is called the "Bambocciata," which means a caricature. It looks like a fancy-dress party, or a dinner served to the court retainers, such as the dwarf, jester, singing-girls and the like. It gives a very poor idea of the real power of its painter, Dosso Dossi, for it is a crowded, stiff, hard piece of work; but there are details about it which are amusing, and it is worth noticing. Undoubtedly it is an early work, accomplished before Dossi had attained his final

manner. At the left, partly nude, sits a dwarf, with a crown of leaves; he may be intended as a caricature of Bacchus. Close about are the other figures, two women, dressed in a gaudy and wanton manner, and a jester with his bauble; on the mosaic top of the table is seen a tambourine, and one of the figures in the background carries a bird. They are all laughing in an abandoned mood. One of them holds a little dog.

The portrait, Number 149, representing Ippolito de Medici, was painted by Pontormo. Ippolito de Medici was the natural son of Giulio de Medici, and a favourite of his uncle, Pope Leo X. His escapades in Hungary will be alluded to when we study his portrait by Titian in the next room. He was, in spite of his adventurous tastes, made a cardinal. He died in 1535 at Itri. This portrait shows him full face, with short hair, black beard and moustache, wearing a sword; one hand rests upon a table, and the other is laid upon the neck of a dog.

Van Dyck's twin portraits of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria hang here; both are familiar to all students of history. Whatever may be one's judgment concerning Charles I., he will always be reckoned one of the most pathetic figures in English history. His portrait always recalls the sensitive, refined man, full of prejudice, with a touch of mystic fanaticism, who was compelled by his inheritance to

deal with supreme questions of state requiring boldness, sincerity, and wisdom. His portraits always present, as this one does, the amiable and delicate features of an aristocrat, elegant in manner, but without force.

The next is Carlo Dolci's Santa Rosa. She is represented in the habit of the third order of St. Francis, and is crowned with a wreath of roses. Santa Rosa of Viterbo was a thirteenth century saint, and spent her life in deeds of charity. While she lived, she was the guardian of the people of Viterbo, and after her death became their patron saint. She was celebrated for her eloquence. The picture is on wood, and was painted in 1668.

Schiavone's large canvas representing Cain killing Abel occupies the centre of one side of the room. It is an unusual composition. The two figures, necessarily in extremely active attitudes, fill the whole space; the upraised arm of Cain reaches the frame at the top of the picture, while the elbow of the fallen Abel reaches the lower edge of the picture. Thus, literally, the arms of the two men, meeting in the centre of the picture, form an unbroken link from top to bottom of the entire space. Cain is towering over his brother, who lies on the ground, fighting for life. The picture is spirited, and is a good drawing of muscular brute force, displaying itself in both figures. The background is

ST. JOHN ASLEEP
By Carlo Dolci; in the Hall of Saturn

a dark landscape with a luminous stretch of sky visible between the bushes.

One of Carlo Dolci's least affected pictures is the little St. John asleep, Number 154. The child lies in unconscious relaxation. Although the finish is smooth, it would be difficult for any one to paint a more perfect representation of a sleeping child. The attitude is natural, and the expression of the face indicative of some dream which brings a troubled look to his little brow. He lies upon his cross, the insignia which the young St. John usually carries, and his mother, beholding him thus, is praying beside him, her face betokening a forecast of dread for his future. As the Madonna is often represented as sorrowing in anticipation over the child, so St. Elizabeth is here shown as beholding the vision of all the pain that is to come.

Carlo Dolci, born in Florence May 25, 1616, died there January 17, 1686. He studied with Jacopo Vignole, a prolific though careful painter. His pictures are marred by affectation of religious feeling and cloying sweetness. Charles Blanc calls him a true representative of Jesuitical art. The tones of his colouring are soft and harmonious. He was the last of the Florentine school. Among his best works are the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, the Sleeping St. John, Christ in the Garden, and St. Peter Weeping.

His paintings were chiefly the heads of the Saviour or the Madonna, and the saints. His manner of working was very slow, and it is said that his brain was affected by seeing Luca Giordano produce more work in four or five hours than he could have accomplished in as many months. His pictures have been so successfully copied that it is said that there are more works attributed to him in the galleries of Europe than he could have painted if he had done one every day of his life.

The Madonna della Rondinella, or the Madonna of the Swallow, by Guercino, is in the best style of this painter. The Virgin sits in the clouds, in a slightly uncomfortable attitude, being so foreshortened that the child on her knee is almost on a level with her own face. The child, however, is charming. He extends one chubby hand, on which perches a little swallow. He is watching the bird lovingly, and with his head on one side in a graceful and infantile attitude. The silhouette of his little shoulder against the neck of the mother is very pretty. At the right is an adoring angel, a most lovely type of spiritual and intellectual being. The Virgin is beautiful; the nose is rather irregular, and for that reason not too ideal to be strictly human. Her hair is arranged in a careless yet becoming manner, bound at the back with fillets and parted in thick waves on the brow. There is lumi-

nosity throughout the whole atmosphere of the picture, and a little of the haze and glow of Murillo. Every line is soft and every detail is restful. It is numbered 156.

Fra Bartolommeo's Risen Christ with Evangelists is a picture in the combined symbolic and realistic manner of this artist. On a pedestal in a niche Jesus is standing, his right arm raised on high, and in the left hand carrying a staff with a ball and cross, his body being draped in white. On either side of him, on a lower plane, the four Evangelists are grouped; St. Luke and St. Mark on the right, St. John and St. Matthew on the left. These are heavy, powerful figures, well painted in an old school; the colour is subdued but strong.

An emblematic group, consisting of two angel children, occupies the foreground; they are seated on a step, holding a circular device on which appears a landscape; above this is a small tablet bearing the inscription, " Salvator M V D " and above is a chalice. The picture is signed " Bartolomeus C. C., pinxit., 1516."

The two great figures of Isaiah and Job, which are now in the Uffizi, were originally the side panels to this composition, which was on a very grand scale. There may be traced a certain influence from Michelangelo in the drawing and proportions of the figures.

The Moses of Giorgione, Number 161, is a long panel, divided into separate scenes. At the left is seen the finding of Moses in his little cradle, which is like a tiny coffin, on the shores of the river. Two women are stooping over the bank hooking it ashore by a stick. A tree divides the composition, distinguishing this from the next scene, which represents the exhibition of the infant in his cradle at the court. All the costumes and types are strictly Venetian, and it is amusing to see these Venetian grandees bending eagerly over the casket, examining the child. They wear top-boots, mantles, fur-collars, and other adornments. A little dog is jumping up to view the new acquisition, and two little boys are hurring up for a peep. At the right is an orchestra of musicians playing on bass-viol and lute, while a man is serving wine, perhaps to drink the health of the little stranger. The figures are small and serve their purpose as simple decoration. They are not accurate studies, but are minutely finished, and evidently intended for the ornamentation of some piece of furniture. Morelli gives the picture to Bonifazio.

There are three Annunciations by Del Sarto in the Pitti Palace. This one, Number 163, is painted on a long, narrow panel, horizontally disposed. The Virgin starts back in terror and surprise at the apparition of the angel, who kneels before her at the oppo-

site side of the panel. On the sill of the window there is a vase of flowers, and the angel carries a lily. Two portières are looped back at the upper corners, suggesting that the scene occurs on a loggia. There are no other accessories. It was painted for Julian della Scala.

A cheerful little panel is Giulio Romano's Dance of Apollo and the Muses. It was evidently designed as a cover to a clavichord. It is literally a wreath of graceful figures, engaged in a sprightly dance, their hands joined and their lips parted in song.

Adam and Eve are painted by Campagnola as resting on the ground. A little hut is seen in the background; and on their right is a lion, while on their left appears the inoffensive face of an ox; they are reclining in graceful attitudes conversing under the fruit-tree. At the feet of Eve lies a human skull. It is a matter of conjecture how they came by this relic, they being the first human beings, and Cain not yet having manifested his fratricidal propensities. Domenico Campagnola was an artist of the Venetian school, one of the many of whom Titian is said to have been jealous. Lanzi speaks of his style in the following drastic terms: "He seems to have aspired to a vastness of design beyond that of Titian, and to mark the naked parts with a more evident degree of artifice."

One of the most celebrated pictures in the palace

is Fra Sebastiano del Piombo's Martyrdom of St. Agatha. The flesh tints are extremely warm and rich; and the picture ranks among the most beautiful specimens of Renaissance art. The figure of the saint is noble and grand; the differentiation between the tints of her creamy flesh and the swarthy faces of the executioners is striking.

Schegel, in his "Æsthetic Works," makes an exhaustive and scholarly analysis of this picture. "How can a subject so horrible form a beautiful painting?" he asks; continuing, "Indeed I have seen many spectators turn away shuddering after the first glance, and blame the artist for his selection of such a subject, and yet the very same persons have stood in pleased astonishment before the Martyrdom of St. Agnes by Domenichino, or have gazed on the Massacre of the Innocents, by Guido, without turning away from the confused heaps of dead bodies." Both of the pictures here cited are in the Louvre; Schlegel saw the St. Agatha there, it having been carried to Paris in 1799. "Nothing of this description," he proceeds, "is visible in the picture of St. Agatha. No blood, no heartrending agony, no wounds; for as yet the threatening instruments of torture have not touched the body of the saint; we do not here see that expression of fiendlike, revolting malice which usually distinguishes pictures of this kind; every-

thing loathsome or disgusting being kept as completely out of sight as is possible in the representation of a martyrdom. It seems therefore probable that the horror which it inspires, prompting every one, after a first glance, to shrink and turn away, is produced by the stern, soul-freezing reality of the representation. The artist has chosen for his picture the moment immediately preceding the application of the torture. Already the majestic form of the noble woman is uncovered; the glowing irons approach her bosom, and the horrible idea of anticipated suffering thus engendered cannot be otherwise than painful to excess: still there are comparatively few who will find its suffering insupportable, those alone who, overpowered by the exhibition of suffering, overlook the lofty, godlike character of the design; who derive no pleasure from the majestic beauty of the figures, or the fine arrangement of the whole." In alluding to the central figure, Schlegel says: "An ashy paleness alone reveals the insuperable terror of mortality at the horrible doom approaching; for her lofty countenance and gleaming eyes bespeak more indignation and contempt for her miserable tyrant than concern for her own sufferings. In the midst of torture she yet triumphs over him; . . . he seems to harden himself in his once decided purpose, as if the stubborn cruelty were struggling with and subduing a better impulse. . . . . Perhaps noth-

ing in the whole picture is more worthy of notice than the two soldiers, armed, but with helmets raised, who stand behind the tyrant and look at the proceeding in perfect sympathy with the sufferer. . . . Mute spectators of what they neither can nor dare attempt to alter, they gaze only on the saint; . . . they seem by their entire and lofty sympathy like a strain of attendant music to perform the part of the chorus in Greek tragedy. . . . There is a remarkable resemblance . . . between the two, as if they were designed to represent only one being, though under a double form; and this circumstance is yet more strikingly in affinity with the old chorus of these tragedies."

The Tragedy of the Forty Crowned Saints is painted by Pontormo with spirit and vigour in Number 182. The legend is that in the reign of Diocletian there were four architect brothers, who, together with their guild of workmen, were Christians, and refused to assist in the building of heathen edifices, saying, "We cannot build a temple to false gods, nor shape images of wood or stone to ensnare the souls of others." They were immediately recognized as subjects for martyrdom, and were disposed of in many ingenious ways. Pontormo has shown some imagination, but in the main the martyrdoms assume familiar features. This happened on the fourth day of November in the year 400 A. D. In

the picture Diocletian is seen, a youthful tyrant directing the orgy of death, while in the background on the left disproportionate infant angels are seen inveighing against this unholy massacre.

In the Hall of Saturn may be seen also certain Madonnas; and Salvator's Poet hangs here, Number 181. There is also rather a weak copy of Titian, a Bacchanale, showing a merry group of careless sylvan creatures, disporting themselves in a harmless and joyous fashion. A nymph and satyr are dancing along with cymbals; the satyr is wound with numerous snakes. A little fawn drags an ox-skull in the foreground; and in the background another satyr, holding a staff and waving his arms aloft, is dancing.

There are other good pictures which lack of space alone prevents our mentioning.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HALL OF THE ILIAD

In the centre of the Hall of the Iliad stands a marble group representing Charity, by Bartolini, a Tuscan sculptor. The treatment of the subject is the same as that of a fifteenth century statue in the Bargello.

The picture of first importance in this hall is the Monk at the Clavichord, by Giorgione, commonly called The Concert. Giorgione, with his "spiritual power and practical sense," as Ruskin claims for him, and "his entirely perfect intellect," has given us this picture. The work is very uneven, the central figure being vital and superbly painted, while the other two are not nearly as strong.

A young Augustine monk with the face of an ascetic sits at a clavichord and is playing. The hands grip the keys finely. Evidently a full, rich chord is being struck. The modelling of the face, which is turned away looking over his shoulder, is masterful. At his left (the right of the picture) stands a

HALL OF THE ILIAD

priest in a white rochet, who is resting his hand lightly upon the shoulder of the player. In his other hand he holds a musical instrument; judging from what is seen of this instrument, it is a lute. A rather self-concious youth poses for a full-face portrait on the left. He is dressed in yellow and black, with a white-plumed hat. By courtesy it is assumed that he is listening. These two figures are but accessories to the first. The question as to what the picture represents will probably never be answered to the satisfaction of all critics. To one it bears one message, to another something quite different. But on one point all must agree. Whether Giorgione intended to paint a portrait, an ideal head, or a genre subject, he has caught for all that ineffable quality of musical thrall; as Symonds so happily expresses it, "the very soul of music, as represented in Browning's 'Abt Vogler,' passing through his eyes."

Timothy Cole, who has made an exquisite engraving of this subject, tells a story of people who passed through the gallery while he was engaged at his work, illustrating the varying tastes and interpretations of different tourists. Two young ladies first stood before the picture; each one expressed herself regarding it. One of them remarked upon the glow of inspiration on the face of the player; evidently he has struck a heavenly chord, and it has had such an effect upon the friend behind him

that it has caused him to drop his violin, exclaiming, "Oh, brother, how grand! how glorious!" The sister of this young woman had received a different impression from the picture. To her she said it seemed as if the violin had gotten out of tune, and that its owner had approached and laid his hand on the shoulder of the player, apologizing for being obliged to request him to desist while the offending string was tuned. Then the father of these two girls came up, and, when his opinion was asked, he observed that the "guide-book said" that the picture represented in portrait Calvin, Luther, and Melancthon; presumably, then, the significance might be supposed to be that, while Luther struck the first chord of the Reformation, Calvin joined in the chorus, and Melancthon, — well, Melancthon just stood by and listened! But the father continued, with an expression of great wisdom, to state his own personal belief that this picture was but another representation of the Three Ages of Man; the youth, in plumed pride of expectation, the mature man playing in the midst of life, and the old man with his violin out of tune — out of harmony with the spirit of the age.

When these critics had withdrawn, two old ladies ambled up. One of them remarked upon the likeness of the "old monk" to "the one we saw in the lager-beer saloon!" They commented upon the extremely

THE CONCERT

By Giorgione; in the Hall of the Iliad

disagreeable aspect of the painting, and proceeded with their inspection of the other masterpieces of the Pitti Palace.

Originally this painting was of somewhat different proportions. But it was cut from its frame and sent to Paris in the days of Napoleon. When the picture returned to its rightful owners, a strip was added at the top of the canvas, and the plume in the young man's hat was carried up rather unduly, so that the handling of that detail must not be visited upon Giorgione.

There is a warm golden glow over the whole, which is perhaps a little dimmed by varnish. There is nothing more simple and at the same time effective among the masterpieces of the sixteenth century. Morelli claims that it is an early Titian, and gives some rather good reasons for this. Grant Allen accepts this amendment, and the Braun Catalogue enters it as a Titian. In any case, no matter by whom (and who is to decide when experts disagree?), the picture is one of the most interesting in the gallery. In the time of Ridolfi this picture was in Venice in the collection of a Florentine merchant, Paolo del Sera. He sold it to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. M. Claude Philipps believes that the model for the monk was the same as the Man with the Glove in the Louvre, which likeness is one of the arguments in favour of Titian as the artist.

Gabriel d'Annunzio has exquisitely analyzed this picture in an appreciation occurring in his "Flame of Life." I quote from the translation by Kassandra Vivaria:

"Whoever has looked at the Concerto with sagacious eyes has fathomed an extraordinary and irrevocable moment of the Venetian soul. By means of the harmony of colour, the power of significance of which is as unlimited as the mystery of sound, the artist shows us the first working of a yearning soul to whom life suddenly appears under the aspect of a rich inheritance.

"The monk sitting at the harpsichord and his older companion are not monks like those that Vittore Carpaccio painted flying from the wild beast that St. Jerome had tamed. . . . They are of nobler and stronger essence, and the air they breathe is finer and richer: it is propitious to the birth of a great joy or a great sorrow, or a haughty dream. What notes do the beautiful, sensitive hands draw from the keys where they linger? Magic notes they must be, certainly, to succeed in working in the musician so violent a transfiguration. He is half-way through his earthly existence, he is already detached from his youth, already on the verge of decay, and life is only now revealing itself adorned with all its good things, like a forest laden with purple fruit, of which his hands that were intent on other work have

never known the velvet bloom. He does not fall under the dominion of some solitary tempting image, because his sensuality slumbers, but he undergoes a confused kind of anguish in which regret overcomes desire, while on the web of the harmonies that he seeks, the vision of his past — such as it might have been and was not — weaves itself before his eyes like a design of Chimeræ. His companion, who is calm because already on the threshold of old age, divines this inner tempest; kindly and gravely he touches the shoulder of the passionate musician with a pacifying movement. Emerging from the warm shadow like the expression of desire itself, we see the youth with the plumed hat and the unshorn locks, the fiery flower of adolescence, whom Giorgione seems to have created under the influence of a ray reflected from the stupendous Hellenic myth whence the ideal form of the Hermaphrodite arose. He is there, present and yet a stranger, separated from the others as one having no care but for his own good. The music seems to exalt his inexpressible dream and to multiply infinitely his power of enjoyment. He knows that he is master of the life that escapes both the others; the harmonies sought after by the player seem only the prelude to his own feast. He glances sideways intently as if turning to I know not what that fascinates him, and that he would fascinate. His

closed mouth is a mouth heavy with a yet ungiven kiss; his forehead is so spacious that the leafiest of crowns would not encumber it, but if I consider his hidden hands, I can only imagine them in the act of crumpling the laurel leaves to perfume his fingers."

The picture of Jesus enthroned in heaven with attendant saints, by Annibale Caracci, is one of the most exquisite of the compositions of this master. The figure of the Saviour, seated upon the clouds, extending both his arms to the world below, is ineffably graceful. The face is that of a youth; he is hardly more than eighteen, although the hands are pierced, showing that it is intended to represent the Christ after his crucifixion. But whatever the reason for representing Christ as so young a boy, the result is one of the most beautiful in art. On either side of the central figure little angels symbolizing Night and Day are crouching; one deeply shaded by a drapery around his head, the other in the full light. On either side, beyond, are the Evangelists: St. Peter at the left, with his keys and books, and St. John with his eagle and book on the right. All this part of the composition is refined and restful. If one could be vouchsafed a heavenly vision, it might be like this.

Below, on the earth, appears a distant city, with domes and pediments showing, and a landscape

CHRIST ENTHRONED
By A. Caracci; in the Hall of the Iliad

connecting it with the foreground. Here are four fine figures of saints. The first, in the centre, at the left is St. Ermengild, martyr, bearing a palm; behind, at the extreme left, the Magdalen. At the right, St. Edward of England is kneeling with one hand on his heart while the other is placed on the shoulder of the Cardinal Farnese. St. Edward of England may be either St. Edward the Martyr, who was stabbed in a wood by the wicked treachery of his stepmother, or St. Edward the Confessor, who is a later and more familiar saint. In the case of the former, his proper emblem is a palm; in the case of the Confessor, a dove and a ring. As none of these attributes are present, there is no way of determining which English saint was intended. In the background is seen the creeping figure of a cripple, supported on his hands by blocks which enable him to move independently of his misshapen legs. The significance of this figure is not easy to determine. The colouring of the two central figures in the foreground is almost entirely blue and golden hues; the red cape of the cardinal enlivens the right side of the picture.

The Caracci are at the very head of the school of Bologna. They were a remarkably talented family; all were painters, Ludovico, his brother Paolo, Agostino, and Annibale. It is with Annibale, the painter of the beautiful Christ Enthroned, that we are now

concerned. Annibale Caracci was born in Bologna in 1560. Nearly all art which is worthy of the name in the eighteenth century owes its power to the influence of this remarkable family.

They observed Correggio and his peculiarities very closely; they knew anatomy well, and understood the human figure. In treating costume, they were rather noted for good plain folds than elaborate detail; drapery well managed rather than decorated. Mengs does not consider them consummate as colourists. Indeed, their paintings are often badly faded. This arose from too much oil being used. They employed blues freely; often to the verge of coldness. They abandoned the yellow tones which had been so long in vogue. Annibale was before all the rest in thus allowing blue to predominate. It is a matter of taste whether this appears a virtue or a defect in their work.

Annibale Caracci was a wonderfuly accurate and rapid draughtsman. In a group of artists who were discussing the Laocoon, he remained quiet until they had all aired their knowledge, and then, with a few strokes of the pencil, he drew the statue, observing, "Poets paint with words; painters speak with the pencil."

The Caracci are said to mark the last boundary line of the Golden Age in Italy. Annibale died in Rome, in 1609.

The Assumption of the Virgin, by Andrea del Sarto, Number 191, is a large picture, round at the top. The Virgin is seated on the clouds, her gaze directed upwards, and her right hand extended. The face is that of a woman who has passed her first youth. She is surrounded by beautiful nude child-angels, two of whom hold tablets. Below Mary's feet is a most exquisite boy-angel, in a strong light; he looks downward to earth, while pointing upward, bidding the saints below to behold the celestial vision. Below are several figures of apostles, some looking into the empty tomb, and some directing their gaze above. There is only one false note — the portrait of the artist is introduced, kneeling with his face turned so that he looks over his shoulder at the spectator, giving a disagreeable impression of inattention at so vital a moment. Some of the figures are unfinished. The wood on which the picture is painted cracked, and this so discouraged Andrea that he never quite completed his work upon it. It was, however, accepted by Bartolommeo Panciatichi, who had ordered it, and it hung in the house of his son for a long time, being sold afterwards to the Grand Duke Pietro Leopold. The quality of the atmosphere is luminous, and the drawing of the figures beautiful. Observe particularly an apostle at the extreme left, with his right arm raised slightly, and a figure near the centre who stands

startled, with both hands (beautifully modelled) lifted in a gesture of surprise. This picture may be seen in the illustration representing the Hall of the Iliad.

The Assumption of the Virgin, by Andrea del Sarto, Number 225, hanging in the same room, is sometimes confounded with Number 191. The upper part of the canvas is quite like some of Correggio's work, especially in the quality of the lights. The Virgin sits in the clouds, her hands joined, and slightly upraised. Her eyes look out from the picture in a disinterested manner, and do not carry the observer upward. She looks as if she were waiting for a signal — and as if that signal were not coming from above. The little angels, which play such an active part in the scene which the Madonna takes so passively, are beautiful studies of foreshortening.

The saints below are rather academic; but the central figure, with upturned profile and extended arm, has such a beautiful hand that one forgets the self-consciousness of the pose. St. Margaret of Cortona appears at the right, kneeling. St. Margaret was born in Tuscany, and in her youth was a noted evil liver, having been left early an orphan, and being overcome by the temptations of her surroundings. One of her lovers was murdered, and a little dog led her to the place where he lay. The sight of his mutilated body so affected her that she

repented, and reformed, and ever afterwards lived a saintly life. In 1272, she took the habit of the third order of St. Francis. A legend is told, that as she knelt before the crucifix the head of the Saviour was bent in forgiveness. She became the representative of the Magdalen to the people of Cortona. As a rule the little dog is regarded as her attribute in art; but in this picture by Del Sarto it is omitted.

St. Niccolo de Bari, robed in a dalmatic and with a mitre visible at his feet, assumes an admirable pose at the left also. He was a native of Lycia in Asia Minor. His parents were Christians. The first sign of early piety in Niccolo was on the day of his birth; he is said to have stood up in his bath, in order to render thanks to God for having called him into the world. He is probably the only saint on record to begin so promptly his saintly calling! He continued to be a most precocious child, and they relate further that he would never nurse on Wednesdays or Fridays, being from the first determined to observe all fasts. Naturally his parents dedicated so remarkable a child to a religious life. His father and mother died of the plague, and left him, still a young man, heir to vast wealth. He regarded his riches as a sacred stewardship, and constantly gave large sums to the deserving poor. Many people were saved from lives of want or infamy through his unknown generosity. One narra-

tive is related of an innkeeper who used to steal children, and serve up their limbs to his guests. The penetrating St. Niccolo approached the barrel where the remains of these victims were salted down, and made the sign of the cross over them; whereupon the limbs arose, and the children, entire, are reported to have run home to their parents. The attributes of St. Niccolo are three balls — some claim that they are intended to represent three purses of gold which he threw in at the window of a house to save three unhappy girls from ruin; some say that they are three loaves of bread which kept a poor widow from starving; some say that they signify the Trinity. St. Niccolo died in 326. His remains were taken to Bari, in 1084, by some enterprising merchants, who had heard of the miracles which the sacred body had wrought, and who went and helped themselves to the relics unchallenged, the town having been recently devastated by the Saracens.

The picture was painted for the Cardinal of Cortona, and was placed in the Church of St. Antonio del Poggio in that city. The grand Duke Ferdinand II. bought it from Cosimo Passerini in 1639, and it was taken to the Pitti Gallery.

Biliverti's Tobias and the Angel, hanging above the door, is one of his finest works. Giovanni Biliverti was a Florentine living between 1576 and

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL
By Biliverti; in the Hall of the Iliad

1644, and a pupil of Cigoli. This picture was painted in 1612 for Giovanni Cerretani, a member of the Florentine Senate. The Grand Duke Leopold II. bought it from the artist Accia for 250 sequins. Although often accused of being affected and mannered (for it belongs to the decadent school), it has a definite charm, even though that charm be somewhat dramatic. The picture represents Tobias and the Angel. As the story is told in the Apocrypha, it is probably unfamiliar to many readers. An outline of it will serve to interpret Biliverti's painting. Tobias, the son of Tobit, had gone forth to marry a wife, leaving at home his father, who suffered from blindness. While the youth was on his journey, accompanied by a stranger who was in reality the Archangel Raphael, he came to the River Tigris.

"And when the young man went down to the river to wash himself, a fish leaped out of the river, and would have devoured him.

"Then the angel said unto him, Take the fish. And the young man laid hold of the fish and drew it to land.

"To whom the angel said: Open the fish and take out the heart and the liver and the gall and put them up safely."

The angel then went on to explain to Tobias that these parts of the fish are of virtue in exorcising

devils and in healing blindness. So when Tobias returned home, his blind father came to greet him.

"And he took hold of his father and strake of the gall on his father's eyes, saying: Be of good hope, my father."

And the father was healed of his blindness, and Tobias, not knowing who his guide had been on the journey, wished to give him half of his riches; but his companion answered him:

"I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels, and when they bow in fear before him, behold he has gone when they rise up again."

Biliverti has chosen the dramatic moment in the story, and depicts Tobias and Tobit his father, with newly recovered sight, offering jewels to the angel, who is just beginning to tell them his great message. The instant of transition from ignorance to knowledge is caught with considerable power and action. A more critical moment could hardly have been selected, and the expression and attitude of the figures are not affected, considering the supreme importance of the incident. Tobias has made his offer of jewels, which he holds in his hands, — the old man, with a slightly dazed expression, quite remarkably indicating the unaccustomed sensation of sight, stands by; and each shows dawning comprehension of the angel's words. The lips of Tobias are parted in an exclamation

of surprise and reverence; the wings of the angel are spread for flight; you feel that he will be gone directly. In point of fact, instead of such a picture being a mannered and simply pretty study of a scene, painted for the sake of introducing types, it is full of thought and study of a critical situation.

St. Augustine interprets the story of Tobias and the angel as being a symbolical story, saying, " Christ is the fish which young Tobias took living from the stream, whose heart, consumed by passion, put the demon to flight and restored sight to the blind."

The heads of the three chief figures are beautifully drawn, that of the angel being, as it were, a Greek head in a Renaissance setting. The hands also are modelled finely; the colour of the whole is soft. Tobias's tunic is yellow, while Tobit wears a blue fur-bordered robe; the angel is in soft grays and violets. Thus even the colour-scheme is thoughtful, each subject being clad in a shade to harmonize with his position in the legend.

The Sleeping Love, by Caravaggio, is lying on the ground stretched out in slumber. His wing is bent under him in a way which, if a Cupid with wings existed, would surely be very natural. On the ground are his bow and quiver.

In the Baptism of Christ, Veronese fails to give any special inspiration, though his treatment of the subject is not objectionable. The face of Jesus is

in shadow. The figure stands in a conventional way, the attitude being one of reverence and submission, and is acceptable if not striking. The nimbus about the divine head is painted in regular rays, but they are rays of simple light, in symmetrical disposition, — not metallic formed rays such as Carlo Dolci has employed in his pictures of saints. Christ is kneeling on a small rock in the bed of the river. His arms are crossed upon his breast.

The Baptist stands, or rather leans upon a rock, and conveys too much the impression that he is afraid to get into the water himself. He is in no way a figure equal to the demand of the subject. Kneeling on the bank, rather in the middle distance, and showing between the figures of Christ and St. John, is a nobly executed female saint. Her upturned face is in Veronese's best manner, and although the hand, which is almost the only other part of her which appears, is rather stiff, the general effect is the most pleasing thing in the picture. Two angels are at the left, one of them holding a white cloth. The Holy Ghost, symbolized, as usual, by a white dove, hovers over the group radiating light — which falls from above upon all. In this picture Paul Veronese had no opportunity to paint rich textiles, but the lights are characteristic of his style. The background is that of a thick grove of trees suggesting that the spot chosen for

the Saviour's baptism was a shady nook by the side of the stream; quite a different conception from that of many artists, who have painted the scene in the broad open river.

There is a general air of cool seclusion about the picture with the clear sky showing through the leafy branches at the back. This picture may be seen in the illustration of the Hall of the Iliad.

On either side of the large Assumption of the Virgin, by Del Sarto, are rows of portraits. At the top on the right is a picture by Pulzone, of Eleanora, wife of Vincenzo I., Duke of Mantua. She was a daughter of Francesco I. de Medici, and must have been brought up in the Pitti Palace. She is dressed in court costume, such as we usually call Elizabethan, having an elaborate lace ruff; and her hair is dressed high with a cap and jewels. Scipione Pulzone was a young artist of some promise, but he only lived to be thirty-six years of age, dying in 1593, having come to a considerable fame in portrait art. He reached a standard of excellence which came partly from a close study of Raphael and Del Sarto, so that he was called, even in his youth, the Van Dyck of the Roman school. He finished highly, especially the hair in his pictures; and even in the pupils of the eyes he often placed a reflection of the objects in the room, giving an extremely real expression, even when viewed from a distance. His style was laboured,

but it was full of promise for future greatness, had he lived.

A stiff head of St. George, by Paris Bordone, hangs in this row; nothing about it suggests the saint. He is simply a man in armour, with one unwieldy hand raised in benediction.

An unknown portrait by Tinelli is painted with much charm and sprightliness.

Pulzone's portrait of Marie de Medici hangs at the top of the left line, balancing that of Eleanora on the opposite side. Marie looks much as she does in her numerous portraits by Rubens. She is in a décolleté corsage with high stiff lace collar flaring back in the fashion which she usually affected. She is gowned in red and is covered with jewels. It is a very "dressy" portrait. Marie de Medici was also a daughter of Francesco I. de Medici, and was born April 26, 1575, and married King Henry IV. of France when she was twenty-five years of age. This monarch was addicted to gallantries which greatly displeased the fiery disposition of his bride, who laboured under the disadvantage of being less good-looking than the ladies who had superseded her in her husband's affections. It is said that his face has often borne the marks of her nails, a method which she adopted to show her disapproval of his reprehensible course of action. She was the mother of Louis XIII., and at the death of her husband became re-

gent. Her great political career began then — her history is familiar to all. She lived to be sixty-five years old. This portrait was painted in her youth. She died at last, in Cologne, in 1643, without even the material comforts, exiled by her son, Louis XIII.

There is another portrait of himself by Andrea del Sarto; and one of Salvator Rosa, by himself, facing the spectator, and holding his palette and brushes. There is a superb Velasquez portrait, — a thoroughly Spanish-looking man with a mantle slung across his shoulder, the costume being of about the year 1600.

The lowest portrait in this row, Number 190, is by Sustermans, and represents the son of Federigo III., King of Denmark. It shows a youth in armour, with a sash across his breast, and a large square collar of elaborate lace. He is rather a heavy-eyed boy, with his hair cut straight across his forehead, too close to his eyebrows. The portrait is a decorative one, and is familiar to most of us, through photographs.

A mediæval, serious countenance gazes at us from a small panel, Number 195, by Francia, at the bottom of the row of portraits on the other side. It is as fine a treatment of the human face as any in this gallery, and stands out cool, restful, and pure from among the florid pictures of a later day. Francia, or Francesco Raibolini, was a great artist who

lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, dying in 1557. His work has a fascinating quality of naïveté. In his religious pictures he exhibits deep feeling. The handling is not so perfect as that of Perugino, but "for mastery over oil painting," says John Addington Symonds, "and for charm of colour, Francia challenges comparison with what is best in Perugino, though he did not attain quite the same technical excellence."

There are portraits, too, by Sustermans, of Ferdinando II., Number 209, and of Cosimo I. by Bronzino, Number 212. Short accounts of the lives and errors of these princes will be found in the chapter upon the growth of the collection.

Number 215 is a portrait of Don Diego da Mendoza, by Titian. It was painted in 1514, while Mendoza was Ambassador to Venice for Charles V. of Spain. It is a striking picture, and a good subject, although restorers have done their best to spoil it. Don Diego da Mendoza was a favourite of Charles V., and entrusted by the emperor with important duties as ambassador and viceroy. The emperor conferred upon him the viceroyalty of Valencia when he left his kingdom for an expedition into Germany. Mendoza was also Ambassador to Rome and Venice, and was brought into close relations with Cosimo de Medici when Charles sought large loans from the Florentines. A skilful master of diplo-

macy, Mendoza was a poor soldier; and it was through his lack of military foresight that the people of Siena recovered from him their city, which he occupied under the pretence of rendering the inhabitants sure protection.

St. Benedict among the Saints in Heaven, by Paul Veronese, is a rich characteristic bit of the master's gorgeousness. The saint is displayed in a cope of regal magnificence; he stands among the clouds, with uplifted face. His attitude is benign and stately, and he holds a crozier. At either side of him stand two other saints, in equally rich copes, embroidered with figures and rendered most exquisitely. These two saints are St. Maur and St. Placidus, his first two disciples. St. Maur holds a book and a censer; St. Placidus a palm, he being a martyr. At his feet kneel many virgins in vestments of nuns; among them is St. Scholastica, distinguished by her attribute, a dove. The picture was painted in 1572. In the sky is seen a very ornately dressed St. Catherine kneeling at the feet of Christ. The draperies could not be better disposed, either for near inspection or for distant effect.

Guido Reni's Charity, Number 197, is an oval picture, and hangs above, in a corner. It is a graceful composition of clinging children about a partly draped woman. Individually the figures are not affected.

Hanging high is the full-length portrait of Philip II. of Spain, by Titian. Philip II.'s portrait by Velasquez is acknowledged to be the one which presents the Spanish king most realistically, but one must attribute much of its monumental effect to the genius of the artist. Painters have always flattered kings. It is interesting to have other portraits of the same subject by other artists, so that a genuine impression may be gained how the man looked and what kind of a spirit there was in him. Philip II., small in stature and dreary of countenance, with a large protruding jaw, fits his reputation. Industrious, master of intrigue, an adept in cruelty, imperfectly educated, grasping, avaricious, possessed of a great empire, with unlimited power at his command, he ruled by the exercise of his own will, and destroyed either in open warfare or secret plot all who withstood him. Motley speaks of him as a spider sitting in the centre of his web, and entangling within it all who ventured near. Sitting in his cabinet in the Escorial, and as invisible and hedged about as the Grand Lama of Thibet, he dictated the policy of the state. Few men have ever exercised so great a power, and fewer have ever used it for such unworthy ends. Treachery, conspiracy, and assassination are not unjustly associated with his name. The murderer of William the Silent, it is fitting that he should have re-

joiced at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The story of the Netherlands in revolt illustrates the deliberate cruelty of his acts. Philip II. and Alva must be mentioned together. In the small and narrow head are evidences of that secretiveness and intrigue which hatched the plots; and the lower part of his face indicates the determination and energy that carried them out. We have here the skill of the man who could conceive the idea of the Spanish Armada and command resources sufficient to put the idea into operation. Philip determined to stem the tide of modern thought; heretics must be destroyed, and the Inquisition was one of the instruments used in a wholesale destruction. He was governed by motives partly religious, partly political, but the result was the same; and the world, looking upon his face, can never fail to see there the cruelty and bigotry which devastated Europe and threatened England.

Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, painted in Hungarian battle costume, is in Titian's best portrait vein. He is turned three-quarters to the right, in a red cap ornamented with a buckle and plumes. In his right hand is a baton and in his left a sabre. He certainly embodies the Venetian preference for warfare over religion. His history was a strange one. He was a natural child of Giuliano de Medici, Duke of Nemours, and was born in Urbino in 1511.

Giuliano was a brother of Pope Leo X., who became interested in his nephew, and had him appointed cardinal, not on account of the young man's fitness for the calling, but because it was a convenient favour for the Pope to bestow. Ippolito was of a very martial disposition, and took his first opportunity to join the army when Charles V. assembled a host to go out against Solyman and the Turks. Clement VII., who was then Pope, appointed him as his legate, and gave him three hundred musketeers, with whom he proceeded joyously to Vienna. His distaste for the more peaceful fields of Church disputations caused the Pope to pronounce him slightly insane. He allowed his musketeers to run riot, and behaved himself in so lawless a way that Charles V. had him arrested, but, knowing that Ippolito had found favour with Pope Clement, with whom he wished to enter upon a treaty, he decided to liberate the legate, who appeared at Bologna at the conference. It was here that, while sporting his Hungarian uniform, Titian painted his likeness. The bronzed visage is painted in a remarkably lifelike way, and Titian has adapted his style well to the exigencies of the subject. The description by Crowe and Cavalcaselle seems best to quote in studying the detail of this picture: "No modulations are to be observed in a face the whole character of which lies in the contrast between pol-

ished skin, sharp-cut features, and eyes of portentous cunning. There is something grandly entire in the whole head, to which Titian gives life and elevation by a broad and general rendering of the lineaments, without any research of miniature. Smooth rounding and tone were essential to the production of this effect, and these Titian gives with a warmth and softness of fusion truly admirable. Looking closely at the grain of the canvas, one sees the art with which the colour is strained over it, the skill with which uniform gloss is broken with a touch or modified with a glaze. A Giorgionesque and mysterious glow is the result."

Titian's head of Christ lacks character. It is only a bust, the face nearly in profile, and one hand laid on the breast. Red and blue predominate in the draperies. It is an early work of the master, and has the delicate finish and gloss of the period. As usual, Titian has here "given tenderness by transitions of half-tones and broken contrasted colours," as Crowe describes his method of mottling. The picture has a landscape background.

The weak, vicious face of Francesco I. de Medici confronts us in Bronzino's portrait, Number 206. This was the son of Cosimo I., born the 25th of March, in 1541. He was a great patron of arts and letters, but a disgraceful example of self-indulgence and weakness of purpose where moral ques-

tions were involved. He became sovereign of Tuscany at thirty-five years of age. He used to circumvent plots and conspiracies in the Pitti Palace in an ingenious way, narrated by his biographer, and chronicled in the "Memoirs of Mark Noble," which I quote: "He perforated the six torquex in the Medicean arms, which were put up very high in the great hall of the Palazzo Pitti, and, when the magistrates sat in their judicial capacity, all that was said was distinctly heard in a gallery on the other side. Here he often took his post, and, much to his honour, if he detected in them any partiality, the cause was reëxamined by himself, the decree reversed, and the judge punished."

Francesco married a lady of great virtue, the Duchess Johanna of Austria, niece of Maximilian II. This good woman was kept in a state of constant excitement and fear, through the unlawful affection of her lord and master for the beautiful Bianca Capello, wife of Pietro Bonaventuri. The grand duchess, piously trusting in her religion, performed a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, in order to win back the heart of her husband. In 1572 she and her ladies set out for Loretto with offerings of golden hearts, candlesticks, crosses, etc., but in vain. Our Lady of Loretto was powerless against the substantial charms of Bianca Capello,

and Johanna was put aside, and shortly after died, in 1578.

The portrait of Bianca Capello, the cause of all this trouble, Number 204, hangs here. It was painted also by Bronzino. She is richly dressed. She wears a beautiful gown of embroidered stuff designed in square figures; her sleeves are elaborately arranged to button their whole length, but were left open when the picture was painted. Short frills are around the upper parts of the sleeves and around the shoulder. The neck is open, and shows a lace-trimmed chemisette; the collar flares in the Elizabethan fashion, and she wears a thin veil. She has on a pearl necklace.

Bianca Capello was born in Venice, but was married at an early age to Pietro Bonaventuri against her father's wishes. The couple fled to Florence. There the dissolute Francesco de Medici saw her, and fell desperately in love. Her defenders say that Bianca was a virtuous woman, and that she was never the mistress of Francesco. Her husband was a weak and lazy member of society, and Bianca was finally reduced to taking in washing to support the family, — which would have been unnecessary if she had listened to her powerful adorer. Finally, however, the conditions changed. Francesco went about hinting that Pietro Bonaventuri was in the way; that it was not a grand duke's

business to put him to death, but that the same grand duke would pardon any assassin who chose to kill Pietro on his own account. One day, not long after, the unfortunate Pietro was discovered dead on a bridge near his home. Bianca, who, though virtuous in the popular acceptance of the term, was certainly very much attracted to the duke, went to him in all the "pomp of mourning," and demanded justice for the "murderer." Whereupon Francesco replied: "The best justice I can give you is to marry you myself." This arrangement conforming absolutely with the proprieties as Bianca conceived them, she and the duke were promptly wedded on the 12th of October, 1579. Their only son died in infancy.

Some years passed happily, and then the royal couple received a visit from their brother, Cardinal Ferdinand de Medici, who thought it a pity that two people like his brother and his low-born consort should so long occupy the throne of Tuscany, to which he himself would succeed if they should happen both to expire. So the kindly Cardinal Ferdinand came to visit them, and they all sat down to luncheon. A tart such as Francesco greatly enjoyed was set before them. He and Bianca ate a great deal of this delicacy, — Cardinal Ferdinand was fasting, and denied himself the treat. By a curious coincidence, both Francesco and Bianca died that night.

This melancholy event took place on the 15th of October, in 1587.

It is a misfortune that the only two pictures in the Pitti which have ever been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci have been somewhat discredited; so that in all probability this greatest of artists is not represented in the collection. Still, the Goldsmith and the Monaca have both been considered as his work for generations, and it is interesting to note the reasons for the change of opinion, as well as the fact of their having been so long accredited to him.

The Goldsmith is now thought to be the work of Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. It is painted in low tones of brown and black. The main colour in the picture is in the charming little landscape in the background. The expression of the man who examines a beautiful jewel which he holds in his hand is very living. It might easily be a portrait, for it has certain faults of feature which are seldom chosen by a painter in representing an ideal subject. The under lip is heavy, and the chin is not regular. But it is a very pleasing picture nevertheless; the small touch of filigree against the sombre texture of the garment of the goldsmith is in happy relief.

Ridolfo Ghirlandajo was a painter of legitimate pictures, and was also what in modern times would be called a "decorator:" not being averse to paint-

ing banners, standards, etc., and designing pageants, triumphal arches, and decorations of heraldic character. When Ghirlandajo was in Rome, Raphael invited him to assist him with his frescoes in the Vatican; but Ridolfo, with very little foresight, refused, thereby losing the opportunity of being associated with the great master, and of having his name handed down to posterity in connection with that important work. He had much elegance and facility, and a certain vivacity of manner which enabled him to follow the style of Raphael in some of his pictures. Many of his figures are strikingly like those of Raphael. But he painted rather for amusement than as a profession; therefore he was what might be called an amateur. He assembled a coterie of clever people around him and instructed them in various of the minor decorative arts which greatly fascinated him. His portraits were excellent. He was of a sunny, cheerful disposition, and he lived to enjoy a peaceful old age, suffering somewhat from the gout, and bearing it with fortitude. He decorated several ceilings in the Pitti Palace, and, as he grew old, he became a devoted sightseer, and visited all new buildings, gardens, etc., that were in the vicinity and could be conveniently seen. Vasari tells how "one day that the Signor Duke had gone out of Florence, Ridolfo caused himself to be carried in a chair to the palace, where

he lived and remained the whole day, examining the whole of that building, which was so greatly altered and transmuted from what it had formerly been that he scarcely knew it again." Vasari was at that time painting at the Pitti. In the evening, when he departed, the old man said: "Now shall I die content, since I shall be able to carry to our artists who are in the other world intelligence to the effect that I have seen the dead revived, the deformed made beautiful, and the old made young." Ridolfo died at the age of seventy-five years, in 1560, and was interred in Santa Maria Novella.

In Fra Bartolommeo's Virgin Enthroned, the Madonna is seated in the centre, on a high throne, above which is suspended a circular canopy suspended by four angels. St. Bartholomew, standing by on the right, is very stocky, and holds a knife and a book in his hand. On the left St. Michael stands in full armour, one foot advanced, giving a light poise to the figure in strong contrast to the heavy St. Bartholomew on the opposite side. He holds a furled banner, and a small palm in the other hand. His head is very noble. The angels at the foot of the throne are playing, one upon a violin and the other upon a lute. They are inexpressibly graceful. So much lampblack was used in this painting that it is almost a monochrome. It is well drawn, in good relief, and is a fine composition.

The usual effect of a pyramid in composition is combined with much grace and action of a stately kind. The infant is placing a ring on the hand of St. Catherine. St. Reparata, in lovely garments, kneels at the Virgin's feet. The Cathedral of Florence was named for this saint, who was for six hundred years the patroness of Florence, from 680 to 1298. She was a virgin of Cappadocia, and was martyred under Decius when she was only twelve years old. She was tortured and then beheaded, and her spirit is reported to have issued from her mouth in the form of a white dove when she died. Her usual emblems are a crown, a palm, and banner with a red cross on it. This picture was painted in 1512, in partnership with Albertinelli. It hung originally in the Church of San Marco, but was taken to the Pitti in 1690, where it was placed in the apartments of Ferdinand de Medici, son of Cosimo III. Antonio Gabbiani made a copy of it, which was given to the church; the price paid was equal to $800.

Daniel Barbaro, by Veronese, is a good portrait, true to the life. The man is sitting full face; he has gray hair, and is clad in a black robe lined with ermine. The hands are magnificently painted. In the left one he holds a handkerchief. It is a thoroughly good Venetian portrait of the period. Barbaro was Venetian Ambassador to the Court of

England during the reign of Edward the Sixth. Born in Venice, he studied in Padua, and was interested in mathematics, botany, and other sciences. After having been for some time in diplomatic service in Venice, he accepted the position of Ambassador to England in 1548. In the Council of Trent he was an earnest and active defender of the Church. He died in 1570.

St. John the Evangelist, by Carlo Dolci, is as mannered and smooth as most of his pictures. It is full of "prettiness" and the style of grace that was admired in Dolci's day; it is no adequate conception to modern observers of the inspired writer.

Number 218, by Salvator Rosa, represents a warrior, standing in full armour facing the spectator. He is a fierce person, with glittering eyes and a cruel little moustache above a thick, sensual mouth. His shock of wild hair is painted in a masterly manner, and the strong contrasts and soft outlines in the picture suggests Rembrandt. The foreshortening of the right hand is slightly doubtful; but apparently the warrior is pointing out of the window, perhaps to the battle-field, which may have been the scene of a recent victory.

The Virgin and St. John Adoring the Infant Christ, by Perugino, is a painting on wood in oils. This was rather an unusual vehicle for this master, who generally employed tempera; the picture has

been restored a good deal, and the general tone is red and hard. The Virgin kneels with hands joined in prayer, and regards the Infant, who sits on a very full-stuffed sack or bolster, and looks at his mother without comprehending her attitude. The child is supported by an attendant angel. He is represented as a very natural little fat thing, with one finger in his mouth, and the forefinger of the right hand raised, — probably not intended to suggest a blessing, though enthusiastic observers might so interpret it. The angel is rather insipid, and, on the whole, the picture is not among Perugino's happiest compositions; but the little kneeling figure of the young St. John, behind the Virgin (so disposed in the perspective that it would be impossible for him to catch a glimpse of the child whom he is adoring), is very prettily handled. The landscape in the background is most delightful. It is as romantic as the setting of a fairy-tale, and yet not overdrawn for an Umbrian hillside. The detail on the robe of the Virgin and the angel, and the work on the angel's wings, are very effective and characteristic of Perugino's use of gold.

The head of the Virgin is really a very beautiful work. Not only is the expression of adoration to be seen upon her face, but also there is a shade of sorrow, a pathos, as she looks at the unconscious child, and yet foresees, as she was usually believed

to have foreseen, all that is in store for him. The drooping eyelids remind us of those of the Madonnas of Raphael, particularly the Madonna Granduca. This head may have been one to which the youth gave special attention when he came under the master's influence. The head-dress is most gracefully arranged, and is an integral part of the design of the head.

Number 221 is a portrait in Titian's school of Constanza, daughter of Ercole Bentivoglio, a captain of Florence. She was the wife of Lorenzo Strozzi of Ferrara, being married in 1510. This picture was painted in 1520. Later she married Filippo Tornielli of Navarre.

There is here a portrait of an aristocratic female, the subject of which is not known, painted by Giorgione. The woman suggests the type which occurs in Titian's Sacred and Profane Love in the Borghese Gallery in Rome. She wears a wreath of stiffly wound foliage, which seems to have been a fashionable Venetian head-dress of the period; she wears gloves, and her sleeves are composed of ribbons, in the manner of Raphael's Donna Velata.

A portrait of a scholarly-looking man, by Hans Holbein, hangs here. He is not handsome, but is painted with such truth and richness of finish that he appears to be almost good-looking. The painting of the hands is more remarkable than anything else.

St. Margaret, by Carlo Dolci, is really inexcusable. A stout party, with a double receding chin, she is insipid. This conception is one of the worst examples of the meretricious features of this school. It must have been intended originally as a portrait, and afterwards denominated as a saint.

The Gravida of Raphael is one of the instances of the pitiless exactness with which the great artist used to treat portraiture. This is doubtless precisely as the model looked. One would not be cruel enough to say that there was an idealized line in it. In finish and execution it is a masterpiece; as a thing of beauty, — well, no doubt the family of the lady admired it. It is of the first rank in technique; the surfaces of linen and damask are like those of Del Sarto. The foreshortening of one hand is not like Raphael. Compared with the portrait of Madellena Doni, however, it can still be claimed as genuine.

Parmigiano painted the celebrated but unpleasing picture, Number 230. The Virgin, in a blue mantle and robe, leaning upon cushions, is the central figure. She is nothing more or less than an affected court lady. The sleeping child lies in her arms. Angels at one side are adoring the infant, and one of them is offering him a crystal vase. Near a portico in the background stands an old man unrolling a scroll.

The painter was so dissatisfied with this picture that he never finished it. Everything in the picture is drawn in an affected and exaggerated way; the figures are long-drawn out; even the columns of the portico are so long and slim that they are of a ridiculous proportion; and as to the neck of the Madonna, it is so long and sinuous that it has caused the picture to be named "The Madonna of the Long Neck." Vasari finds it "full of grace and beauty." Parmigiano was principally a painter of landscapes. He and his wife, Ippolita, both travelling about and sketching, drew many scenes for various Italian collections. It was on one of these journeys that Parmigiano, not more than forty-five years of age, died of a fever at Rome. Like so many persons who have a decided ability in one line, he neglected that and made an effort to excel in one to which he was not adapted, preferring music. "He who deceives himself, and persists in attempting what he cannot effect, often finds that he has lost what he does know and possess in seeking to acquire that which he can never attain." So says Vasari, and he ought to know.

The Madonna in the Assumption by Lanfranco, Number 231, is literally swimming up to heaven, assisted by an angel cherub, very like those of Correggio at Parma. The Virgin is preceded by an angel of maturer aspect, who is playing the violin

for her delectation, while, to welcome her, apparently, are three small angels in the clouds, singing out of a book. Altogether a strange and erratic idea of the scene.

In Sustermans's Holy Family, numbered 232, Victoria della Rovere appears as the Madonna, with Cosimo III. as an infant, and St. Joseph represented by the chamberlain of her husband, Ferdinand II.

Guercino's Susannah and the Elders next claims a passing notice. Susannah is represented as having an unusually uncomfortable time of it in this picture, for the elders, not content with gazing from afar, have approached, and are actually removing her draperies! The bath itself is an attractive one, being a square basin of marble with several steps and a sedilia.

A Holy Family of Rubens, Number 235, shows the children in the act of caressing a pet lamb. It is a delightfully fresh picture.

Christ Entering the House of Mary and Martha is the subject of a picture, Number 236, by Bassano. It represents a domestic interior; there is no ultimate wall, the dresser being placed apparently in the landscape background. On the shelves of this dresser are rows of dishes; in the foreground on the right is a fireplace, where the cook is engaged in skimming soup from a kettle. Lazarus is seated at the table cutting a loaf of bread. Martha, rising

from the table, greets Jesus, who is entering at the left through an arched doorway. Mary is already on her knees at the door, kissing the hem of his garment. There are many domestic accessories: a cat and a dog in the central part of the room; some fowl laid on a napkin on the ground; and, on the left side, in the far corner, a man may be seen bringing in fish in a basket.

Leandro da Ponte, a son of Jacopo, was born in Bassano in 1558. He kept a magnificent establishment, having numerous retainers, who used to go about with him, carrying his gold cane or his memorandum book, and on the slightest provocation he would wear his gold insignia of St. Mark upon a heavy chain. Bassano was always nervous for fear of being poisoned, and had tasters to try all his dishes. He was, in fact, a sort of Beau Brummel in an Italian setting, and was more or less a subject of mirth. He died at Venice in 1623.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STANZA OF PROMETHEUS

Amidst all the glowing realism of the Pitti Palace, its one example of Fra Angelico might almost be passed by as a stiff, cold, "early" picture, unless we realized that in any work of this unique master there is sure to be something of significance. Before analyzing the picture, it is well to consider what a contrast there is between the work of Fra Angelico and that of many whose pictures, upon a superficial glance, appear to have the same general qualities.

In the first place, the artist was a Dominican friar. A monk, living the unreal life of a monastery, with his time devoted to prayer, praise, and painting, it is not to be wondered at if the representation of natural objects came less easily to him than the production of celestial visions. He was trained near Assisi, and might be called the father of Umbrian art; he received some influence also from the early Sienese school.

He was a spiritual painter, not intellectual. His was a most pious and lofty soul; from early youth his ideal had been to devote his talents to the Lord, and the delineation of the face of Jesus or Mary was a sacrament of divine service to his mind. Should a man whose art was his religion, as his religion was his art, dare to treat the spiritual body which he attempted to portray exactly as if it were a portrait of an earthly woman? No; his aim was to do homage with the purest pigment, the finest gold, the most unadulterated lights, as he conceived the lights of heaven; and, as we gaze upon his conscientious finish and delicate lines and touches, we begin to realize that there is more here than simple miniature painting; there is reverence so profound that it forgets sometimes the values and effects of the whole in its ardour to accomplish each detail in equal perfection. "Angelico lives in an unclouded light," says Ruskin; "his shadows themselves are colour, — his lights are not the spots, but his darks." One must be lenient to some technical defects in the work, for the sake of the more precious qualities which are too rare in our later artists. In him, as Ruskin has said, there is "the full outpouring of the sacred spirit."

His real name was Giovanni. He was called Angelico from his angelic qualities, and after his death the Church conferred upon him the prefix of Beato,

which was almost as much an honour as canonization. The painter of Fra Angelico's day (1387--1455) was much hampered by tradition. In most monasteries there were artist-monks, the men who frescoed the walls and illuminated the books of their convent; and they followed a certain text-book, which was used in such religious houses (where models were not encouraged in art!), called the "Byzantine Guide to Painting," which had come down from the tenth or eleventh century, containing exact recipes for the arrangement and treatment of religious subjects; as, for instance, the following quotation: "On the character of the physiognomy of the Mother of God, — The most Holy Virgin is in her middle age. Her height is three cubits; her complexion the colour of wheat; her hair and eyes are brown. Grand eyebrows and beautiful eyes; a middle-sized nose and long fingers." The most didactic directions are also given "How to Paint the Apocalypse," "How to Represent the Tree of Jesse," etc. Artists were not expected to depart from these rules, and were hardly ever known to do so.

Another book, a "Treatise upon Various Arts," by Theophilus, a monk of the eleventh century, is a fountainhead of quaint information. He gives technical points which were also strictly observed. Theophilus tells how to grind, prepare, and mix colours. Imagine, then, an eye painted according

to this recipe: "Mix black with a little white and fill up the pupils of the eyes; add to it yet more white, and fill in the eyes on both sides." For rendering hair, this simple suggestion seems to have been all-sufficient: "Mix a little black with ochre, and fill in the hair, and mark them out with black." One can hardly realize that these perfunctory conventional directions were all the art training (aside from the invaluable education of personal experience) that the artists of the early period received. But behind this naïve and insufficient teaching there lay a wonderful spirit of devotion, and that "capacity for taking infinite pains" which under modern conditions develops geniuses. Listen to the preface of this holy man, Theophilus, and tell me if you do not feel the pathos of the inadequate result of such consecrated labour. "I, Theophilus, an humble priest, servant of the servants of God, to all wishing to overcome sloth of the mind or wandering of the soul by useful manual occupation, send a recompense of heavenly price. Skilful in the arts, let no one glorify himself inwardly, as if received from himself and not from above: but let him be thankful in the Lord, from whom and through whom all things are received. . . . Therefore, most beloved son, you will not doubt that the Spirit of God has filled your heart when you have adorned his temple. Through the spirit

of Intelligence you have acquired the faculty of genius. . . . Through the spirit of piety you regulate the nature, the destination, the time, the measure, and the means of the work." (And here follows a touch of very practical religion.) "And through a pious consideration, the *price of the fee,* that the vice of covetousness or avarice may not steal in." Blessings on the pure soul of Theophilus! Do not these old pictures in Florence take on a new meaning after reading his exhortations? With Browning:

> "How shall we prologuize, how shall we perorate,
> Utter fit things upon art and history?
> Feel truth at blood-heat and falsehood at zero-rate,
> Make of the want of the age no mystery!"

With a tolerance, then, bred, as is all tolerance, of understanding, let us examine this picture of Fra Angelico's.

Unfortunately, it is not a very creditable specimen of his best work, and it is a good deal restored. It is framed as a triptych. In the centre sits the Virgin with the Child standing on her knee, giving a blessing. The decorative quality of the halos and accessories are charming. The persistence of missal-painting on a large scale is the chief impression received. A blue mantle over a pink robe, as prescribed, clothes the Virgin. The Child is also in

ALTAR-PIECE

By Fra Angelico; in the Stanza of Prometheus

rose colour. In her right hand Mary holds a box, probably of some perfume or unguent. This is the extent of the central composition, — not original; the delicate work in the background should be noticed. On the left is St. John the Baptist holding a cross, with his fur robe draped by a long mantle. In the same panel stands St. Dominic, the founder of Fra Angelico's order, holding a lily and a book. Above these two figures is an exquisite little Annunciation angel in a quatrefoil ornament. On the right of the triptych are St. Peter Martyr and St. Thomas, who holds an open book showing Gothic lettering. These are both in the Dominican habit. Above them, in a little quatrefoil, a small figure of the Virgin balances the angel on the other side. Over the gilded framework of the tabernacle two small scenes may be observed: Dominicans preaching and exhorting with some spirit, painted with more independence, since these scenes were not included in the regularly prescribed rule for such a picture. The faces do not bear comparison with those of the Paradiso in the Academia, nor yet with those of the familiar angels with musical instruments which surround the Madonna of the Uffizi. Like all paintings of its school, it is more interesting in detail than in mass. It was painted for the monks of St. Peter Martyr.

It is interesting to have in the same room with

Fra Angelico's work a Madonna by Fra Lippo Lippi. Never was greater variance between two monastic artists. Fra Angelico was a monk by choice, by temperament; Fra Lippo Lippi was a monk through circumstance. His father and mother dying when he was only eight years old, his guardians sent him to a Carmelite convent. In the durance of a religious house (being of a roving and merry temperament), he gave the good monks a deal of trouble. He early developed a talent for drawing, using his time in making caricatures, so the prior became interested in his talent, and he was instructed in art. He had ample opportunity for studying the frescoes of Massaccio in the Carmine Chapel. Otherwise there is little known of his life except Vasari's romantic story of his love and elopement. This rare scapegrace in Orders conducted himself in a highly scandalous way in the monastery to which he had been consigned. "You should not take a fellow eight years old," says Fra Lippo, in Browning's poem, "and make him swear to never kiss the girls!"

One cannot tell the story in better words than Vasari's, full of the flavour of their time and the romance of the episode. "Having thus received a commission from the nuns of Sta. Margherita to paint a picture for the high altar of their church, he one day chanced to see the daughter of Francesco

Buti, a citizen of Florence, who had been sent to the convent either as novice or a boarder. Fra Filippo, having given a glance at Lucrezia, for such was the name of the girl, who was exceedingly beautiful and graceful, so persuaded the nuns that he prevailed upon them to permit him to make a likeness of her for the Virgin in the work he was then executing for them. The result of this was that the painter fell violently in love with Lucrezia, and at length found means to influence her in such a manner that he led her away from the nuns on a certain day, . . . and he bore her from their keeping. By this event the nuns were deeply disgraced, and the father of Lucrezia was so grievously afflicted thereat that he never more recovered his cheerfulness, and made every possible effort to regain his child. But Lucrezia, whether retained by fear or by some other cause, would not return, but remained with Filippo, to whom she bore a son, who was also called Filippo, and who eventually became a most excellent and very famous painter like his father."

Fra Filippo was a little later than Fra Angelico, being born in 1412 and dying in 1469, but their periods were near enough together for them to have done work of a similar kind. And yet how different! No Byzantine Manual here! The joy of portraying a lovely woman has superseded the holy zeal recommended by Theophilus. A very human

man did his best realistic work in this picture. The child, instead of bestowing a blessing on the world, is amusing himself like any baby, holding up the seed of a pomegranate, and rubbing his toes and the soles of his feet gently together, as little children do when they are interested. Of course there may be a deposit of serious teaching in this act, — the seed of the pomegranate may have been used, in a half-pagan way, to symbolize the shadow of death. The Virgin is one of the loveliest types of Florentine art. Fra Filippo Lippi has painted many beautiful Madonnas, but a more exquisite one than this was never delineated by him. The expression on her face is evidently intended to be subdued; the eyebrows are raised and the lids drooping; certain conventional methods of expressing sadness have been observed; and yet a touch in the corners of the eye and mouth would produce a most witching and arch expression.

Browning has delightfully summed up the charm and feeling of Fra Lippo's work. Lippo is telling how the monks criticize his work because of his venturing to paint nature as he sees it:

> "How, what's here?
> Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
> Faces, arms, legs, and bodies, like the true
> As much as pea and pea! 'tis devil's game!
> Your business is not to catch men with show,

MADONNA AND CHILD

By Fra Filippo Lippi; in the Stanza of Prometheus

With homage to the perishable clay —
But lift them over it, — ignore it all!
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
. . . . . .
Give us no more of body than holds soul,
. . . . . .
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!"

Lippo's soliloquy follows this tirade:

"A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill the eye can't stop there, — must go farther —
And can't fare worse! . . .
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Make his flesh liker, and his soul more like?
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece — Patron Saint. It is so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
Sorrow or joy. Won't beauty go with these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash
And then add soul, and heighten them threefold? . . .
Or, say there's beauty with no soul at all —
(I never saw it — put the case the same)
If you get simple beauty and naught else
You get about the best thing God invents
That's somewhat; and you'll find the soul you've missed
Within yourself, when you return him thanks."

Verily Fra Lippo had grasped the principle expressed by D'Annunzio, "to create with joy." But it is the joy of earth, not of heaven, — there is a sensual appreciation in his painting not to be found in that of the saintly Angelico.

The Madonna of the Pomegranate, which hangs in the Pitti, is a round picture, and is said to be a portrait of Fra Lippo's mistress, Lucrezia Buti. The proprieties of art are observed in so far as the pink garment, blue robe, and white veil indicate. The composition of the picture is quite elaborate. It is almost a biography of the Virgin, — Anna and Joachim are seen meeting at the Golden Gate, and on the other side is represented the birth of Mary, with the usual well-strapped-up bambino being displayed to its admiring friends. Burckhardt considers these scenes in the background to represent the Visitation and the Birth of the Baptist. It is a matter of interpretation; such scenes might easily be rendered almost alike. In every way this is one of the most satisfactory of the pictures in the gallery.

Filippino Lippi, the son of Fra Lippo, has also a Holy Family in this room, Number 347. It is a round picture, the Virgin in the centre adoring the infant, who lies on the ground. They are surrounded by exquisite angels, equal to some of Benozzo Gozzoli's; one of them standing at the left is showering rose leaves upon the baby. On the right are two angels kneeling, with their wings just fluttering and hands folded. The little Baptist is kneeling before the child. A balustrade surrounds the grass-plot on which the scene is set, and

a rose hedge is seen all around, while in the distance is a peaceful pastoral view.

Filippino was not a pupil of his father, because Fra Lippo died when Filippino was still a youth; he was born in 1460. He studied with Botticelli, and shows in his work the influence of his master. It must have annoyed the nuns of Sta. Margherita in Prato, when Filippino, after all that had occurred, was employed to do some of his best work directly across from their church; but these things will happen. Most of his life he painted in Florence, but did work in Lucca and some other cities as well. An anecdote is told of his management of perspective, and his ability to paint still life. In one of his pictures there is a cleft represented in the ground, which was so naturally rendered that one evening, when some one knocked at the studio door, one of the pupils ran to hide in this crack something which he did not want to be seen. Filippino was taken off in the height of his power by a sudden and virulent attack of quincy, while he was working upon a Deposition for the Church of the Nunziata. He died in 1505, in the forty-fifth year of his age. He had inherited the happy temperament of his jovial father, and was popular and beloved. In readiness and inventive genius, this artist has rarely been surpassed. His father's sin

was more than atoned for in his blameless, cheerful life.

Another picture by Filippino hangs here, a narrow, long panel, representing scenes from the Death of Lucrezia. The pathetic story of Lucrezia is well known: how this chaste and virtuous wife of Collatine became the victim of the rapacious Tarquin, and afterwards killed herself. The episode chosen by Filippino for the subject of his panel is the moment when Lucrezia, having assembled her friends and relatives and told them of her distress, has stabbed herself. The picture is divided into two scenes. The first represents the dying Lucrezia at the door of the house, supported by Brutus, who is pulling the dagger out of her heart. Near by are the husband, father, and other friends, with expressions of grief and horror. In Shakespeare's graphic words:

> "Storm-still, astonished with this deadly deed
> Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew:
> Till Lucrece's father that beholds her bleed
> Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw:
> And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
> The murderous knife, and as it left the place
> Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase."

The second division shows the corpse of the wife of Collatine in the midst of the Court of Justice, with the populace and the relatives all about, some

testifying to their grief and others to their rage. In the centre, near Lucrezia, Brutus presses forward, at the right, holding a dagger, and inciting the populace to vengeance.

> "When they had sworn to this advised doom
> They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece hence
> To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
> And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence;
> Which being done with speedy diligence
> The Romans plausibly did give consent
> To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

The Tondo of a Madonna, Number 348, is possibly not by Botticelli, as usually supposed, and is said by many critics to be a studio piece, the work of his pupils. It has some of Sandro's characteristics, and will serve to illustrate certain phases of his manner until one has opportunity to examine, in the royal apartments of the palace, the more representative and undoubted work of the master, the recently rediscovered Pallas and the Centaur.

Mr. Walter Pater has analyzed the quality of Botticelli's Madonnas: "Hardly any collection of note is without one of these circular pictures, into which the attendant angels depress their heads so naïvely. Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why these peevish looking Madonnas, conformed to no acknowledged or obvious type of beauty, attract you more and more, and often come back to

you when the Sistine Madonna and the Virgins of Fra Angelico are forgotten. At first contrasting them with these, you may have thought that there was something mean or abject even, for the abstract lines of the face have little nobleness, and the colour is wan. . . . Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child whose gaze is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object of almost suspicion to his brethren."

In this tondo and in the Madonna of the Rose-Bush near by, these qualities are traceable, although not in so marked a degree as in the two round paintings by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

In the centre of the circular picture are the mother and child. The Virgin, seated, is holding the infant, and he reaches up to kiss her with a thoroughly human affection. On the right the Archangel Gabriel is seen, leaning upon a balustrade. He carries the Annunciation lily, and is bowing in adoration. At the left the young St. John, with a slender cross resting against his shoulder, stands with his hands crossed upon his bosom. He wears the robe of camel's hair. Behind him stands the Archangel Michael (very badly drawn; this face is certainly not by Botticelli), carrying a naked sword. In the foreground lie two books, one open and one closed,

as so often seen in religious art. Probably this picture was touched up by the master, or, if laid in and commenced by him, there are certain evidences that pupils also had a hand in it.

"Botticelli lived in a generation of naturalists," says Walter Pater, "and he might have been a mere naturalist among them. But this was not enough for him. He is a visionary painter." Sandro Botticelli was born in Florence in 1447, the son of a tanner, Mariano di Vanni Filipepi; "Botticelli" was a nickname, and signifies "little cask." Sandro was a pupil of Filippo Lippi. Count Plunkett very aptly describes the peculiar position held by Botticelli in the art of his time: "In Botticelli's work we find an escape from the rigidity of the earlier school, and yet a survival of its spiritual feeling. Though his angularity and squareness of modelling may remind us of his immediate predecessors, he has a grace and freedom that they never reached."

There is no classical feeling in him. Mediæval treatment is applied to Greek myth or classic ornament, so that the result was a well-combined Greek and Gothic. He was a mystic.

Botticelli painted in tempera. His pictures are not oil paintings. Casual observers do not always realize what is the difference between his method and that of other painters whose pictures may hang near his in a gallery. There is a sort of bloom;

as Browning, though not in this connection, says, "A common grayness silvers everything." It is the dusty quality of the water-pigment contrasted with the oil vehicle.

Tempera consisted of the paint ground to a powder, gums of various kinds, glue, parchment size, and even sometimes a paste of flour and water. Egg beaten up with water was used by Cennino Cennini, who wrote a treatise in 1437, dealing with all kinds of technicalities in art. A glaze of albumen was sometimes applied to the finished work, and sometimes also oil was rubbed in when all was quite dry and set. Cennini's instructions have some of the mediæval naïveté of Theophilus: "And now by the grace of God," he says, "I should like to teach you to colour pictures. You must know that painting pictures is the proper employment of a gentleman; with velvet on his back, he may paint what he pleases. . . . You must temper your colours properly with yolk of egg, always putting as much of the yolk as of the colours which you would temper with it. The colours must be ground very fine, like water." After several other minute directions, Cennini evidently recalls that he is addressing a "gentleman in velvet," and he adds: "And now it is time to leave your work and rest yourself for a short space . . . you should always take pleasure in your work." Later, after a disser-

tation on the painting of fabrics, he says: "These draperies will please you much, particularly the draperies in which you paint God." He gives directions "How to colour water or a river with or without fish." The "explicit" or conclusion to this interesting old book is touching in its sweet, unworldly devotion to the conception of art as a religious ministry. So concludes Cennino Cennini: "Praying that the most high God, our Lady, St. John, St. Luke the evangelist and painter, St. Eustachius, St. Francis, and St. Anthony of Padua may give us strength to sustain and bear in peace the cares and labours of this world; and that to those who study this book they will give grace to study it well and to retain it, so that by the sweat of their brows they may live peaceably and maintain their families in this world with grace, and finally in that which is to come live with glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The same spirit is observable in Botticelli's work. Even when he is painting a pagan deity, he has a quaint, ascetic way of dealing with the subject. In fact, as a master in the Renaissance, when the reaction against so-called religious painting was merged in the passion for imitating nature exactly, he stands almost unique. One can imagine what must have been the teaching of Filippo Lippi to the young Botticelli, — how he must have rejoiced in his bud-

ding genius, and his kinship with the soul of the art which was so fast slipping away and being replaced on all sides by new ideals. The joy to the master must have been great when he found that there was to be at least one more painter of the sweet, peaceful saints of an elder day, and of the intellectual, attractively human faces which are so far removed from the beautiful dolls with full pink cheeks who were winning their way into the popular heart on every side. "Botticelli's method," says Count Plunkett, "is generally the converse of that of Raphael, for he first makes his picture in his intellect, and then translates it into the language of every-day life. Raphael lifted his art above the common. To Botticelli the common was but the symbol of that which was beyond human expression." He delighted in long, slim figures, and often gives action in the same manner as Perugino, by poising the figure on one foot and allowing the other to have the appearance of dragging. This is noticeable in the Pallas, which will be treated later.

Botticelli is the artist of a transition. He stands at the point where the Gothic and the Renaissance meet. As Michelangelo is a painter of the physical, the muscles, and the anatomy, and as Titian is the painter of the smooth and healthy flesh, so Botticelli is the painter of the nerves. This is one reason why his pictures, so long unappreciated, appeal so to

the active, strenuous modern temperament. Every normal person of any age can enjoy Raphael; it takes a certain amount of culture and a certain strain of the exotic to appreciate Botticelli.

He uses more brilliant colour, generally, in the upper half of a picture than in the foreground. As a draughtsman, he is supreme; as an anatomist, he is extremely faulty. Some critics complain that his pictures are only tinted drawings. His colour is subordinate to his lines, which are firm and unerring, although not always accurately placed as regards proportion. He almost uses an outline, and never allows his colour to model his lines away. Some criticize his rendering of landscape, but whenever he does introduce it, it is very happily treated; and flowers are painted with much detail and botanical accuracy. The real and the imaginary are blended in his work. When he represents a classic story, he does not do as the Renaissance artists did — try to reproduce Greek types in a Greek spirit; rather, he takes the story independently of all the tradition of its former rendering in painting or sculpture, and illustrates it according to the dictates of his own mediæval æsthetic nature.

His colouring and drawing are both characteristic only of himself. They follow no preconceived standard. He delights in carmines and violets, and has a wonderful way of glazing a colour so as to

give it lucidity and transparency. He had a great sense of what is decorative in art, and indulges freely in ornament and in fine detail, heightening his effects by delicate hatchings of gold.

His figures are always in action; frequently this is overdone; they float, and are often too lightly poised for earth. While his detail work is exquisite, he lacks a feeling for proportion and general harmony. It is the grace and expression in his figures — almost a transitory quality — which charm. His power does not lie in depicting actual contour and shape. His people are illusive and stimulate the imagination. His pictures occupy the same relation to art as that held by Spenser's "Faerie Queene" to literature. Does any one know exactly what this quality is, and yet does any one fail to enjoy it?

The Madonna of the Rose-Bush, hanging near by, is considered to be genuine by most authorities, but doubted by Morelli, to whose scientific tests it does not entirely respond. It is chiefly remarkable, on a first glance, for the strange experiment in composition, which has led Botticelli to dispose the figures horizontally instead of vertically; the extreme stoop of the Virgin's figure and that of the Child, as she lowers him to embrace St. John, leading to this unprecedented result. There is a very beautifully painted rose-bush in the background, from

MADONNA OF THE ROSE-BUSH
By Botticelli; in the Stanza of Prometheus

which the picture derives its name. Ulmann considers it to be by Botticelli himself; these experiments and whimsical arrangements of figures are quite characteristic of the work of Sandro. It has certain things about it which suggest the work of some of the modern decorative painters, especially those of the English school.

Botticelli probably never painted the portrait which is called La Belle Simonetta, or, if he did, it is certainly not the lady in question. This is no beauty, with her long-nosed profile and her long, crooked neck, and clad in a quiet brown dress and white head-dress. She is certainly, as Woltmann says, "Simple to excess." La Belle Simonetta was the mistress of Giuliano de Medici, and it seems safe to assert, from what one knows of the æsthetic tastes of the family, that this is not named aright. Well painted, though in a rather wooden way, it is still unconvincing; however it is not impossible that Botticelli may be responsible for it. Vasari mentions a portrait of Simonetta by Botticelli, but it is in the collection of the Duc d'Aumale, in France. She was a Genoese, the daughter of one Cattani, and married to a noble member of the family of Vespucci. This panel represents a much less exalted personage, probably of less expensive tastes.

There is a quaint picture in this room, Number 336, an allegorical subject, treated by an unknown

Florentine artist of the fourteenth century. Across the picture is inscribed the motto, "*Nulla Deterior Pestis Quam Familiaris Inimicus,*" which is to say, in substance, that there is no worse evil than the treachery of a trusted friend. A youth is seen in the background, playing with a serpent. The creature is twining itself gracefully round his ankles, and he seems to be enjoying its society. In the foreground the same youth has experienced a reverse, — the snake has turned upon him, crushing his ribs, and striking at him, as he lies overthrown on the ground. It is not possible to follow the full significance of the picture, for it was probably painted in commemoration of some private injury, but this part is clear enough. At the right sits the Eternal Father, under a laurel-tree, just about to discharge a bolt of winged lightning, which he holds in his hand. In the background is the city of Florence; the cupola of the cathedral may be seen, and also the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. This picture is rendered in the hard early manner of Florentine art, but the faces are expressive.

The portrait, Number 337, is that of Ferdinand I. de Medici, who was the sixth son of Cosimo I., and succeeded to the throne of Tuscany in 1587, after having removed for that purpose his brother, Francesco I., and his wife, Bianca, as has been related already. A great patron of the arts, Ferdi-

nand, who had been a cardinal ever since he was fourteen years old, was diplomatic enough to continue his external sanctity of life for some years, until the rumour of his crime had blown over. When he looked over the accumulated treasure of his deceased brother, he was heard to remark sententiously that if only Francesco had realized the importance of soul-culture, he would not have wasted his time in collecting jewels and bibelots.

He arranged the historic match between his niece, Marie de Medici and Henry IV. of France. He was a great diplomatist, his galleys being recognized in all Italian ports. His titles ran thus: "Don Ferdinando, by the grace of God; of Tuscany, the third Grand Duke; of Florence and Siena, the fourth Duke; a Prince of Capistrano; Count of Petigliano and Suianus; Lord of Porto-Ferario, in the Isle of Elbe; Lord of Castiglione, of Poscanio, and the Isle of Giglio; the Third Great Master of the Religious and Military Order of St. Stephen."

Where his personal interests were menaced, he administered justice freely and firmly; bandits were instantly put to death, and he had, in the Pitti Palace, little recesses in the walls, into which anonymous missives might be dropped, to inform him of any plots that might be discovered or hatched. He was the leading merchant of his dominions.

There are many statues and inscriptions to his honour in Tuscany, for he was more universal in his patronage of all classes of workmen than any of the Medici. Yet he lived in a constant dread of being poisoned in his turn; and, in his advancing age, spent his time concocting antidotes to all known poison. He would not allow a large and indiscriminate group of retainers in his court, partly from suspicion, not wishing to be surrounded by more people than he could watch. He was married in 1588 to Christina, daughter of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine. His eldest son, Cosimo III., succeeded him in Tuscany. He died in February, 1609.

Number 338 is a Madonna of the school of the Bellini. It is a pleasing bit of the highly finished early Venetian work. At the left, the Virgin, in a red robe and a green mantle, holds the infant on her knee. A closed book is in his right hand. The child is playing with a bird. At his feet St. Catherine kneels in adoration, her profile, which is quite on Greek lines, being shown. St. James, in a rather disinterested attitude, occupies the right of the centre, also holding a large closed book and a pilgrim's staff. The combination of a landscape background on one side and a curtain on the other is employed.

There are some reasons for questioning the authenticity of the picture representing the Epiphany,

which is generally ascribed to Pinturicchio. Pinturicchio, who was born in Perugia in 1454, was a painter of the Umbrian school, dealing in minute detail, and a lover of pageantry, using opalescent colours and sumptuous decoration. In these particulars a casual observer would be inclined to think that this picture exhibited most of his characteristics; but the drawing is not fine and clear enough, the feminine faces not full enough of the tender beauty which is inseparable from the work of this artist; it is more probably the work of his pupils, possibly under his general supervision. It is a charming picture, and it is reproduced here because it is almost the only example in the Pitti of that crowded, conscientious, literal-minded dealing with large sacred subjects characteristic of the Umbrian masters of the period. Perugino is much broader; he would have been content to have painted the main figures with a landscape background, but Pinturicchio and his followers delighted in portraying the actual number of persons concerned in a group, selecting such subjects as gave them opportunity to revel in a pageant. The effect of a festal procession winding away in the background, as it does in this picture, was something in which they especially rejoiced.

In analyzing this picture, one observes at the right St. Joseph standing and looking with pride

and joy upon the Madonna and Child. The Virgin is a sweet, womanly type, but not so softly radiant as the Madonnas of this master usually are. There is lacking that quality which Ruskin notes in the Madonnas of Pinturicchio, "in whom the hues of the morning and the solemnity of the evening, the gladness in accomplished promise, the sorrow of the sword-pierced heart, are gathered into one lamp of ineffable love." The child stands on his mother's knee, with his hand upraised in blessing, and is quite majestic in his pose. They are sitting under an extremely tall shed of very light construction. In fact it is one of those purely imaginary buildings of the fifteenth century, which would be of no real service as a shelter.

Before the child kneels one of the kings, an aged man, with flowing beard and white hair. He has just placed his crown at the infant's feet, and is also offering a vase of costly perfume. His draperies are soft and clinging, but are richly trimmed with gems. These precious stones are painted with as much care as any of the more important parts of the picture. Behind him stands another king, in an equally rich but even more ornate costume. He wears a turban, and is carrying a vase similar to that presented by the first king. His turban would indicate that he might be intended for the king who so often figures as a negro; but he is here repre-

THE EPIPHANY

By Pinturicchio ; in the Stanza of Prometheus

sented as a white man, with a pointed beard, and rather Florentine than otherwise in his style. The third king stands at the left of this one, dressed all in rich velvets, with silken hose and jewelled hat and collar. His crown is noticeable above his hat, as is also the Moorish king's above his turban. He has an extremely straight profile. His hair is in tight ringlets in the style of the Sienese youths of that artist's day. In one thing the painter has been successful: he has studied types; and each man or woman in this minute work is absolutely different from every other. Each is a separate study of personality, worked out from a love of truth. There is no indication here of a picture ordered to represent the Nativity at so much for the square foot. It is the work of a loving, careful man who has done his best. The figures thus far described fill the foreground.

Immediately back of them come the Wise Men: a solemn philosopher with a long beard at the right; a cheerful, stout philosopher next him, looking off with smiling countenance, full of hope, to the future; and an intellectual old man, on the extreme left, with bared head and short hair. The collar of his mantle is embroidered most exquisitely. Between him and the second Wise Man is a youthful head, which, from its irrelevance at this point in the composition, is probably the painter's portrait;

it is quite like the portrait of Pinturicchio himself in the Cathedral Library in Siena.

In the third row behind, the faces get more confused, and are evidently fitted in to fill spaces; this results in many of them being out of drawing, where only a part of a head or face shows. One quaint head is seen behind the second Wise Man, — a full, jovial face, wearing a round cap set with medallions of jewels, laughing merrily, and evidently just catching sight of the infant toward whom all these people are wending their way. The expression of the mouth, with its upturned corners, is droll, and is the effort of an early painter to portray that most elusive of all expressions of the human face, — the smile. Only Leonardo has thoroughly succeeded in catching it.

A gay cavalcade follows in the distance; camels, men, riders on fiery steeds, and Turks with their turbans, are seen filing through a rocky gorge in the mountainside, coming from the pleasant pastures beyond. The road may be seen winding off for a great distance beyond the figures. As an allegorical complement to the scene, in the background, at the right, behind the hut, may be descried the scene of the Flight into Egypt; figured as usual by Joseph walking, and Mary and the Child riding on an ass; in the sky far above, and hardly to be noticed unless attention is called to it, is an angel flying, direct-

ing them on their way. Probably this is the angel which appeared to Joseph in his vision, for Joseph is also seen asleep a little farther up the road. At the base of the picture, on the two opposite sides, occur the arms of the Vitelli family. The picture was painted for them at Citta del Castello.

Altogether the picture is interesting as illustrating the mediæval tenderness, and the labour which an artist was willing to expend before time was held at such a prohibitive premium.

The fascinating child's portrait, by Sustermans, of Cosimo III. de Medici, represents the infant son of that good Ferdinand II., who married Vittoria della Rovere. Apparently the Medici were all destined to be either brutes or prigs. Cosimo III. was a religious fanatic. He was morose and gloomy, yet grasping and avaricious withal, and his subjects were taxed unmercifully, and the money was simply rolled up in the state exchequer, while the court was carried on in a parsimonious and bigoted manner. The only extravagance of which Cosimo was guilty was the purchasing of saints' relics. An amusing account of his taste in this direction is given in Mark Noble's "Medici Memoirs." He says: "The hand of such a saint, or the toe of such a confessor, were acquisitions of the utmost importance. The regalia of Tuscany would have been

endangered by the offer of a whole dried or pickled martyr!"

Cosimo had been a great traveller in his early youth, and was handsomely entertained in England. In 1661 his father married him to Margaret Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Orleans; she was a great beauty, and had been brought up in the gay French court, and little relished the austere life to which she was thus doomed. In 1670 Cosimo had succeeded to the throne, and the court became even more intolerable to the young Frenchwoman. Cosimo objected equally to the lively manners of the French, — in fact, the young couple were so entirely uncongenial that Margaret returned to her father.

Cosimo's religious mania developed alarmingly as he grew older. At one time he was seized with a sudden desire to embrace the Sacred Napkin in Rome; as none but a canon of St. Peter could do so, he gave the Pope no peace until he had created him a canon. So he arrayed himself in canonical garb, and repaired to Rome, luxuriating in the ecclesiastical dissipations incident to the ceremony of displaying the Holy Napkin. Afterwards he was permitted to bestow a public blessing, which greatly gratified his vanity.

He often used to go about Florence arrayed like an ordinary citizen. On one occasion a beautiful woman came to him, and besought him to intercede

with the Duke Cosimo III. for her husband's pardon, — the unfortunate gentleman had been banished. Cosimo promised to do what he could, and the pardon was soon received. At another time, when in the clerical capacity he had taken it into his head to receive confessions, a fair penitent confided to him that she wished to reform her life; and he gave her the necessary 500 crowns to admit her into a convent.

The grand duchy extended its hospitality to the Trappists during the reign of Cosimo III. When he became confined to the house by failing health, he had some skilled mechanics and pageant managers come and arrange a procession of saints' effigies, so that on the day of his festival, each calendar saint would appear by clockwork; the duke would then prostrate himself before the image. Cosimo III. died in 1723, having held the sceptre for over fifty years, and having done nothing of note.

The Magdalen Taken to Heaven, by Zucarri, is a strange picture and a strange treatment of the subject. The scene is in the clouds, — a large expanse, with small figures, is the motive. In the centre the Magdalen floats up to heaven, nude, except that she is covered from head to foot with a filmy veil, which only serves to enhance the impression of nakedness. Below, on the earth, are her straw matting and an altar with flowers upon it.

The clouds are full of cherubs; the scene is almost as theatrical as a ballet spectacle; angels in the taste of the late sixteenth century hover about with their hair neatly parted, playing on harps, lutes, and viols. Farther up, the celestial choir is seen performing upon a pipe-organ, and singing their "joy over the sinner that repenteth."

A pair of pictures by Migna, painted from designs by Baccio Bandinelli, are numbered 367 and 378; they represent the Creation of Eve, and the Angel Driving Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden. In the first picture Adam is shown sleeping peacefully in a careless attitude, while the Almighty, represented as an old man, summons Eve forth. The woman's figure, springing into life, is of course inferior to that painted by Michelangelo, but has much the same attitude. In the second picture, the first man and woman are being driven out of the garden. All is confusion, rapid action, and ire. The angel is positively in a temper; and his victims are twisted with terror as they flee from his wrath.

The Holy Family of Lorenzo di Credi is delightful. It is a circular picture, St. Joseph and the Virgin kneeling in the cattle-shed adoring the holy Child, who lies with his head supported on a bunch of fagots. By an original thought, the artist has represented the ox and ass kneeling on their front

legs! The works of Lorenzo di Credi are always characterized by a tender religious sentiment, and also a wonderful degree of finish. He was, in fact, almost too particular about the cleanliness of his colours, and was quite an æsthetic eccentric; he had each shade of every colour ground separately, never mixing his pigments, so that often he would have as many as thirty colours on his palette at once; and for each shade he used a separate brush. He was also morbidly careful not to have any movement going on in his studio, for fear of raising dust. He was, in fact, what modern artists would call a crank. But the results are very lovely. If there had been no other means of attaining the end, his means would have been justified. As Vasari says, however, "There should in all things be observed a certain measure, and it is always good to avoid extremes, which for the most part are injurious." Lorenzo di Credi was born in 1453, and died in 1536. His father had been a miniaturist, and doubtless some of Lorenzo's superlatively neat ways were inherited from the necessarily careful habits of this early teacher.

The only specimen of the work of Luca Signorelli in the Pitti Gallery is a Holy Family, and it is not very representative of his best manner. The Virgin, at the right, stands, in a robe of harmonized reds, blues, and yellows, holding the infant, who

appears to be in a rollicking mood, lifting one small foot, and evidently causing much astonishment to St. Catherine, who sits at the table on the other side, raising one hand in exclamation, while in the other she holds a pen in the attitude of one preparing to write. St. Joseph, rather a secondary piece of work, introduced apparently for the sake of filling the composition, leans one hand on the shoulder of the saint, and seems to be speaking to her. The Madonna is rather lacking in expression, as is also St. Joseph. St. Catherine, who has a preternaturally small waist for the period, is more vital than any of the others, but it is the simple face of the peasant, not a study of refined womanhood. Luca Signorelli was a realist, as we know from his frescoes in Orvieto, where he must be seen to be fully understood.

Ghirlandajo's Epiphany is a painting of the very early Renaissance, executed while tradition still governed the representation of sacred scenes. In the centre is seen the lowly cattle-shed. Within, the kings do homage to the Holy Child, who is held by his mother. Many others are gathered; the Wise Men, the shepherds, and the animals attend to render in humble worship what service lies in their power.

"A brilliant easel picture, charming for its combination of the qualities of Leonardo and Credi," is the testimony of Crowe regarding the Holy Fam-

ily by Albertinelli, Number 365. The infant Jesus is resting on the ground, his swathing clothes so loosened that he may feel the freedom of all his limbs. The mother is adoring in a rather conventional way, but the chief charm of the picture lies in the crouching figure of an angel on the left, who is offering to the child the symbols of the Passion; these he takes as a baby would take any toys that were given to it. He holds the nails in his left hand; he is about to take the cross from the angel, who is extending it to him, also an olive-branch and a crown of thorns. In the clouds above are three angels holding a scroll bearing the inscription, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*." If the picture were of no other value, it would be interesting for the charming bit of landscape so delicately painted in the central distance.

A delightful Florentine portrait, Number 372, in the costume of the early fifteenth century, is by Castagno. The subject has a clean-shaven, interesting face, and is dressed in a dull red doublet, and wears a red cap, from which a long scarf hangs over his shoulder in a dashing sweep. His hair is curly, and his whole air breezy and alert. He is a link between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Andrea del Castagno was an interesting personality, and by his portraits we may see that he was

able to catch subtle personal qualities in a likeness. His first artistic inspiration was under rather strange circumstances. He was born, in 1403, on a little farm in Castagno, and had lived a plain country life from that time until he grew almost to manhood. One day, while he was a cowherd, he happened to be caught in the rain, and ran for shelter to a small house, where lived a man who made his living by painting pictures for the fairs. Just at this time the artist was employed on a little tabernacle which a countryman had ordered. Andrea, the cowherd, was immediately interested; he had never before seen any one draw or paint, and the idea delighted him. When he returned home, a new life was awakened in him, and he spent much time experimenting, using such pigments as charcoal, and scratching with a stylus on the wall. Finally the fame of this talented farm-hand reached his neighbour, Bernardetto de Medici, who owned a great estate in this region, and he investigated the case, and invited the boy to Florence to be educated by the best artists. Immediately he made progress, and was soon recognized as one of the painters of his generation.

Castagno seems to have had an inherent ability for depicting varied emotions, and his straightforward disposition, so long fostered by the unconventional life of the farm, led him to paint without

flattery and with much more realism than was usual among his contemporaries. But some of the brutish nature of the beasts with which he had grown up had clung to him; he was impetuous and ungoverned in his hates. He disliked his associate and competitor, Domenico Veneziano, and, with all his savage instincts aroused, he lay in wait for him one dark night, and murdered the artist. He had disguised his own appearance, and had returned instantly after this dastardly act to his studio, where he was found quietly working when they came to tell him of the news of the crime. He ran out, exclaiming, "Alas, my brother!" and fell upon the dead body with much simulation of grief. The murderer was not suspected during his lifetime. No one knew why he had elected to paint his own portrait as Judas in the Last Supper, as he did soon after this event, in the Convent of St. Appolonio. But on his death-bed the weight of his evil deed was too heavy for him to bear, and he confessed it, charging the priest to publish his guilt, so that no innocent person might ever suffer for his crime. The tragic and dramatic career of Castagno came to an end in 1477.

Number 374 is an Ecce Homo by Sodoma. It is not equal in appreciative feeling to his noble Christ Bound to the Column, which visitors to Siena will remember. He has another picture in the Stanza

of Prometheus, a portrait of a man, with good red tones predominating, Number 382. He wears a rakish hat, which, combined with the intense expression of his face, and the energetic movement of his hand, — he is in the act of expounding or demonstrating, — is striking and original. The whole picture is very vital. "Razzi" (Sodoma) "appears a very eminent master of the greatest taste," writes his contemporary, Annibale Caracci, "and few such pictures are to be seen."

Among the most picturesquely irregular lives of the Renaissance stands Sodoma, the artist of Siena, whose real name was Razzi or Bazzi. Gifted with a strong sense of humour and grotesque, this man was greatly misunderstood, dwelling among an unimaginative and severe set of people. Had he lived in our generation, no doubt he would have been recognized as one of the erratic geniuses to which we are so devoted. He was made much of in Siena from the first, a fact which seems to have annoyed Vasari, who can hardly speak temperately of this unique man, who seems to have rubbed him the wrong way. Sodoma was a man of much joyousness and cheer of nature, careless, pleasure-loving, ready to be a jest himself if it would but serve to create a good laugh. Probably he was not a dignified figure, as Vasari thinks all artists should be, not taking himself seriously enough to suit the

florid biographer. His character was in lighter vein, possibly not of great depth. Such people hold their place in this world of sorrows, and are not to be entirely despised. A buffoon he may have been, but he was a buffoon only in his life; his art is the most delicate and spiritual of all Sienese work of his period.

Sodoma, 1479--1554, obtained a nickname, Mattaccio, meaning arch fool, — a name given him in sympathetic waggery, and intended to be almost an endearment. He laughed at this pleasantry, often making sonnets upon the subject, and singing them to his lute. He kept an assorted array of strange pets, which must have been highly diverting to a person of his temperament, for he had together badgers, squirrels, apes, and, on a larger scale, dwarf asses and ponies, which he kept for racing; he also had a raven which was a great talker, so that, as Vasari expresses it, with disgust, "The dwelling of this man seemed like the very ark of Noah."

When Sodoma was engaged to paint a picture, and the price was too small, he did not take much pains with the work, having withal a frugal and practical streak, in spite of his generous and jovial exterior. He was not so careless of material things as some who watched his haphazard life might have been led to infer. One of his patrons once com-

plained that he did not consider that Sodoma had put his best work into a certain order. "My pencil," replied Il Mattaccio, "only dances in harmony with the sound of coins. If you care to pay more, I am capable of doing better work." He was frank, at least. Sodoma was quite a fop, dressing himself in brocade doublets, with a short cloak of cloth of gold, and a chain about his neck. Vasari, who can never forgive him, exclaims, "Best suited to a Jack Pudding or a mountebank."

When Leo X. ascended the papal throne, Sodoma saw his opportunity. He immediately painted the most bewitching nude figure that he could portray, and sent it as a present to his Holiness. Sodoma had read the pontiff's tastes aright; he was promptly remunerated and made a cavalier by the delighted Pope. Sodoma was now a recognized power, and began to give up painting as assiduously as formerly, amusing himself with horse-racing and such sports. He won conspicuously in the race of San Bernaba; his horse had an ape on its back, — one of his numerous zoological acquisitions, — and it captured the prize, much to the indignation of serious old "betters." So did this foolish, clever featherweight squander his time and his money; when he grew old, he was left almost destitute, and died in a hospital in Siena.

Lorenzo Costa, a painter of Mantua and Ferrara

between 1460 and 1535, has a fine interesting example of his work in the Stanza of Prometheus: a portrait of Giovanni II. Bentivoglio, in a doublet which fastens in the back, and with a close cap on his head. His hair is chopped off in the Florentine fashion. He has a heavy chain about his neck, and is quite an imposing personage. This portrait, Number 376, is full of strong brown tones, and is broadly treated with fine round modelling. The picture came from the Isolani collection in Bologna. This is one of the few specimens of the paintings of Lorenzo Costa in Florence. He was an intelligent follower of Francia.

The Epiphany, by Pontormo, which hangs here, numbered 379, represents, on a long, low panel, crowds of figures coming from the surrounding plains. On a slight hill, at the right, the Virgin and Child are seen under a shed; the Wise Men are bowing before them. The three kings follow them in procession, with their retainers; at the left the horses are being unladen. In the background is seen a city. At the right the shepherds, having withdrawn, are seated upon some rocks. A portrait of the artist, facing the observer, may be detected. One of the Wise Men is in the act of kissing the foot of the infant.

There are two pleasant pastorals by Bassano; one is the Scene in a Vineyard, Number 383; the

rustics are gathering the grapes. One rustic, on the left, is in a tree, reaching certain high portions of the vine; below, one is pouring the fruit from baskets into vats. Two oxen are seen in the left part of the picture, who have been employed in drawing a large tub. On the ground near the centre is a woman on her knees, drinking juice from the vat out of a cup. In the middle of the composition is a boy treading the grapes in a small vat. On the right is seen another woman, who is arranging a shoulder-slat between two baskets, so that they may the more easily be carried. A dog is seen on this side. A man and woman in the background, right, are examining vines. In the fields beyond may be distinguished a sower.

The other rustic scene by Bassano represents people who have evidently just moved to a new region, and are about to build their home. At the right are seen several men and women busily working about a house, sawing the beams, constructing the roof, and putting up the walls; in the centre the domestic animals are corralled, and await patiently the issue. The poultry are with them, except where a stray hen has wandered out to search for food. At the left a woman, kneeling on the ground, is unpacking a chest of utensils; pans, jugs, etc., piles of linen, an axe, and other implements of household convenience lie about her. Farther back two women

are making a fire, blowing it with the bellows, and evidently about to cook a repast. A rainbow is seen in the distance, and a ray of sunlight striking down through the clouds.

A decorative panel, Number 385, is the picture of Christ in the Garden, by Girolamo da Carpi. The central arrangement is quite conventional; the three disciples sleeping in the foreground, and, just beyond, the kneeling figure of Christ receiving a chalice from an angel. At the two ends of the picture are a couple of ovals, representing respectively a man without hope looking into a grave, and a flying figure opposite, typifying the resurrection.

CHAPTER X.

THE STANZA DELLA STUFA AND THE STANZA OF THE EDUCATION OF JUPITER

In the Stanza della Stufa there are four large wall frescoes by Pietro da Cortona; and this is the first opportunity for studying this artist with any satisfaction, as his frescoes in the other halls are all on the ceilings, and are difficult to examine. Here the painter has depicted, in allegorical figures, the four ages, Gold, Silver, Iron, and Brass.

The Age of Gold is symbolized by the innocent play of childhood, unharmed among wild beasts; in the Age of Silver pastoral figures are seen. Some are milking their kine, and indulging in agriculture. Soldiers appear in the Age of Brass, exhibiting to their leader the wounds they have received in battle, claiming recompense at his hands for their wrongs. In the Age of Iron are more soldiers, breaking into a temple, maltreating those who have fled there for refuge. There are two figures among the captives of war in the fresco representing the Age of

Brass, — a man and a woman, who are sitting in an attitude of dejection on the ground in the left corner of the picture, as may be seen in the illustration. The frescoes are all in florid taste, and just about appropriate for theatre curtains; they are not thoughtfully conceived or skilfully drawn. Berretini, called Pietro da Cortona, was the founder of a school in Cortona in the late seventeenth century. He and his scholars, it is needless to remark, appeared at a time when art was at a low ebb, and their pictures are mannered and exaggerated.

Pietro da Cortona was born in 1596, and did much of his work in Florence, closing his life in Rome in 1669. Under Ferdinand II., he was invited to Florence to decorate the Pitti Palace, and his frescoes may be seen in many of the ceilings and lunettes in the rooms of the picture-gallery. The frescoing of these vaults was the most important work of his life. He acquired his style from many sources; he copied bas-reliefs, choosing Trajan's column for his favourite study. His figures show the influence of classic Rome, being rather heavy and lacking in delicacy. Influenced by Venetian art, he became a lover of colour, which he uses in an acceptable way, not startling in any particular. He knows how to foreshorten, — an art which is absolutely necessary to one whose work is to be painted on ceilings, and seen from below, — and, while his

themes are not intellectually designed, and though he frequently exaggerates the action in simple scenes, yet, in the taste of his day, he was a good decorator.

The chief objects of attraction, however, in the Stanza della Stufa, are the statues of Cain and Abel, by the sculptor Giovanni Dupré of Siena. The story of their making is so interesting that one cannot do better than repeat it here in connection with the works of his early yet powerful genius.

Giovanni Dupré was born in Siena on the 1st of March, 1817. He began his career by beautiful wood-carving. In 1840 he took the prize at the Academy, with a bas-relief representing "The Judgment of Paris." He had then moved to Florence, where his life's work was accomplished. He decided to attempt a larger work, and determined to create a genuine statue, representing some sacred subject; he thought long of the Pieta, but finally decided upon trying to portray the dead Abel, that being a subject little chosen by others, and therefore more original.

The statue was ready to be exhibited at the Academy in the September exhibition in 1842. Thirty-seven years after, he tells his thrilling experience with this work. "When the exposition was opened, people gathered round the work. The imitation of the truth, the just expression, the newness and

STANZA DELLA STUFA, WITH DUPRÉ'S STATUES OF CAIN AND ABEL

pathetic nature of the subject, awakened a deep interest. The crowd around it increased from day to day. But it began to be asserted, at first quietly, and soon more boldly and openly, that my statue was an imposture . . . that it was not the creation of art, but the mechanical work of a moulder, — that I was seeking to impose upon the Academy, masters and scholars, and the public. It should be thrown out of the exhibition, for it was dishonestly thrust in there as a work of art, when, in fact, it was only a cast made from laying the soft plaster on the living model!"

The figure of Abel was so absolutely natural that less clever men could not believe that it was the work of a sculptor at all. Giovanni continues: "At last they went so far as to strip my model, Antonio Petrai, in order to prove the fraud. He was made to lie down in the position of the statue, and his body and limbs measured in length and breadth and compass with strips of paper. Of course the measurements did not agree with those of the statue, for, without any design or thought about it, I had made my figure four fingers longer than the body of the model, and two fingers less across the broadest part of the back. This amiable experiment was made in the evening, and the president, Montalvo, who accidentally surprised them in the act, was full of indignation in his rebuke, and

did not spare these professors of the Academy who had taken part in the performance."

Suspicion was thus excited by the perfection of Dupré's work. The same charge had been once brought against Canova. When the statue of Abel appeared at the Paris Exposition in 1855, it was again suspected. But when, after more study, and closer examination of the evidence, the judges were convinced that the sculpture was the genuine result of the artist's ability, they awarded Dupré the gold medal of the first class.

The critics, who would not let him alone, began to say that it was easy to make a recumbent figure, but that it would be a greater tax upon the ingenuity of Dupré to accomplish a standing one. So, advised by his friends, Dupré decided upon modelling a companion piece, the Cain; while he was at work upon this, the Grand Duchess Maria, wife of the Prince of Leuchtenberg, visited his studio to see the Abel about which there had been so much controversy. She admired the unfinished statue of Cain, and then turned and exchanged a few words with the prince. As a result of this visit, the two statues were purchased by the Prince de Leuchtenberg, who paid the sum of fifteen hundred scudi for Abel and two thousand for Cain. Cain was exhibited at the Academy the following year. The first bronze casts taken from these statues were ordered

by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to be placed in the Pitti Palace. They were cast by Clementi Papi.

The two statues stand for two great verities in human life. The Abel, lying supine in death, is the type of unresisting martyrdom; forgiving in his last breath, "until seventy times seven," the violence of his brother, as the expression of his features indicates. Cain, on the contrary, his face filled with hate, fear, and loathing of the deed which he has just committed, while with brutish instincts he still shows no repentance, is in the act of rushing away from the scene of his crime.

His powerful, well-fed body is in contrast to the delicate purity of his brother's slender frame. Although the statue of Cain is less pleasant than that of Abel, the critics considered it a greater achievement of art.

Bartolini says: "Dupré has felicitously overcome in this work difficulties a thousand times greater than in the Abel."

Andrea Maffei speaks of it in the highest terms. "The feeling of terror and remorse," he says, "with which the first homicide rushes away from the scene of his crime, has been sculptured by the artist with the same marvellous power that characterizes the description of the poet," alluding to Byron's lines:

"His eyes are open — then he is not dead;
Death is like sleep, and sleep shuts down our lids.

His lips, too, are apart, — why, then he breathes!
And yet I feel it not.
. . . what is this — 'tis wet
And yet there are no dews! 'Tis blood, my blood,
My brother's and my own, and shed by me.
. . . . . .
Oh, for a word more from that gentle voice
That I may bear to hear my own again!"

The fratricide continues his reflections until it is completely impressed upon him what he has done; and then with one last wail, he cries:

"The first grave yet dug for mortality.
But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth, oh, earth!
For all the fruits thou hast rendered to me, I
Give thee back this! Now for the wilderness!"

Giovanni Dupré lived forty years only; he died in 1882.

From the Stanza della Stufa one passes to the Stanza of the Education of Jupiter, one of the smaller rooms, decorated by Catani with scenes representing Jupiter's education, as its name indicates.

Let us look first at the two famous paintings, so widely different, yet equally famous, Raphael's Donna Velata and Guido Reni's Cleopatra.

"La Donna Velata," that most seductive and fascinating Isis, veiled but not hidden, whose luminous eyes seem to scintillate with vitality and the secret of perpetual youth, is a portrait of the same beautiful model who is presented in the Sistine Madonna.

Raphael painted it between 1515 and 1517. She is evidently a Roman woman of noble blood. Minghetti believes it to have been taken from the mistress of Raphael. Some say that she is the well-known Fornarina, the daughter of a baker, with whom he is supposed to have been in love. All this is gossip, for there is no actual legend or tradition, and it was not even called the work of Raphael until Morelli and Minghetti pronounced it to be indisputably one of his finest achievements. The world is certainly disposed to agree with them, and to welcome their valuable and scholarly discovery. There is a spell about this face which tells that some part of the heart and soul of the artist went into the work, and still lives in the canvas.

Few representations of a human face have ever had about them so much that is illusive and piquant. Monna Lisa in the Louvre, where Leonardo da Vinci has given a perennial smile to the artistic world, and this charming portrait have in common this transitory living expression. The woman is beautiful for all time and for the fashions of all ages. A little coquetry, a little surprise, a rapid glance as your eye meets hers, and her lips seem either to have just closed after a smile, or just about to open. It is indescribable, this living quality with which Raphael has endowed the face.

Mrs. Jameson says that Titian showed more taste

than Raphael in his selection of mistresses; and this may be acknowledged if one compares "Flora" with the Fornarina in Rome; but if one compares the Magdalen of the Pitti with the Donna Velata by Raphael, it would seem that Raphael shows infinitely more intellectual and artistic taste.

The costume which she wears is in keeping with her expression. The loose bodice, held carelessly together with one hand, gives the impression that the outer dress is being removed. The sleeve has fallen low from the shoulder, showing a sheer, closely gathered chemisette. Her hair is laid in simple, parted locks on each side, but the air of primness which this might give is counteracted by the fact that the *feroniere* (a chain which should be worn straight around the forehead) has slipped back, and the jewel, whose function is to lie exactly in the middle, hangs far away at one side. The painting of textures is equal to that in the portrait of Leo X. La Velata wears a necklace of large, single stones, set each in a solid rim of gold, in the fashion which was revived a few years ago. The way in which the chemisette is held in place by a series of cords tied in tagged knots should also be noted. There is a great deal of tender detail which will repay close study. The only pedigree of this picture is that it came into possession of Matteo Botti after Raphael's death, and that in

1824 it was brought from the Medici Villa at Poggio Imperiale.

In sharp contrast to his portrait is the celebrated but much overrated Cleopatra of Guido Reni, which impressed Mrs. Jameson as one of the chief gems of the Pitti collection. It was painted for Count Barbazzi, and was a portrait of his countess, who was said to be "the sun of beauty." Guido's picture represents a stout, broad woman, such as he loved to paint, holding in one hand an asp against her breast, while she turns her agonized face toward heaven. Her fat, inexpressive body and hands lack the vital action which the crisis demands. There is not a remote suggestion of Egypt in any detail of the composition. She might be a Venetian or a blonde Genoese. She is partially clothed in a harmony of yellow and white, and the tones of the picture are very pure and delightful. A basket of fruit stands on the table at the left of the picture, from which she has probably taken the little serpent. The asp is so very diminutive that he appears quite inadequate to the task of poisoning so vast an expanse of humanity.

The person whom Guido has called Cleopatra little suggests the subtle charm and obvious fascinations of the irresistible Egyptian queen, but looks more like some honest, dull, handsome bourgeoise, who had been betrayed into an indiscretion and was

repenting in a state of bovine despair, without any further interest in life, or any resource except to escape by death. Nevertheless, divorced from its subject, as a technical work the picture is mellow and exquisite in modelling. When the Cardinal Leopold de Medici paid 140 crowns (about $235) for it, in 1640, it must have undoubtedly appealed to his taste. The main impression, in looking from the Donna Velata to the Cleopatra, is that Guido Reni has painted a body, and that Raphael has painted a soul.

One sees the Spanish influence, which was invading Italy in the sixteenth century, in the works of Veronese, Titian, and Tintoret. In the Presentation in the Temple, by Veronese, Number 269, the Madonna recalls those of Murillo and other Spanish masters. The Child is faultless. The delightful little body is foreshortened, and the flesh finely painted. The indifferent confidence of a young child lying trustfully in his mother's arms, regardless and without anticipation of the future, is portrayed with true feeling for nature. The picture is very dark, — probably much darker now than it was when it was painted; the light all comes from the altar, and much of the background is in deep shadow. The altar-cloth forms a great white value at the right, and the vari-coloured dress of a man who is kneeling reading at the foot of the

altar gives richness to that side of the picture. The left side is subdued in tone. The light is thrown strongly on the shoulder of the High Priest, emphasizing the upper portion of his figure; the rest is almost lost. Behind him another ecclesiastical figure emerges out of the gloom, and is looking at the holy Child over the shoulder of the High Priest. There is a feeling of reverence displayed on the part of all the beholders, which is less stagey than Veronese's usual treatment of religious subjects. St. Joseph appears dimly in the shade behind Mary, and he carries a typical Venetian votive candle of the sixteenth century. The textures of the painting are all beautifully rendered, as always is the case in Veronese's work.

The rich Venetian feeling, combined with the Spanish, may be felt in the juxtaposition of the heavy brocaded robe of the priest and the shimmering mantle of the Virgin. On the altar are certain utensils, the touch of metal adding to the richness of the effect. Although this is not recognized as one of Veronese's most typical groups, it has some of his best qualities of handling.

Don Giulio Clovio's Deposition is in this room, — a little picture on parchment in the minute style of this artist. The composition is interesting; the cross does not show; there is only the group around its base. Christ is lying limp against the knees of

the sorrowing Virgin. The other figures are not thoughtfully conceived; more attention is paid to technique than to ideas.

Don Giulio Clovio was properly a miniature painter of the Roman school, illuminating very elaborate volumes on vellum, and painting with a finish seldom equalled by any artist in his line. He stands as the last illuminator of note, being born in 1498, and living until 1578. His works are really illustrations, — pictures rather than ornament in books. He was originally a canon in the Church, during which time his work was altogether religious; later he was made a layman again by a papal dispensation. He was a pupil of Giulio Romano. The great miniaturist of Verona, Fra Girolamo da Libri, taught him the art of laying pigments with water and gum on vellum. He studied Michelangelo; and many of his most diminutive productions are powerful because they are inspired by such a standard. The exquisite exactness with which his work is rendered can hardly be matched, for no miniaturist ever reached to such technical perfection, although many have had a truer appreciation of decoration as applied to book illustration, and also have recognized the vellum itself as one factor in the scheme. Don Giulio does not do this. He does not treat the parchment as a page to be decorated, but simply as a flat surface. His vellum,

as in this instance, is covered up with superimposed pigment; except in small high-lights, he uses it as most artists use their canvas or panel, and he is literally painting a picture instead of ornamenting a book. In this particular the earlier illuminators understood their craft better than he did. His pictures might as well have been executed upon cardboard or paper; whereas, like ivory, vellum has really in itself a creamy decorative quality which the best artists have always recognized and developed.

Clovio visited Duke Cosimo at the Pitti Palace, and it was while staying there that he painted the little Deposition which now hangs in the Stanza of the Education of Jupiter. Vasari describes all his best known works minutely, saying, for the benefit of those who cannot see them: "They are almost all in the hands of princes or other great personages. . . . I know some private persons who have small cases containing beautiful portraits by his hand, of sovereigns, of their friends, or of ladies whom they have loved."

The familiar figure of the boy St. John the Baptist, by Andrea del Sarto, greets us here. It is as thoroughly popular a picture as ever was painted, — a beautiful face, a noble composition, restful and happy. It has suffered much from injudicious restoration. It is an example of what Henry James

deplores concerning restorations, as "in the case of the beautiful boy figure of Andrea del Sarto, with its honourable duskiness all peeled off, and Heaven knows what raw, bleeding cuticle laid bare." It is quite true that the colouring has been spoiled by these applications of cosmetics; but the drawing and the sweet facial expression remain to enchant us in spite of the very pink surface.

The portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, by Velasquez, presents the monarch on horseback. This painting is minute in finish and detail, and in keeping with the petty nature of the sovereign whom it portrays. It is hardly a characteristic example of Velasquez's best work. Philip IV. (1605--1665), King of Spain, was one of the weaklings on the Spanish throne who succeeded such men as Charles V. and Philip II. He did nothing to stay the decline of Spanish power, but was an element in bringing it about. He was ruled by his favourites and ministers, and a mere figurehead in a kingdom which required the strong arm of a soldier and a statesman.

The charming head usually attributed to Garofolo, called La Zingarella, is given by Morelli to one Boccaccio Boccaccino, who served apprenticeship in Ferrara and Venice. The best qualities in his art are those derived from Bellini, Vivarini, and Giorgione. If he painted this head, he certainly

LA ZINGARELLA
By Garofalo; in the Stanza della Stufa

was a master. The soft lines, the translucent eyes, which are unusually well treated, show that he could cope with the subtleties of rendering the human face. Morelli says that there are no other specimens of the work of Boccaccino in either Central or Southern Italy. On the whole, it would be more interesting to believe that the virile little picture was by his hand than that it was one of Garofolo's. There are some cases in which it seems almost like disloyalty to take away from a time-honoured favourite his traditional credit; but in this case the welcoming of a new artist in Florence is worth the sacrifice. The eyes of the Zingarella are remarkable for their honest, clear gaze. They seem to hold one in a spell. The head is that of a young girl, and is very spirited, with a realistic, untamed gipsy look, and with none of the tawdry theatrical mannerism adopted by some painters to express a wild child of nature. The features are rather large, and might be called, by admirers of Dolci and Guido, coarse; about her head she wears a blue scarf folded almost like a turban, but falling at the back, and bound beneath her chin by a swathing of the same material. On her forehead she wears a slender chain with a small pendent jewel. Another jewel hangs upon her throat from a succession of little chains. Her blonde hair strays out in curly tendrils beneath the scarf, but is severely parted above her brow. She

wears a white chemisette, with a delicate border of some wrought jewelled effect; her red mantle is slung carelessly over the right shoulder, showing a green lining.

Tintoretto's Descent from the Cross, Number 248, is rather theatrical, but effective in light and shade and in grouping. There are some slight irregularities in drawing, such as Tintoretto nearly always commits, but he is one of the few artists in whose work light, colour, and effect really overcome one's prejudice so far that bad drawing is allowed to pass unchallenged. A very Venetian Magdalen, with both arms extended wide, bends over the prostrate body of our Lord. The heads of the women and the arrangement of the draperies are characteristic and most graceful. As Longfellow's Michelangelo says:

> " . . . If the Venetian painters knew
> But half as much of drawing as of colour
> They would indeed work miracles of art."

Tintoretto has been accused of using too great depth of shadow in order to give roundness to his figures. He employed very sudden variations in light and shade, and it gave the effect for which he aimed. In the matter of breadth of finish, he used his intelligence and was guided by the requirements of his picture both in dimensions and subject. Tin-

toret often made balance in his compositions by introducing a single bit of light; it may have struck simply on the base of a column, or the edge of a book, but he knew how to make it do such service as most painters could only accomplish by introducing another figure. If he had a fault in composition, it lay in the too lavish use of contrasts in costumes, so that one might show up well against another. Many people cannot appreciate him, for he does not appeal to the uncultured taste, but rather to the thinker and student of human nature. He did not paint the obvious. Whether this is praiseworthy or blameworthy is not our contention; the fact remains. Great painters have been both simple and obscure, and neither style has prevented their being recognized as masters. Raphael was obvious; Leonardo was subtle; there are more admirers, numerically, for Raphael; but Leonardo better repays the student.

The Sibyl Showing the Vision of the Virgin and Child to Augustus Cæsar is depicted by Paris Bordone in rather a different manner from that by Garofolo, although the event and the moment chosen for portrayal are the same. The vision is seen through a window, the scene being laid in a temple, and Augustus stands near the altar, looking through the aperture into the sky. The sibyl and Augustus are both young and handsome. On the altar a fire

is lighted, and on the step there lies a wreath of laurel. The costumes are not very historic, the Roman Emperor being arrayed in a Venetian brocade of the fifteenth century, while the sibyl wears a cameo brooch.

A quaint portrait of Henry II. of France, by Jehanet Clouet, hangs here, numbered 262. Henry II. (1519--1559) would be an almost forgotten king, so slight was his influence upon his age, if it were not for the fact that he will be remembered as the husband of Catherine de Medici, and the guardian, in her childhood, of Mary, Queen of Scots. The portrait is chiefly interesting as being the only example of early French painting in the Pitti Palace.

The two solemn children painted by Paul Veronese should not be passed over without comment. Their plain, earnest little faces are lifelike and pathetic, and the two small panels on which they are painted must have been at some time among the most precious possessions of their families. They represent a little boy and a little girl in unaffected poses and in ordinary child's clothes of the period.

Carlo Dolci's portrait of San Carlo Borromeo may be seen, Number 275. The saint is represented in almost full face, which disguises somewhat the unusually large nose which distinguished him; while the likeness, in spite of this concession, is remarkably well retained. He is clad in a garment

with a cape and lace sleeves, and holds a crucifix in one hand and a cardinal's hat in the other. A halo is behind his head, and tapestry forms the background. It was painted for Cardinal Carlo de Medici, and later was bequeathed to the Grand Duke Cosimo III.

The picture numbered 276, by Mancini, represents St. Henry of Bavaria and his wife, St. Cunegunda. The canvas was long attributed to Dolci, until finally the signature, "Mancini F., 1629," was found on the back.

St. Henry of Bavaria was born in 972, and became emperor in 1002. He was the founder of the cathedral at Bamberg. He was very devout, but was unlucky in war. At one time he considered renouncing his empire to become a monk. The prior told him that, if he relinquished his sceptre, the first vow required of him would be that of obedience. Henry replied that he had no objection to obeying humbly. Thereupon the prior advised him to retain his throne, "for," said he, "the emperor comes hither to learn obedience which he can best practise by ruling judiciously." His wife, Cunegunda, was a much beloved queen and a noble woman. When rumours were spread against her character, she demanded the Trial by Ordeal. After a promenade upon hot ploughshares, her enemies were convinced of her innocence.

St. Henry and Cunegunda also founded the Church of San Miniato in Florence. In this painting, they are seen both crowned, and with a lily, the emblem of chastity. St. Henry is seen in full face, with his hand on his heart. He wears an ermine collar. Cunegunda is looking over his shoulder, and is in the act of taking the lily; the figures appear only about to the waist.

Bronzino's portrait of Lucrezia, Duchess of Ferrara, is numbered 277. Lucrezia was the daughter of Cosimo I. de Medici, and was born in 1542, and married Alphonse II. of Ferrara. She was the sister of Don Garcia, whose portrait "as Cupid" we shall next examine. She was two years his senior. As a child she was betrothed to Fabiano del Monte, who was a nephew of Julius III. But at the death of the Pontiff, Cosimo considered Alphonse of Ferrara a better match, so in February, 1560, she was given to him in marriage.

The charming portrait of little Garcia de Medici is Number 279. He is dressed in a Florentine court suit, with a sash across his breast. Evidently it was his fond parent's intention to have him painted as "Cupid," so he is invested with a bow and a quiver of arrows, while he smiles benignly on the spectator. Poor little Garcia came to a sad end, being killed by his father in the presence of his mother; he himself, as has been elsewhere mentioned, having in

his turn murdered his brother, the Archbishop of Pisa.

St. Francis Xavier is made altogether out of character by Carlo Dolci, for he is as affected as most of Dolci's saints. He carries a staff. His figure is so faultless that one wonders whether he wore corsets. Beads are hanging at his belt. With both hands he is opening the robe on his breast; his halo is most exaggerated; it takes up as much room as the saint himself, and is arranged in regular rays, so disposed that they look like a windmill behind him.

As to the St. Niccolo de Tolenta of Dolci, one can say little, except that he appears to be an Italian opera singer, declaiming or serenading after the manner of his kind, dressed in a showy robe covered with sunbursts, the central one, on his breast, having a face in the centre. His attributes are a lily and a book.

There are numerous other Madonnas and portraits in the Stanza of the Education of Jupiter.

CHAPTER XI.

STANZA OF ULYSSES AND STANZA OF JUSTICE

A VERY ornate and rococo little bath-room leads from the Stanza of the Education of Jupiter to the Stanza of Ulysses.

Perhaps as beautiful as anything in this room is the swaying, exquisitely proportioned figure of the Virgin in a visionary painting by Tintoretto, Number 313, in which Mary, holding the child, is seen floating in the heavens above the new moon, with almost as perfect an aerial poise as the Madonna in the Assumption by Titian in Venice. In no other respect, however, could this especial picture be compared with Titian's masterpiece. The proportions of the female figure, as portrayed by Tintoretto, are more in harmony with the standard of our own day than those of the painters of his epoch. Tintoretto is famous for the way his visionary figures appear to float in the air, and the picture of the Madonna is no exception to this rule. For it is not a representation, but a vision. Tintoretto does not paint

her as a living woman, but as an embodied thought. His compositions are bold. When he has to represent a host of angels, he reads into the heavenly beings some of his own impetuousness, and shows them flying about in their eagerness for service, instead of ranging them in meek ranks of semi-indifferent but decorative adoration about the throne, "serving" by "only standing and waiting." This passive idea did not appeal to his more active imagination. His angels may be restless; they may sometimes exhibit nervous energy; but they reflect the artist's conception of virility, and they are alive as they fly; they do not stand on one foot on convenient cushions of cloud-stuff, like the amiable creations of Perugino, but they whirl and float, sustained by a divine exaltation, which, when analyzed, is just as laudable an emotion as perfect resignation and pious self-effacement. No model could serve as a flying angel of the type which Tintoretto paints. His vital imagination had to supply the ethereal quality of their attitudes, and it never failed him.

There seems to be as little limit to the power of Tintoret to express the action of a human figure as with Michelangelo. No attitude is too impossible for him to portray, and no multitude of figures ever proved too much for his ability. No rules previously observed hampered him. Nature and his own

imagination were his only guides. He did not paint a scene in a certain way because all painters from the beginning had so presented it; he brought his own thought to bear upon it, and painted the mental image which was conjured up by the facts as he rehearsed them. Had all artists tacitly represented the Last Supper by a row of figures seated at a long table, with Jesus in the midst? Never mind; Tintoretto saw it differently. Putting himself, in his mind's eye, at the further end of a long table, — in the lowest seat, — he paints a deep perspective, with the apostles seated on either side of it, and, at the far end, distinguished by the aureole of light about his head, the Master sits remote, not analyzed, — a new and original treatment of the subject, and Tintoretto's own.

Carlo Dolci's Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, Number 288, represents the chief figure kneeling, with the drops of bloody sweat standing on his brow, while in the heavens is seen an angel, who comes to minister to him, with a chalice in one hand and a cross in the other.

Cigoli has painted St. Francis in an attitude of meditation and study instead of adoration. The picture is Number 290. He is kneeling before the crucifix in a wilderness, with an open book spread before him. In the background on a hill may be seen the little house of devotions, the Portiuncula,

where St. Francis spent so many precious hours. It is interesting to compare this with another picture of St. Francis hanging close by.

Ligozzi has here painted St. Francis, Number 289, kneeling on a high promontory on the left of his picture, while below him lies the valley, with people crossing a rustic bridge and going up a road toward the town. In the sky the Madonna and Child are seen. The vision is on an enormous scale in proportion to the rest of the composition; all around the central figure little winged heads of angels are floating.

Allori's Preaching of the Baptist hangs here. It is dignified, and the figure of the Baptist, standing under a palm-tree, is refined and forceful. The crowd of listeners is also well composed. In the centre may be seen a man on one knee on the ground, holding a scroll and pen, trying to take notes. Quite a modern touch. In the distance Christ and his apostles are approaching. Alessandro Allori was the nephew of Christofano, and the author of a "Treatise on Anatomy for Painters." He was inferior in power to his uncle. His habit of introducing modern touches into historical scenes often became very objectionable. He was born in 1535, and died in 1607, in Florence, his native city.

In the school of Andrea del Sarto may be seen an agreeable representation of Tobias and the

Angel; but it is not so interesting as the one by Biliverti hanging over the door in the Hall of the Iliad. There is also a Madonna and Child in the same school, Number 294, pretty, but lacking in originality or force.

Over the door is a Temptation of St. Anthony, by Salvator Rosa, which Ruskin commends highly, saying that all the power of the artist, such as it was, is here manifested, and that very little about it is objectionable. "It is a vigorous and ghastly thought, in that kind of horror which is dependent upon scenic effect." There are striking effects of cloud in the background, "black flakes, with rents and openings of intense and lurid green." All this may be true; but this picture was evidently the inspiration of Mr. John Teniel in one of his illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland," for the monster which is pursuing the long-suffering saint is undeniably a Jabberwock. The saint is crouching in terror on the ground, and the mythical creature which is chasing him hovers in the air, in almost the same position as that of the redoubtable Jabberwock. To say that it is ludicrous, as applied to a religious theme, is to put it mildly. The picture was painted for Cardinal Carlo de Medici. Let us hope that it proved salutary.

Carlo Dolci's Madonna is not strong as a painting, but it is a pretty picture. The halos which sur-

round the heads of the Mother and Child are lavish in size, and are arranged in a series of defined points; they suggest the way in which swords are placed in what is called a "panoply," as decoration in an armory.

Christofano Allori's St. John in the Desert is a passably satisfactory picture, without special inspiration. The saint is not emaciated, as the mediævalists delighted to draw him; and, after all, perhaps locusts and wild honey would be rather hearty food; at least, they would combine flesh-producing ingredients!

The picture of the Madonna and Child with Saints is not unlike other paintings by Del Sarto in the Pitti. The two saints in the foreground are disposed very much like those in the Disputa. The Magdalen in profile, and the St. John, who kneels, are much like the St. Sebastian and the Magdalen in that picture, and might easily have been poses of the same model, and worked up from sketches made at the same time. The child is one of Andrea's loveliest creations, as he stands sturdily on his mother's knee, pointing heavenward. His other hand, pressed upon her arm for support, is an exquisite piece of modelling and foreshortening. The Madonna is the usual type, — Lucrezia, — maturer and stately. On the right of the picture stand St. Sebastian, with arrows in his hand, and St. Roch.

On the left are St. Lawrence and a nude figure, evidently Adam, who gazes into the face of the divine infant, his own face hidden by his sweeping hair. This figure has been called by other names, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that it represents the father of the race.

The picture is on wood, and was painted for an intimate friend of Andrea, one Cambassi; it was hung for some time in a church near the Château of Cambassi. There was originally a predella, showing portraits of the donor and his wife. This was unfortunately lost.

There is an unknown portrait of a man by Dolci, in a slashed court suit. This, Number 316, is one of the finest works of the artist, a superb study of lights on flesh. He wears a flat ruff, and is in an easy attitude.

Number 317 is a landscape by Kornelis Polenberg, a Holland painter who flourished in the early half of the seventeenth century, and shows a Roman ruin, with columns standing at the left, while shepherds of the classical-pastoral type are posing about to give an air of life to the picture. The pictures of Polenberg are very rare; there are four of them in the Pitti Palace.

There is a restful but unintellectual Nativity here, by Procaccino; it is full of glowing transparency and of sweet Greek idyllic feeling. The shepherds

are Greek; the mother is hugging the child in an ecstasy of maternal joyousness. Camillo Procaccino was one of three talented brother painters, living in Bologna between 1546 and 1626. He was famous both for his drawing and his colouring. He drew with spirit, and used his shades well. He was called the Vasari of Lombardy; although to us, who are not so much concerned with Vasari as a painter as we are interested in him as a biographer, this seems scant praise.

Christoforo del Altissimo painted the portrait of Clarice Ridolfi Altovito, Number 327. It represents a fair young girl, thoroughly enchanting. She has a lovely face, and wears her hair dressed close to her head, with a bead head-dress.

In the manner of Van Dyck is a portrait of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. of England. She is seen in profile, and is resplendent in satins with full gloss. She is holding a rose in her hand. It is a stately picture and worthy of a queen.

There is a cheerful landscape by Agostino Caracci, through the centre of which winds a river. To give a human touch of interest, Caracci has painted youths bathing on the opposite side of the river, while on the side in the foreground sits a woman turning away her head, and holding up her hands in protest! Agostino Caracci was that brother of Annibale to whom allusion has been made, and who

was somewhat serious, inclining towards the style of Tintoret, while Annibale reflected the lighter mood of Correggio. Most of his time was occupied with engraving, so that he did not paint as much as his brother. He is said, however, on his return from Venice, to have succeeded so well in painting a horse as to deceive the living animal which had been its model, and who approached it, thinking it to be alive.

Number 326 is a portrait of Pope Paul III., by Paris Bordone, after Titian, whose original of this portrait is in Naples. The figure appears to be somewhat out of drawing, the lower limbs being much longer in proportion to the head than is usual. But it is hardly fair to judge at this late date, for the subject may have had this peculiarity. He is seated in a red chair, and is clad in red and white, — much the same colour scheme as that chosen by Raphael for Leo X. Paul III. was Alexander Farnese, and was elected Pope in 1554, when he was sixty-eight years of age. He was a rabid opponent of Lutheranism. He was, nevertheless, a correspondent of Erasmus, although he established the Inquisition at Naples, and confirmed the Order of the Jesuits. Before taking sacred orders, he had been married twice. Paul III. was one of the most noted Pontiffs concerned in the building of the Vatican. He appreciated merit in the arts, and con-

stantly rewarded such men as Michelangelo, Giovio, Contarini, Bembo, and others for their labours. This Pope was responsible for making peace between Charles V. and Francis I. of France.

Proceeding now through the Stanza of Prometheus, where we have already spent some time, we go beyond, through the Corridor of Columns, to the Stanza of Justice. This Gallery of Columns is so called because of the two valuable columns which are engrafted in the architecture of the room; they are of Oriental alabaster. There are numerous miniatures and water-colours hanging here, which were originally in the collection of Cardinal Leopold de Medici; but it is rather a matter of conjecture to assume whom they may represent.

Here, after a long acquaintance with his estimate of others, we have our opportunity to judge of the work of Vasari. Number 393 is a St. Jerome; the temptation is being carried on unmercifully, and the steadfast gaze of the saint is fixed systematically upon the crucifix outside his hut. He is beset on all sides. Venus and Cupid are behind him, on the left, whispering seductive thoughts into his ear; another Cupid, blindfold, is shooting an arrow into his very eyes; while still a third is teasing him from behind. The lion at his feet is looking up sympathetically, as if to encourage him.

Dear old Vasari! Gossiping, inaccurate, imagi-

native, and yet our most fascinating quarry for real and apochryphal details about art subjects in his day. He lived from 1512 to 1564, in the thick of the golden age of Italy; and it is to his diligent and systematic taking of notes, which he used with copious amplifications, that we owe most of our knowledge of the men who flourished in all departments of the æsthetic life of Italy from the earliest times. And Vasari so readily confesses that his book is full of imperfections that we are quite ready to overlook them, in gratitude for all the positive information that we receive. And he himself understands human nature well enough to know that this will be so. He says: "And now shall it happen according to the laws usually prevailing that, having thus openly confessed my shortcomings, a great part of them shall be forgiven me."

What matters it if Giorgio Vasari was not one of the greatest artists of his time? If he had been, he would never have found time to prepare these voluminous biographies; and the world, richer by a few more great pictures, would have been inestimably poorer by the loss of one of the most fascinating works ever produced in literature. Later editors, with more reliable sources of information, have corrected his errors. He is the Boswell of Italian art. He deals with all the painters, sculp-

tors, architects, and engravers, covering a period of over half a thousand years.

But, like most clever persons with a diversity of gifts, Vasari, who had an inimitable genius for writing, and small talent for painting, aspired above all things to be recognized as an artist. Such industry and zeal as he chronicles of his early years ought to have been rewarded by greater results. He tells how he and his contemporaries used to go to the Sistine Chapel to copy the frescoes of Michelangelo, or to the galleries of Rome and Florence to copy Raphael and others. They would each select one of the pictures to work from, and, when they returned home in the evening, they would exchange drawings, each copying the other's work, so that in the long run each man might possess the entire collection of sketches. They did not even take time for meals: "Nor did we breakfast in the morning, except on what we ate while standing, and that very frugally." The narrator adds, with an unconscious confession, "The desire of glory was indeed ever a sufficiently powerful stimulus to mine exertions."

A most prolific painter, Vasari describes at length those pictures which he produced. They were usually well drawn and mildly acceptable; but, among the works of the Golden Age, they can never compete with the best. He tells of this special picture,

St. Jerome, and we will quote his own words in describing it: "In a large picture, moreover, I executed a San Girolamo in penitence, making the figure of the saint the size of life; he is in contemplation on the death of Christ, whom he has before him on a cross, and is striking his breast, while he drives far from him those mundane thoughts which did not cease to assail him, even in the most remote deserts, as he most fully tells us in his own writings. To express this condition of things intelligibly, I depicted Venus with Cupid in her arms, and leading a laughing Love by the hand; she is flying from the place made sacred by that devotion, and has suffered the quivers and arrows of her son to fall to the earth. The arrows which Cupid has shot at the saint turn broken toward himself, while others, caught as they are falling, are brought back to Venus by her doves."

Michelangelo was a kind and wise friend to Vasari, delicately hinting to him how well it would be to devote himself to architecture; but Vasari never erred on the side of modesty respecting his own talents, and simply saw in this advice a form of general encouragement.

The idea of writing his "Lives of the Painters" was first suggested to Giorgio at a supper at Cardinal Farnese's. Monsignor Giovio, who had just published some material on the subject of the arts

TEMPTATION OF ST. JEROME
By Vasari; in the Stanza of Justice

in his "Eulogies," was mentioning to the company that he contemplated adding a treatise concerning men who had been famous in these arts, from Cimabue to his own times. The cardinal and Giorgio Vasari began to talk over this proposition, and it was suggested that Giorgio himself should assist in this undertaking, he being recognized as an historical student. Vasari agreed to contribute to the volume. Accordingly he went home and arranged his notes, etc., in order, and presented his material to Giovio. Giovio was so impressed by what Vasari showed him that he unhesitatingly turned the work over to him, saying: "I would have you undertake this work yourself, for I see that you know perfectly well how to proceed therein." Vasari thus began his monumental book. When the "Lives of the Artists" was finished, Duke Cosimo desired the author to give it to the ducal printer, Lorenzo Torentino. This was done, and the work went forward.

Vasari superintended all the decorations and festivities incident to the marriage of the Duke Cosimo I.; he constructed the corridor which, running above the houses on the Ponte Vecchio, leads to the Uffizi from the Pitti. This bridge-like structure was completed in five months. Vasari visited Rome, piously kissed the toe of the Pope, travelled a good deal in Italy, painting vigorously wherever he went,

and continued hale and active until his life was ended. He closes the biographies with an account of his own career, the last sentence being this: "And now it shall suffice me to have spoken thus much of myself, who have thus arrived amidst many labours to the age of fifty-five; but I am prepared to live so long as it shall please God, to his honour and for the service of my friends; and so far as in me lies will be ever ready to promote and work for these most noble arts."

He died in June, 1564, being then sixty-three years of age. He was much lamented, having innumerable friends and few enemies. His life had been a steady, active, and useful one, and he has left a priceless heritage to lovers of art in all nations and times.

A charming, quaint little portrait is that of Eleanora of Mantua as a child, painted by the Flemish artist, Franz Porbus. The picture is numbered 391. She is stiff with brocade, and holds an apple in her hand, — perhaps the reward for keeping still while the drawing is made! With her other hand she is fingering a jewel which hangs round her neck. Her lace collar is stiff and tall, reaching almost to the top of her youthful head. In her hair are flowers, arranged with artifice, high and firm. She looks thoroughly uncomfortable; but *noblesse oblige* — royal children cannot be expected to have a com-

fortable time of it. Eleanora of Mantua was the wife of Prince Ferdinand, and was crowned Queen of Bohemia in 1627. She was a daughter of the noble house of Gonzaga, Vincenzio Gonzaga being her father.

Several hundred varieties of ecstasy are portrayed by Carlo Dolci in his various pictures of the saints; St. Casimir, Number 392, is no exception to the rule of his affectations. His attitudes are as affected as those chosen by ambitious amateur actors who have studied just enough to take from them their only charm, — spontaneity. Ruskin speaks of Carlo Dolci as one "who finishes for finish's sake."

There was nothing very original about St. Casimir's sainthood. He was an intensely pious youth, the son of Casimir of Poland and Elizabeth of Austria; born in 1443, he was a student and a recluse, and, perhaps weakened by his sedentary course of life, he died of a decline in 1483, still a young man. He had always denied himself the joys of court life, even refusing the crown of Hungary. Leo X. canonized him. He composed various hymns, and in the act of writing he is portrayed by Dolci; but, although the picture is mannered and overpolished, we may be allowed to admire the remarkably beautiful face which the artist has here drawn; it is anatomically a much more ascetic and intellectual

face than usually appears in saints of this period of art.

It is finer than the St. Peter by the same artist, about which Ruskin complains that there is too much cock, and that it might be the portrait of a poulterer, judging from its attributes! This picture has been seen in the Hall of Mars, Number 91.

Scarcelino's Birth of a Noble Infant is an amusing picture; it is numbered 394. It represents a vast hall, at the right of which is a bed, whereon the mother is lying, helping herself to soup, which is being presented by attendant damsels. In the central portion of this large hall, the new baby is being bathed by several court ladies, and a very independent child it appears to be for its tender age. Naked children are running about, playing with dogs, and otherwise disporting themselves during the preoccupation of their elders. It seems to be a large family into which the newcomer has arrived, and the other children all appear to be about of the same age; perhaps, after all, they may be intended as cupids. A dog-fight is in progress, being encouraged by some of these little urchins on the right. At the extreme left there is a fireplace, and some women are holding clothes before the blaze to warm them for the infant.

Judith, by Artemesia Gentilleschi, is full of swing. This is its chief merit. The maid carries a basket

with the head in it. Perhaps it takes a woman to portray a woman's feelings at such a moment, and Judith is distinctly nervous, although she is shouldering her sword bravely. She is starting forward, and laying her hand on the shoulder of her companion, as if to say, "Hush! what noise was that?" She is humanly overawed at her own act, and is physically unstrung. The figures are graceful.

Salviati's Patience is a fat, classically clothed personage, chained to the wall by her ankle. She does not so much suggest patience as durance. It cannot be called a thoughtful rendering of the idea. Salviati was an intimate friend of Vasari from childhood, and often they worked together.

Among the Dutch pictures is a canvas by Hondecoeter, born at Utrecht in 1636, who painted chiefly domestic fowl, but occasionally birds of a more dignified sort, swans, peacocks, etc. Quite a barnyard is here to be seen and certainly good work of its kind; interesting for those who admire these subjects.

Here is Bronzino's portrait of Cosimo I., Number 403. Cosimo was born on the 11th of June, 1519; he was a great student in early youth, and ambitious and devoted to the arts. In January, 1536, he was saluted Duke and Governor of the Florentine Republic. His genius expanded itself both in the government and in his private enter-

prises, so that in time he became the first prince in Italy. In the words of a biographer, "He erected so many and such superb structures, statues, and obelisks that it was with justice that he said, 'He found a city of stone, and he left one of marble.' He made Florence the 'fair' truly 'the magnificent,' and it became the seat of the arts. Men famous in every branch of learning were sure to find protection and the most ample provision in his court. . . . His palace was as large, more elegant, and better furnished than those of the greatest monarchs." Such was the character of the man who bought the Pitti Palace for his wife, Eleanor of Toledo.

A later portrait of Vittoria della Rovere than the delightful Vestal Virgin, which hangs in the Hall of Jupiter, is Number 404, painted jointly by Sustermans and Carlo Dolci, but usually given to the latter. It shows how the lady grew older, grew stouter, was less interesting in her appearance as the years went on. But she seems to have been a pious dame, inasmuch as she elected to be painted as Vestal Virgin while she was of an age to look the part, and in later years she seems to have enjoyed being represented as a sort of demi-nun, wearing a veil, holding a cross on her bosom, and carrying a book of devotions. Her whole costume is

reminiscent of the religieuse, but of no particular order.

In Number 408 Oliver Cromwell's face looks out of place in the Pitti Palace. We wonder why it should hang here among the Medici and their compatriots until we learn the historic reason for its being in the Hall of Justice. This picture was painted when Cromwell was in his fiftieth year. It was executed by order of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II., who so greatly admired Cromwell, both for his courage and his character, that he ordered this portrait by Sir Peter Lely. Peter Van der Faes, a master of Flemish art, was born in 1618, and is better known as Sir Peter Lely, the painter of court beauties of Charles II. There is a legend that his name was given him because of a lily which occurred over the door of the perfumer's shop, which was his home; but this is not generally accepted. It is more likely that his father changed his name, for some unexplained reason, from Van der Faes to Lely. He painted portraits quite independently for Charles II., Charles I., and Cromwell. The special occasion on which Ferdinand had been so greatly impressed with the great Puritan was when he had sent his messenger directly to Pope Alexander VII., saying that, if the persecutions of the Waldenses did not cease, the English fleet would proceed up the Tiber. This threat, directed so

boldly at the very source of Italian stability, as it was then understood, caused Duke Ferdinand II. to have a lively respect for Cromwell.

The picture Number 406 is usually called St. Domenico in a Grotto, but it would be more accurate to describe it as a grotto with St. Domenico in one corner of it, where he kneels at his devotions. The light comes from the centre. At the right are souls rising, through the intercessory prayers of the saint, from hell fire, and being drawn through a small aperture by angels. Through another puncture in the side of the cave the scene of an assassination is being enacted.

In the Hall of Justice may also be seen three fine portraits by Tintoretto; a delightful Madonna by Manozzi, Number 396; a St. John Evangelist by Carlo Dolci, Number 397, similar to the one in the Hall of the Iliad, Number 217. There are several landscapes here also, two by Hollanders, Number 411 and Number 412; the first by Jan Both, who was called Both d'Italia, because, although he was born in Utrecht in 1610, he worked also in Italy, where he died, in Venice, in 1650. The other is by Swanevelt, called Herman d'Italia because he also adopted Italy as his field for operation, dying at Rome in 1690.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STANZA OF FLORA AND THE STANZA DEI PUTTI

We pass next into the Stanza of Flora, which is almost as famous for Canova's well-known statue of Venus as for its paintings.

Antonio Canova was the link between the Renaissance and modern sculpture. He was the greatest man in his art in the eighteenth century, following the decadence which had occurred during the early part of that century, and preceding the modern ideas of sculpture which govern the men of to-day. He was born in Possagno on the morning of All Saints' Day, 1757. For the first twelve years of his life, he lived in a mud-lined hut in the Alps, in which he first saw the light.

His father, Pietro Canova, was a stone-cutter, and the young Antonio from the first was free with the mallet and chisel. He lost both his parents while he was a child, and continued to live in the same place with his grandfather, a genial old man, who brought him up well, and who was a genius in his

humble way, also a stone-cutter, but possessing some knowledge of architecture and a good deal of talent in representing the human figure in marble. Examples of his work may still be seen in the Church of Monfumo.

The story of his first opportunity to come before an appreciative public is interesting. Near his home lay the great estates of Signor Giovanni Falier, a member of the patrician family of Venice. Repairs were continually needed at this place, and Antonio and his grandfather often worked there. The amiable boy, with his unassuming manners, but with his lithe young figure and beautiful head and face, attracted the signor; and his son, Giuseppe Falier, became intimate with Antonio. The cheerful old grandfather, who was quite a wit, was also an object of interest to the family. One day, at a festival which was taking place at the Falier estates, the Venetian nobility were present, and everything was being done on a very superb scale, when suddenly the steward saw that there had been an oversight: the domestics had neglected to provide any large decorative piece to be placed in the centre of the table. The servants were in despair; they went to Canova's grandfather for a suggestion, but the old man could think of nothing that would be appropriate. Suddenly young Antonio exclaimed that he had an idea, and asked for a large quantity of but-

ter. When this was brought, he immediately modelled a lion with such effect that when it was placed upon the table the guests all exclaimed and asked for the artist. The guests as a body voted to send for Antonio, and, blushing, he entered the hall, and was presented as a new discovery to the noble Venetians. From this time forward the boy had patrons who were ready to examine and purchase his work.

With his intermediate work we have no time or occasion to deal. For many years, in Venice and Rome, Canova constantly produced work estimated to be, according to the taste of his day, the greatest since Michelangelo. At last, when in the Napoleonic wars Italy was stripped of many of her art treasures, the celebrated Venus de Medici was carried away from Florence, where she had so long reigned. The empty pedestal was to be filled. Canova was elected to supply the loss. He was very modest in accepting this offer, saying that "he wished to avoid the imputation of appearing to deem himself capable of producing anything equal to the Venus de Medici," and adding, in a letter, "The Greeks, equally with nature, are my instructors; it behooves me, then, to preserve the deference which is due from a scholar to his preceptors. My Venus, therefore, shall remain at a humble distance, like an attendant nymph, who, in her absence, may attract for a moment the regards of the sorrowing

votaries of the departed divinity." This was in 1806.

Canova's Venus made a great impression upon Mrs. Jameson, who saw it when it stood in the private apartments of the duke in Florence. "It is," she says, "a triumph of modern art, but not a goddess." To Mrs. Jameson the difference between this Venus and the Venus de Medici seemed very great, but she adds that Canova's is a very beautiful creation.

The attitude of this famous and well-known statue is similar to that of its prototype, but not copied from it. While the Venus de Medici is rather short and stocky for our modern taste, she embodied exactly the round and smooth ideal of the early nineteenth century. Canova, foreseeing, perhaps, a little of what changes were to come over the tastes of an increasingly intellectual generation, has made his goddess slighter, more active, and taller. In these particulars he has improved upon the proportions of the original. She is represented, like the Medici, as having just issued from the bath, but she is draped more than the classic statue. This drapery is no defect, for the suggestion of graceful limbs and other charms which issue from the folds that she has hastily caught up before her is rather piquant than otherwise, though less modest in a certain sense, because it shows a consciousness of

STANZA OF FLORA, WITH CANOVA'S VENUS

nudity. One corner of the drapery falls obliquely in front, and the rest falls gracefully to the ground in small Greek folds. The figure is poised on the right foot, with the left foot a little behind, the left knee drawn in close to the right one. The right arm is concealed by the mantle, which is thrown over the right shoulder, but the left arm is entirely undraped, as is the whole side, so that the extremely graceful line from neck to ankle is unbroken. The left hand holds the garment up to her breast, but not enough to prevent the beautiful modelling from being seen.

The lines of the upper part of the figure of Canova's Venus are delicate, with the slight and virginal charm of early youth, rather than with the voluptuous maturity of the Venus de Medici. The ideal is more spiritual and more tender. The head is turned to the left, and in this is a little unnatural, because if the sound of approaching steps, which she has evidently heard, came from that quarter, the instinct would have been to drape that side first, whereas Venus has been careless about her left side, while throwing the mantle fully over her right. This little oversight is a justification of Ruskin, when he asserts that Canova was lacking in imagination. But whether natural or not, it is effective, and her startled expression is well indicated by the turn in the throat, which is exquisitely graceful.

It is hard to analyze exactly what are the shortcomings of this statue, which is so good in parts; but it has an air of being in the taste of a special period, and it certainly is not modern. It is perhaps a little too timid, too self-conscious, too affected and apologetic. When a modern man represents Venus, he makes her as unconscious as did the Greeks; there is no recognition of the nude as being indiscreet; it is shown fairly and freely, with no attempt at disguise. This statue of Canova's is too obviously a woman who is used to being thoroughly dressed, and is therefore shocked at herself for being discovered in a state of nudity. In an ode by Missisini, "Venere che esce dal Bagno," this impression is unintentionally admitted:

> "Shrinking she seems from her own view
> In trembling conscious modesty."

Canova remained in Rome for a period of fifteen years, except for a few short journeys in Italy. In 1815 he was entrusted with the important mission of visiting Paris, in order to redeem for the Florentines the lost art treasures which had been filched from them during the war. As the trusted agent of the king, he was equal to his task, and returned with a majority of the losses made good.

Canova, amidst all the adulation which he re-

ceived, remained a modest worker to the last. He died in 1822.

Vasari's Holy Family does not differ enough from other treatments of this familiar subject to require analysis here. There is one point in which it is rather unique: the Virgin is actually making eyes at the spectator, — she is positively flirtatious in her appearance.

The portrait, by Sustermans, of Grand Duke Ferdinand II. represents a young man, earnest, active, not handsome, being of too long a cast of face for regular beauty, but with a better expression than that of most of his family. He is clad in a suit of decorated armour, with a ruff of immaculate stiffness. His face is smooth, and his hair is short. The head might be that of a twentieth century man. The portrait is extremely well painted; it is not flattered, and yet it gives the sitter his due. The rendering of the metal, with its delicate embossing, is wonderfully fine. It gives us pleasure and promise of an amiable and good-hearted man; and this Ferdinand II. grew up to be. He made his home in the Pitti Palace an asylum for the distressed who needed protection, and at different times opened his doors to the unfortunate. At one time the Duke and Duchess of Lorraine, who had been persecuted by Richelieu, sought refuge in Florence in the disguise of gardeners. He had the honour of enter-

taining Christina of Sweden on her way to Rome, and received the Russian ambassadors on their way to the papal court. He also materially helped Charles II. when he was an exile, and numerous other kind and hospitable deeds are recorded of him. He bought the portrait of Cromwell by Sir Peter Lely, which has already been noticed, he being a great admirer of Cromwell. With the superstition of his family, Ferdinand II. attributed all his success to Our Lady of Loretto, and sent to her shrine a missal with twelve topazes on the cover, and a silver galley four feet long, inscribed, "Ferdinand de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, dedicated this to the blessed Virgin for preserving his galleys from the plague."

Among other naval acquisitions, Ferdinand captured thirty-five galleys from Mohammedan pirates in 1642. He was a just ruler, punishing vice and rewarding virtue with some system; and, although he was a strict tax-collector, his subjects realized that they received the value of their expenditure in good protection and improved conditions of living. This prince married, in 1623, Vittoria della Rovere; and she brought to the Pitti Palace all the personal riches and valuable collections of the ancient family of Rovere, she being the only daughter of that house. He died March 24, 1670. An account of his funeral, which was one of the most magnificent

pageants ever witnessed in Florence, is given by Mr. Style, who was present on that occasion, and who wrote "A Voyage in Italy" in 1671. He writes as follows: "This May 27, 1670, died the great Duke Ferdinand, of an apoplexy and dropsy; foure dayes after, his bodye was embalmed, and lay in very grate state eight dayes, being dressed in all his robes; afterwards buried at St. Lawrences'. The funeral was very august, beginning at nine, but they were from that time till one in the morning before it was finished; there were 1,500 monckes with tapers, all the bishops and archbishops of the domain, all the knights of St. Stephen in their robes, viz.: white sattin and crimson velvet; the present Grate Duke accompanied by his brother Prince Francesco; their mourning cloakes carried up; after the corpse several horses, and the Duke's own pad, and English horse; all the officers of the late Duke, with their broken bastions; a horse-guard of Germans, beating a dead march; lastly, a grate number of coaches with sixe horses, finished the ceremony. At St. Lawrence's chapel door, the Pope's Nuncio and other prelates received the bodye, who placed it under a very rich pavillion, while the panegyrick was speaking; then putt it in the vault. Sir John Finch was pleased to procure me a windowe in the Palace of the Duke of Strozzi."

Four landscapes by Poussin hang in the Stanza of Flora. They show a certain similarity. In one a river is seen winding between bluffs, and cows and herdsmen are in the foreground. In another, the ruins of a temple are seen at the left, while the right of the picture is treated as an undulating valley. In a third, a satyr and a goat are having a pitch-battle in the foreground, butting at one another with a will. These are typical landscapes of Poussin, not Nicolas, who was the principal master of Claude Lorraine, but Gaspar Dughet, called Poussin, who was a native of Rome, born in 1613, and who painted there until his death in 1675.

Ruskin complains that Poussin's distances are too indefinite, — that they might be fifty miles away, or they might equally well be five miles distant, so far as any clear indication is concerned; that he did not study nature, but composed what he considered a "handsome picture." He admits that Poussin's pictures have often serious feeling and solemn colour, but that otherwise they are virtueless, and that the admiration which has been lavished on them is unintelligent. He further berates Poussin for introducing "wreaths of cloud, with their unpleasant edges cut as hard and solid and opaque and smooth as thick black paint can make them; rolled up over one another like a dirty sail badly reefed." In fact, there is nothing too severe

for Ruskin to say about Poussin's interpretation of sky. His foliage elicits similar compliments, and his tree-trunks are likened to carrots or parsnips. Just hear Ruskin on the subject of Poussin's trees: "Circular groups of greenish touches, always the same size, shape, and distance from each other; containing so exactly the same number of touches each that you cannot tell one from another." They are "laid over each other like fish-scales, the shade being most carefully made darker as it recedes from each, until it comes to the edge of the next, against which it cuts with the same sharp, circular line, and then begins to decline again until the canvas is covered, with about as much intelligence or feeling of art as a house-painter has in marbling a wainscot . . . what is there in this which the most determined prejudice in favour of the old masters can for a moment suppose to resemble trees?" So does Gaspar Poussin suffer at the hands of the severe Slade professor.

Now to look for a moment on the other side. Hear the Abbate Lanzi, in the eighteenth century, about a hundred years earlier than Ruskin: "Poussin, contrary to Salvator, selected the most enchanting scenes and the most beautiful aspects of nature; the graceful poplar, the spreading plane-tree, limpid fountains, verdant meads, gently undulating hills, villas delightfully situated, calculated to dispel the

cares of state, and to add to the delights of retirement." Evidently Lanzi was soothed by those features which set Ruskin's very teeth on edge. Lanzi mentions as a virtue in æsthetics what Ruskin condemns as a sin: that Poussin composed ideal landscapes, like those imagined by Tasso in the Gardens of Armida. He asserts that it is the opinion of many that there is not a greater name among landscape painters. "Everything that Gaspar expresses is founded in nature. In his leaves he is as varied as the trees themselves . . . in Gaspar everything displays elegance and erudition." That is the keynote to this difference of opinion between the eighteenth and the nineteenth century ideals of landscape. In the eighteenth century a man used his imagination and inventive faculties; the painter who could most readily suggest a country-side as it *should be* was the finer artist; in the nineteenth century the painter who could portray nature *as it really is* stands at the head. Nature has not changed, and fashion determines the standard, as in all else. Lanzi further admires this ideal quality in Poussin, remarking that his figures are either historical, or poets crowned with laurels, or hawking parties, instead of shepherds and peasants; and the whole is finished in a style almost equal to miniature painting.

After presenting these two extremes of criticism

regarding Gaspar Poussin, we recommend to the reader a study of the four specimens of his work, Numbers 416, 421, 436, and 441.

Many visitors fail to notice a painting of St. Jerome, by Calvart, because it has unfortunately darkened with age, but the original work must have been one of unrivalled beauty, especially the head of the central figure of the saint, of which Rembrandt might have been proud. St. Jerome, writing, is sitting at his table. The accessories are a trifle modern, but nothing can detract from the handling of the light and shade upon the bent head, with its mist of white hair merging into the shadow. At the left of the picture stand two angels. The lights are thrown very effectively, if rather artificially, upon the facial angle of one of them, emphasizing the beauty of the face. A crucifix stands on the table at the right, and below it an open book, showing an illumination of the Madonna and Child. Near the inkstand rests the upper half of a human skull on a closed book. There may be a significance in this: the sealed volume of the earthly grave, and the fair open pages of the volume when subjected to the test of the redeeming power of the cross. Calvart was a painter of the Flemish school, living between 1565 and 1619.

There are two landscapes here by the Flemish artist, Carl Ruthart, who worked from 1660 to

1680. One of these, Number 418, represents animals in a state of domesticity; it looks like a cattle show. The other, Number 438, would have been an acceptable circus poster, being a representation of wild creatures of all sorts tearing a deer to pieces; panthers, lions, and leopards are pouncing on him from all quarters. It is a restless and inartistic arrangement of unpleasant beasts.

The Genius of Art, Number 422, is painted by Riminaldi, and is represented by a youth, nude, and with wings; the attributes of the arts are lying all about him in disorder on the floor. His attitude is extremely lithe and graceful. At the left side lie a lute, a spear, and a rapier, while at the right stands on a higher plane a globe made of framework, wreathed with laurels; in this composition there occur also scales, palettes, and brushes, bows and arrows and a helmet, and other bits of armour. The Genius himself is seated on a fragment of architectural ruin.

Furini's Adam and Eve is something of a departure from the usual treatment of the subject. Adam and his wife are confessing on their knees and in attitudes of pleading, to the Almighty, who, having been walking in the garden, is seated under the fatal tree. The representation of the heavenly Father is entirely human, — he looks as if he might have been intended for one of the apostles. Fran-

ALLEGORICAL HEAD
By Furini; in the Stanza of Flora

cesco Furini was called the Guido and the Albano of the Florentine school. He was born about 1600, and lived until 1649. He was original, in spite of the fact that he was a great student of other masters; he did not allow any traces of their work to creep into his own manner; rather, he entered into their spirit, and then allowed his own individuality to have free play. He studied and planned his pictures for a long time, but the actual rendering of them was a quick process with him. He was ordained priest when he was forty. He handled his flesh tints with great mellowness, and in his later pictures this mannerism becomes so marked that there seems to be almost a mist about his figures. The beautiful model for Eve in this picture appears again in an allegorical head which hangs directly underneath; a more exquisite pose of head and shoulder it would be difficult to find. In each case the face is in profile. The type is most alluring and graceful. The girl in the small picture holds a chalice in her hand.

Calumny, by Franciabigio, is based upon the description by Lucian of a picture of the same name painted by Apelles. The theme of Apelles in his ancient painting, as we learn from Lucian, was the visualizing of the emotions and ideas in physical shape; it might be called a psychological allegory. Apelles was a Greek artist who was famous for his

colour, and painted many allegorical subjects, though none of his works have survived. Lucian tells how his jealous brother artists had maligned Apelles to King Ptolemy, who had been his protector up to this time. The king listened to the gossip, and Apelles, learning of this change in the attitude of his patron, took his revenge by painting the King of Egypt as Midas with ass's ears. Innocence is dragged by the hair by Calumny, holding a torch. She is accompanied by Hypocrisy and Treachery. Envy, in dull clothes, precedes the group. The king listens to Suspicion and Ignorance, and holds out his hand in approbation to Calumny. Falsehood is represented as the mother of Calumny. Truth, a naked girl, appeals to heaven for justice.

The Madonna and Child, by Cigoli, — a rather disagreeable painter of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, — is most unsatisfactory. Nothing could be contrived to look less like any possible conception of the Virgin. A mediæval missal lies open on her knees, and the industrious Child is following the lines along with his finger, while his mother, although in a perfunctory way she is pointing to the book, is much more interested in having her portrait painted. She sits facing the audience, as erect and self-conscious as the sentinel of an arsenal when under feminine observation.

Note, however, what a crowning success this painter might have had as designer for a fashion paper had he lived to-day! Was ever a more fascinating sleeve devised?

Number 431 is a St. John Preaching, by Tassi. St. John stands on the left, on a slight elevation, exhorting the motley crowd of listeners. All nations seem to have turned out to hear him. In the centre is a man in a short-skirted robe, with high boots, and a hat with feathers and quills, — he is probably the artist's conception of an Indian, or else a Russian. He wears a fur mantle. There is a turbaned Turk on horseback, and behind him a black Moor with the features of a negro. The expression on the face of the horse is intended to be forcible; evidently the animal is being converted by the preaching! A poor family is seen in a wheelbarrow in the foreground, and a Bedouin appears in another place; people are also approaching in a boat.

A portrait of Lavinia Fontana, painted by herself, is seen in Number 433. Lavinia was the daughter of Prospero Fontana, an artist of Bologna. She was born in 1552, and lived to be sixty-two years of age, dying in Rome in 1614. She is here represented as rather a young woman, with her hair dressed in the approved manner of the time, with a tall, stately collar of stiffened lace behind

her head, and strings of pearls hanging far down on her corsage. Her mantle is cut about the edges in blocks, and the sleeves are of brocade. Lavinia Fontana was an artist of some note, and painted several large Scripture scenes, Christ and the Woman of Samaria, at Naples, being among her chief works. She was an accurate and minute painter of ornament, and the Roman ladies liked to employ her better than any man, because she treated their jewels and brocades with more elaboration and sympathy. She was better as a colourist than as a designer. Her work is not intellectual, but refined to the verge of neatness.

Giovanni da san Giovanni, usually called Manozzi, has painted a cook who seems superior to his position. He is a jaunty individual, with a fur hat flared away from his face, with much action in the brim. His hair is rather long and tied with a ribbon bow in the back of his neck; in fact, he is quite coquettish. He wears a heavy scarf flung over his shoulder, which is presented to the spectator; the back is slightly turned, and the face looks over the left shoulder. In one hand he holds a chicken, and in the other a knife with which he is about to dress it.

There is no more charming picture in the gallery than the Repose in Egypt, by Van Dyck. It has been engraved in a more flowery period of art, under

the title of "The Queen of Angels." And such it really is. The baby angels are heavenly, although they savour of the beauty of earth; still, the joyous spiritual grace in their small bodies stands almost alone in creations of its kind. The mother and child are seated on a rustic bank in an exquisitely restful landscape; St. Joseph is near by in an attitude of relaxation, and all about are these cheerful holy children making melody and diversion for the little boy on the Virgin's knee. The little angel who stands in an attitude of ineffable grace at the right toward the centre of the picture, his arms both extended and an expression of infantine bliss on his upturned face, lives long in one's memory. Ruskin might think that these angels resemble cupids, — perhaps they do, — but for that matter, possibly cupids resemble angels. How shall we know until we have an opportunity to compare them? This picture was from the Gerini Gallery.

A picture of some originality is that of Jesus as an infant crowning the Madonna, painted by Alessandro Allori, and hanging over the door which leads to the Sala dei Putti. It represents the Virgin Mary in the dress of a peasant girl, with her hair hanging down her back, the front locks being tied up at the two sides with little bows. The child on her knee is reaching up to crown her with a chap-

let of flowers; in his other hand he holds the crown of thorns.

Gentilischi has again painted Judith, Number 444, in the act of raising the sword to slay the unsuspecting Holofernes, who lies rapt in slumber; she has a most disinterested look on her face, like one who is swinging Indian clubs for exercise. Her attendant raises an expostulatory hand, and casts down her eyes, as if the sight were going to prove too much for her. But Judith looks too stolid to be affected by such an episode.

We go now into the last small room, the Stanza of the Putti, so called because of the winged cupids on the ceiling.

A sweet Madonna and Child, by Del Sarto, is seen at once through the door from the Stanza of Flora into the Sala dei Putti. The mother, in profile, holds her child on her lap. He is not so successfully painted as the Virgin, being thick and uninfantile in his proportions.

Among the Flemish landscapes which hang here are two by Paul Bril, who was a painter and engraver, born in Antwerp in 1554.

Two canvases of flowers and fruit are also striking, Numbers 451 and 455. They are painted by a Dutch artist named Rachel Ruysch.

In Salvator's landscape, Peace Burning the Arms of War, Ruskin alludes to the "pure ignorance

of tree structure" displayed: "Every one of the arrangements of the tree branches is impossible, and the trunk of the tree could not for a moment support the foliage it is loaded with." This picture is Number 453.

In the Sala dei Putti there are four examples of the work of Willem von Aelst, who was a painter of Delft, born in 1620. He studied with his uncle, an artist of the same style. Their specialty was dead game and fruits.

A marine, by Jan Dubbels, hangs here, Number 457. He was a painter of the Dutch school who flourished about 1729.

Number 461 is Domenichino's Venus and Satyr. Venus lies upon a couch composed of flat rock, and embraces Cupid who stands by her. A satyr at the left looks jealously on, and evidently has designs upon the goddess. One of his sylvan train has stolen round behind the couple, and is trying to possess himself of Cupid's quiver, which has fallen to the ground unobserved.

Jan van Huysums has been called the Correggio of flower painting. Extreme minuteness is a characteristic of his work; and the delicate vase of flowers which may here be seen, in the Sala dei Putti, Number 462, is evidence of his genius in this direction. His treatment is bright and sunny. Jan

van Huysums died in 1749, in Amsterdam, where he was born in 1682.

Here also hangs a marine by Ludolf Bakhuisen, who was a Dutch artist born at Emden in 1631. This marine is crowded with boats pitching at every angle. Bakhuisen died at Amsterdam in 1709.

In Number 465 Carlo Dolci has painted the Vision of St. John on Patmos, but the visions are too far away in the heavens to be properly balanced to the proportions of the picture. St. John is seen reclining. The vision is of a "woman clothed with the sun, and the new moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." She is also endowed with wings, according to the Scriptures: "And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle; that she might fly into the wilderness;" in the vision also appears "another great wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon having seven heads and seven crowns upon his heads." On a jutting rock by the saint is the emblematic eagle of St. John, with wings spread for flight.

Salvator Rosa's Diogenes is Number 470. In the midst of a group of trees, with peasants as spectators, Diogenes is seen in the act of throwing away his cup. He thus denies himself this artificial aid to drinking because he has been impressed by watching a youth dip his hand into a stream and drink

from it. Ruskin says of this picture that it is "rendered valueless by coarseness of feeling and non-reference to nature."

There are four quaint portraits in this room, by Douwen, of the Princess Maria Anne Louisa de Medici, the last of her illustrious family. After the death of her only brother, she lived still at the Pitti Palace in great isolation and state. She was married to Prince John William, the Elector Palatine, who resembled the Medici in his tastes, and was in every way fitted to adorn this position. But the lady was of a suspicious temperament, possibly not without cause, and she used to follow him about, veiled, so that in this way his petty gallantries became known to her, and the marriage did not prove to be a happy one. When he died, she reigned supreme in the Pitti. She never went out except to church, or at night, when she was always escorted by guards and drawn by eight horses. Her death occurred in 1743. She was buried with regal magnificence, and left a will of some generosity to her distant relatives, bequeathing to one a string of pearls valued at sixty thousand crowns; and to the King of Spain a jewel worth one hundred thousand crowns. She had collected many valuable art treasures and jewels during her life. The furniture of her bedroom was described after her death as being all of silver, tables, chairs, stools, and screens,

"more rich and singular and extraordinary than handsome," as an old author expresses it.

Of the four portraits of this eccentric lady, one represents her standing, extending her hand for a little dog to jump over it; in the other she is in the full regalia of a huntress. The first shows Anna Maria to have been slight of figure, which fact she emphasized by dressing very tightly. Her head-dress is high and ornamented with pearls. Her dress is cut with high neck and long sleeves, and is elaborately trimmed with bands of rich embroidery; she wears a small ruff and a short cape. There is a hall window in the background at the right, and at the left a curtain is draped. In the second portrait Anna Maria's tight-strapped costume is carried out in quite a military manner. She is standing out-of-doors, and is holding a gun in one hand, while the other hand is resting on the neck of a favourite dog. Her hair hangs free over her shoulders, and she wears a three-cornered hat with plumes. Both these portraits are very jaunty. In Number 471 the redoubtable Anna Maria de Medici is displaying her art as a cook. She wears a point lace apron; and the achievements of her genius, in the shape of strange pasties and moulded figures, are seen on a table near. Again she appears, in Number 478, with her husband, the Elector Palatine. They stand in a hall at the end of which is

spread a vast table, covered with pastry swans and such moulds as Anna Maria has already been represented as composing. The costumes of both are elaborate and dressy in the extreme of the fashion of a flamboyant age. The lady is pointing to a wine-pot, or some large piece of bric-à-brac which stands on the floor at the right.

Retracing our steps to the Hall of Prometheus, we turn to the left and enter the little long Galleria Poccetti, named after the artist who decorated its ceiling.

The bust of Napoleon, by Canova, is here. There are interesting accounts given of the sittings with which Napoleon favoured the sculptor; their conversations must have been quite edifying. The bust was modelled from life in 1802, Canova visiting Paris for the purpose. Napoleon tried his best to inveigle Canova into remaining in France, and lending his genius to the glorification of his new empire; but the sculptor was true to his native country, and he returned to Italy in due season. In speaking of the French, Canova used to say, "They are not inspired with genuine love of art; it is merely a love of display." In those days this was probably true of the French nation. One of the conversations quoted by Canova's stepbrother, who took notes on the interviews between Napoleon and the sculptor, is worth repeating. Canova showed

the emperor his design for the statue of Napoleon as it was to appear when completed. Not seeing any arms or weapons in the composition, Napoleon exclaimed: "Citizen Canova, there must be a plot against me, — you have left me without defence." At this the sculptor pointed out a sheathed sword, which he had placed against a support in the statue, saying: "No, Sire; I have only hung up the sheathed sword, in sign of that peace to which the wishes of all good men have long inclined." Napoleon was unkind enough to show Canova the arrangement of the statues and pictures which had been brought from Italy, asking him if he did not think them well placed. The sculptor could hardly conceal his indignation; but he managed to conceal his wrath, as he replied: "They were certainly better placed in Italy."

In a painting by Tiarini, Number 488, Adam and Eve have just discovered the murder of their son, Abel. They are horrified, and express their emotion in true primitive fashion. The first grief is depicted as a transport of rage and despair. Cain is fleeing in fear and awe. Abel lies dead in the foreground. Alessandro Tiarini was a painter of the Bolognese school, born in 1577. He was a pupil of Fontana (Prospero, the father, not Lavinia, the daughter); he was quite a philosopher, but of a quarrelsome turn; he was obliged to flee from

Bologna on account of an altercation of a serious nature, and did not return for many years. He was expert in foreshortening, and noted for always choosing melancholy or tragic subjects, which he treated with much dramatic force. He knew how to depict the various passions on the human face, and this accomplishment was one reason for selecting such a crisis as this. The picture is full of dramatic power; the emotions are well differentiated. Tiarini lived to be ninety years old, dying in 1688.

In Riminaldi's St. Cecilia there is a strong feeling of Christian fortitude expressed in the kneeling figure of the saint, whose hands are tied before her. The executioner is holding her by the hair, and is preparing to take her life. He is a good-looking young man, much too gentlemanly to appear in his present state of insufficient costume, and to be so brutal in his behaviour toward a lady. It is a picture in high society; that is the chief criticism. The angel, hovering above, is floating in a most delicious way, and is in exquisite foreshortening; the figure is almost inverted in the air, and looks perfectly well balanced, and as if it could poise itself in a hundred similar attitudes, and yet never give one any anxiety lest it might fall. The angel carries a wreath and a palm. The whole picture is attractive and mellow.

Guercino's St. Sebastian is bound to a tree. His hand, being tied to one of the upper limbs, gives his figure a picturesque attitude. The face is upturned, and he is as well filled with arrows as the most enthusiastic persecutor could demand. In the sky is an angel ministering to him, — one of those Cupid-pseudo angels which annoy Ruskin.

Padre Pietro Pinamonte, a Jesuit confessor of Cosimo III., here appears, Number 496, painted true to the life by another Jesuit like himself, Padre Andrea Pozzo. This painter was a clever brother who painted both in oil and fresco; much of his work was accomplished in Turin. He lived from 1642 to 1709.

In summing up the characteristics of Italian art, Schlegel, in his "Æsthetic Essays," says: "Italian painting may, like its poetry, be classed in two distinct divisions, the old and the new. If the simple grandeur of Giotto, the masculine and wondrous conceptions of Mantegna, remind us of Dante, the beauty of Perugino may no less aptly be compared with Petrarch, while Titian and Correggio seem alike representatives of Tasso and Ariosto. I have not cited these resemblances between the followers of the sister arts simply as an exercise of ingenuity, but rather to illustrate the one simple yet important principle that nature in similar spheres observes the same order of productions, and that the same stages

of progress are apparent to all. The parallel between Italian poets and painters may be carried still farther, — the pithy sweetness of Domenichino assimilates completely with the poetic manner of Guarini, and the sweet inspiration of Marini finds a corresponding analogy in the capricious Albano."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROYAL APARTMENTS AND THE BOBOLI GARDENS

THE remaining attractions of the Pitti Palace are the royal apartments and the Boboli Gardens.

On the right of the entrance by the portico is the great hall. The hall was decorated in 1633 by Giovanni Mannozzi (known by the name of Giovanni da san Giovanni), who was considered one of the best fresco painters in Italy. In the vault are scenes of allegorical significance, apropos of the nuptials of the prince; on the walls are presented the most memorable acts in the life of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Here may be seen the four seasons, simulated in gold; the months painted as marble figures; other figures are holding laurel wreaths and festoons in bronze. On the corresponding sides are represented allegorical figures of Day and Night. The angles of the vault are ornamented with laurels, palms, and helmets, shields, and other devices which are intended to recall the deeds and achievements of the Medici. One would expect

to see a few dripping stilettos and poison vials introduced into the design; but these, from a delicate sense of tact, have been omitted.

Among the allegorical subjects in this comprehensive fresco are Love Leading a Lion, the Florentines doing homage to Mars in the person of Ferdinand II.; Flora and the Nymphs of the Arno, who are bestowing upon her a cart-load of garden produce; Flora being admired by the god Pan; a chestnut-tree, which is said to symbolize the House of Rovere, placed on the throne of Venus; Time destroying a neat library of books which are being offered to him by a group of satyrs; further satyrs, bearing lighted torches, climbing up to Parnassus. A female satyr, which is an original but thoroughly displeasing idea, holds aloft the crown of victory. Alexander the Great and Mahomet are both introduced into this exotic composition, apparently for the express purpose of demonstrating the superiority of the Medici to all their forerunners in history. The Muses are put to flight; poets are chased over precipices by satyrs; troupes of philosophers scurry away to seek refuge under the gracious patronage of Lorenzo. Aristotle, Homer, Sappho, and Dante, all pray for admission. Pegasus is the centre of attraction in one group; in another Pallas is seen introducing Virtue to Tuscany in her best society manner.

On another wall, painted by Cecco Bravo, one may see Lorenzo in the red robe of Gonfalonier; he welcomes Apollo and the Muses by cordially extending his hand to them. In another place Prudence and Lorenzo are indulging in a discussion on ways and means in government. Evidently Prudence forbore to thwart Lorenzo's will.

Octave Vanni (Vannino) has also contributed his share to the decoration of the hall. Flora and Prudence conduct the infant Genius, while the other "infant industries" are grouped about. A real scene without symbolic meaning follows this: Lorenzo receiving from the hands of the boy Michelangelo the satyr's mask, which he had so cleverly modelled, and, as every reader knows, from whose mouth he had knocked a tooth, to give the expression of age. In another compartment Faith is seen doing her duty by pointing Lorenzo to heaven; an attendant angel stands by with the Scriptures for his consultation. Little angels float about in the air, holding an inscription indicative of the Christian virtues of Lorenzo, and their effects upon later generations.

On the fourth side of the hall the paintings are by Francesco Furini; these depict the famous Platonic Academy, founded by Lorenzo at Caraggi; Marsile Ficino and Pico della Mirandola and Politian here disport themselves. The statue of Plato

occupies the altar, at base of which Philosophy is seated, surrounded by books. The series is concluded by the death of the Magnificent. In the Elysian fields, on the shores of the Lethe, appears a swan, holding in his beak a medal with the effigy of Lorenzo, emblematical of his being saved from the waters of oblivion. Mars prepares to devastate the earth once more, to the manifest discomfort of Peace.

There are many interesting pictures in the royal apartments: a Madonna, by Carlo Dolci, one of his best works; a charming round Botticelli, the Madonna of the Roses, but the chief art possession is the great picture by Botticelli of Pallas and the Centaur.

The painting, Pallas and the Centaur, is one of the most interesting pictures in Italy at present. It has long hung in the Pitti Palace under the name of An Allegory; and Frassinetti engraved it in 1842 in an illustrated work upon the Pitti Palace, when it was alluded to as an "eccentric composition," relating in some vague way to Lorenzo il Magnifico. Then, for some mysterious reason, the picture disappeared, and, whereas up to this time four of Botticelli's pictures had always been accredited to the Pitti, after 1856 only three were reported. The Pallas was stored away among several unimportant pictures when the Archduke Ferdi-

nand of Lorraine was married, for at that time certain changes were inaugurated in the gallery.

In 1861 "all pictures belonging to the Palatine" were demanded by the director of the Pitti, as having accrued to the state; and in some way the Pallas was overlooked in this transaction, and remained hanging in a dark, high corner of a small apartment on the second floor, where it escaped notice. Mr. Spence, a noted artist, collector, and critic, was visiting the Duke d'Aosta at the Pitti a few years ago, and, as he passed through a room, known as the Volterrano apartment, he observed the great picture hanging there, and at once exclaimed that it must be a Botticelli. He called the Marchese Enrico Ridolfi into consultation, and, after a minute examination, they decided that it was unquestionably the lost Botticelli.

The picture is a very beautiful composition, and the colouring, although the vehicle is tempera, is as deep and rich as an oil painting. The exquisitely decorative shade of the blue in the sky is especially noteworthy. Pallas is represented as a young woman, with a more regular type of beauty than that often chosen by this artist, and the fluttering of her light draperies suggest that she has just alighted upon the earth. Her type is rather intellectual, although of a cheerful sort, by no means as severe as the classic ideal of Minerva. She car-

PALLAS AND THE CENTAUR
By Botticelli; in the Royal Apartments

ries a halberd in a disinterested way, and a shield is slung on her back, but the only warlike suggestion about her is the firm clutch with which she seizes the hair of the centaur. Intellectual triumph — calm and peaceful — over brute force is evidently the intention of the painting. Authorities claim that it was painted to symbolize the securing of peace between the Pope and Florence by a triple alliance in 1480, when Lorenzo de Medici visited the king at Naples and made this agreement possible.

The dress of Pallas is most exquisite in its ethereal quality, clinging tenderly to her body, and bound the closer on the arms and breast by slim, twining olive-branches. The device of Lorenzo, linked rings in groups of threes and fours, are disposed at intervals in the texture of the gossamer fabric. A rich green mantle falls gracefully about her, and her blonde hair is hanging free.

Whether she stands simply as Minerva, subduing evil, or whether she is a more complex goddess, embodying also purity and artistic symbolism, she is most lovely.

The centaur, equally well handled, but not an attractive subject, is in an attitude of cringing subjection. He evidently acknowledges his inferiority, his incapacity to defend himself, and his bow is not raised for action.

The background is very delightful: a bit of low-tide shore, with a graceful little boat at anchor; while in the middle distance, or almost in the foreground on the left, there is a tall ledge of striated rocks, which looks almost like the ruin of a building. The rocks meet the ground very squarely, almost like a planned wall.

The unassuming, quiet firmness of this figure of Pallas is typical of Sandro's own nature. Vasari tells an amusing anecdote, which illustrates Botticelli's convincing and yet simple manner of defending himself when he was imposed upon. A cloth weaver set up eight looms in the house next to his own in Florence. The jarring and noise produced by all these machines rendered Sandro's house almost uninhabitable. He requested an abatement of this nuisance, and received no answer except that the weaver intended to do as he liked in his own house. So the wily Botticelli obtained an enormous stone, — a monolith which was reported to fill an entire cart, — and had it so balanced upon the wall of his own dwelling, which was higher than the weaver's house, that any jarring or disturbance would be liable to bring it down with a crash through his neighbour's roof. The weaver, of course, protested at such an outrage; Botticelli replied that he also intended to do as he liked in his

own house. The result was satisfactory. Verily he had his fingers in the centaur's hair.

Who can entirely disassociate the Pitti Palace from the Boboli Gardens? Those shady, overgrown walks, once so trim and formal, now a mass of "tangled vastness," as Mr. Howells ingeniously calls them. We must not leave the palace without taking a peep into the gardens.

One approaches the Boboli Gardens through the court in the middle of the palace. There used to be, on the Boboli Hill, quarries, from which stones were taken to pave the city, and these quarries were again exploited in building the Pitti Palace. That was probably one reason why it was within the limits of possibility to employ such huge stones and so many of them. The plan for the gardens was made by Tribolo in 1550, and at his death, in the following August, the work was carried forward by Buontalenti.

Many statues adorn the gardens at all points. One is the fountain sometimes called the "little Bacchus," because the figure is diminutive and squat; he is mounted on a turtle, and the water comes from the mouth of the reptile. In reality, it is said that this fountain is a portrait, or rather a caricature, of Pierre Barbino, a man distinguished in the court of Cosimo I. for his gallantries and his dilettantism. The statue is by Valere de Settignano.

Cosimo called this statue "Margutte." This fact is not generally known, however, and the figure is so well known as the "little Bacchus" that the entrance is named for it, and is called the Bacchino.

On a plateau is a small meadow, which was used as a football ground in the time of the Medici and Duke Leopold; during the time of Marie Louise of Etruria, this was the riding-ground for the court.

There are many delightful little groves and long, picturesque walks; as Mr. Platt calls them, "interminable avenues in relentless straight lines," which "climb one hill after another."

A famous grotto may be seen here, built in part by Giorgio Vasari, and it has, in niches, two statues of Apollo and Ceres by Baccio Bandinelli. The latter was originally intended for an Eve, and, with an attendant Adam, was to have been placed behind the altar of the cathedral; but the artist changed his plans and made it into a Ceres, to which he added an Apollo, and presented them to Eleonora, the first owner of the Boboli Gardens. The rest of this bizarre edifice was constructed at the instigation of Cosimo I., by Buontalenti, in order to accommodate four unfinished statues by Michelangelo, commonly known as the Prisoners; they were to have been a part of the tomb of Julius II., but, in their unfinished condition, they were given to Cosimo by Leonardo Buonarotti, nephew to

Michelangelo, and his executor. The grotto is built in a curious way of those petrified shells, commonly called sponges, which abound on the Tuscan hills. The unfinished statues are in the angles. The artist also has covered the grotto with strange human and animal shapes, cut in this calcareous material; he also intended to introduce a crystal basin, in which fishes were to appear to be floating in the air; but it was not practicable and had to be abandoned. In the reign of Francesco I., Poccetti ornamented the vault and side walls with designs corresponding to Buontalenti's plan, representing divers animals and reptiles creeping out of crevices, and even figures of peasants, evidently alarmed at the imminence of the destruction of the grotto, which was supposed to look as if it were in a state of collapse.

Opposite the grotto is a basin of marble, which Cosimo III. had placed there on his return from Rome in 1696.

High to the right is the little Garden delle Cavaliere, built by Cardinal Leopold over the bastion which was erected by Michelangelo to defend the town in 1529. In this stands the small casino which Cosimo III. built as a studio for his son, Gian Gaston, who was a cultivated man interested in sciences and languages. From this point there is a beautiful view over the city.

One of the great charms of the gardens is the

amphitheatre, where many festivities have been held by members of the Medici family while they were in power. This amphitheatre is well adapted to the form of the hillside, and seems to be entirely natural in its occurrence at this point. It is, in shape, a long oval. Here may be seen an Egyptian obelisk well preserved.

A balustrade surrounds this theatre, set with niches at intervals, containing vases and statues; and it is near the palace, which proximity made it very easy to adjourn to when entertainments were given there. Among the gala days in the amphitheatre were a grand spectacle in honour of the marriage of Anne de Medici with Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in 1652; again, in 1661, no expense was spared in a royal entertainment when Cosimo III. married Marguerite Louise d'Orleans; and in 1739 the arrival of François of Lorraine and Marie of Austria was celebrated by a superb assembly in the amphitheatre. When the King of Naples, Ferdinand IV., and his wife, Marie Caroline, came to the Pitti, in 1785, the festivities were held here; and in 1787, on the occasion of the nuptials of Archduchess Marie Therese and Prince Antoine de Saxe, there was also a notable entertainment. Then, on the birth of the son of Napoleon Buonaparte, in 1811, the amphitheatre was used again to celebrate the good news.

THE AMPHITHEATRE, BOBOLI GARDENS

The Pitti Palace, to compare small things with greater, overlooks this amphitheatre in somewhat the same way that the Palace of the Cæsars in Rome overlooks the Circus Maximus. Stone benches rise one above another in the auditorium, if so it may be called. It is surrounded by cypresses and yews, and has been described by a rather imaginative Italian poet as the ingenious work of one of the nymphs who preside over woods and fields!

Much of the garden is in a fashion of luxury, — shady retreats and a refuge from the sun. It is cool, green, and restful. It seems to romance of the long-forgotten episodes which must have taken place amidst these long-covered walks, high-walled grottoes, and splashing waters. A covered avenue, thickly overgrown, leads for a long, straight distance to the large basin, in which is situated a tiny island called L'Isolotto. Before it is a little meadow or bird-snare (once common in Florence), called L'Uccellaja. On the island, which is planted with flowers, is a fountain, with a colossal statue of Oceanus or Neptune. In the centre is raised a rock carved into a triumphal chariot for the sea-god. Jets of water proceed from the trident which Neptune carries, and also from various other points in this hydrostatic novelty. Cosimo I. had this triumphal car copied from the one which had appeared in the great procession in Florence in 1565,

on the occasion of the "mascarade" of the Genealogy of the Gods. The statue of Neptune is the work of Astoldo Lorenzo de Settignano. This lake is surrounded by artificial hills and dales. Mr. Platt, in his "Italian Gardens," speaks of the "circular terraces around the most elevated of the ponds" as seeming to be "a natural formation, so exactly do they fit in with their surroundings."

On the highest point in the garden stands the statue of Abundance, and thereby hangs a tale. This statue was a portrait of Johanna of Austria, Grand Duchess of Francis I. de Medici. It was commenced by Giovanni da Bologna to be placed in the Piazza San Marco. But Francesco, who was a vacillating gentleman, became enamoured of Bianca Capello, and lost interest in the statue of his rather plain wife; so he countermanded the order, and the statue remained unfinished. When, however, under Ferdinand II., Tuscany revelled in plenty, being at that time the only Italian state that was not indulging in famine and plague, the statue was again trotted out and completed as Abundance, under Giovanni's pupil, Tacca. With certain deft changes of attributes, this was made possible, and it was set up to commemorate a season of great plenty, and to celebrate an entirely novel glory for the Medici — Peace!

The Belvedere, without which no formal garden

was complete in those days, is not far from this, and the casino, or coffee-house, for refreshments, stands on a slight eminence. It was built in 1776, by Zanobi del Rosso, under Leopold. This was the favourite retreat of Victor Emanuele. From this elevation the view all around the city is extensive; and galleries, terraces, and a lantern make this view the more available. There is quite a clever staircase in this little building, occupying only a small, triangular space. At the foot of the hill, upon which the coffee-house stands, is the charming little Giardinetto Madama, in which Jeanne of Austria took much interest, so that it was called after her. Delicious pineapples were grown in the Boboli Gardens in the days of Leopold, who was very fond of this fruit.

Howells speaks of the "charming, silly grottoes, its masses of ivy-covered wall, its curtains of laurel hedge, its black spires of cypress and domes of pine, its weather-beaten marbles, its sad, unkempt lawns, its grotesque, overgrown fountain, with those sea-horses so much too big for its lake, its wandering alleys and moss-grown seats, abounding in talking age and whispering lovers."

A more complete word-picture of the atmosphere of the Boboli Gardens it would be impossible to find.

THE END.

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